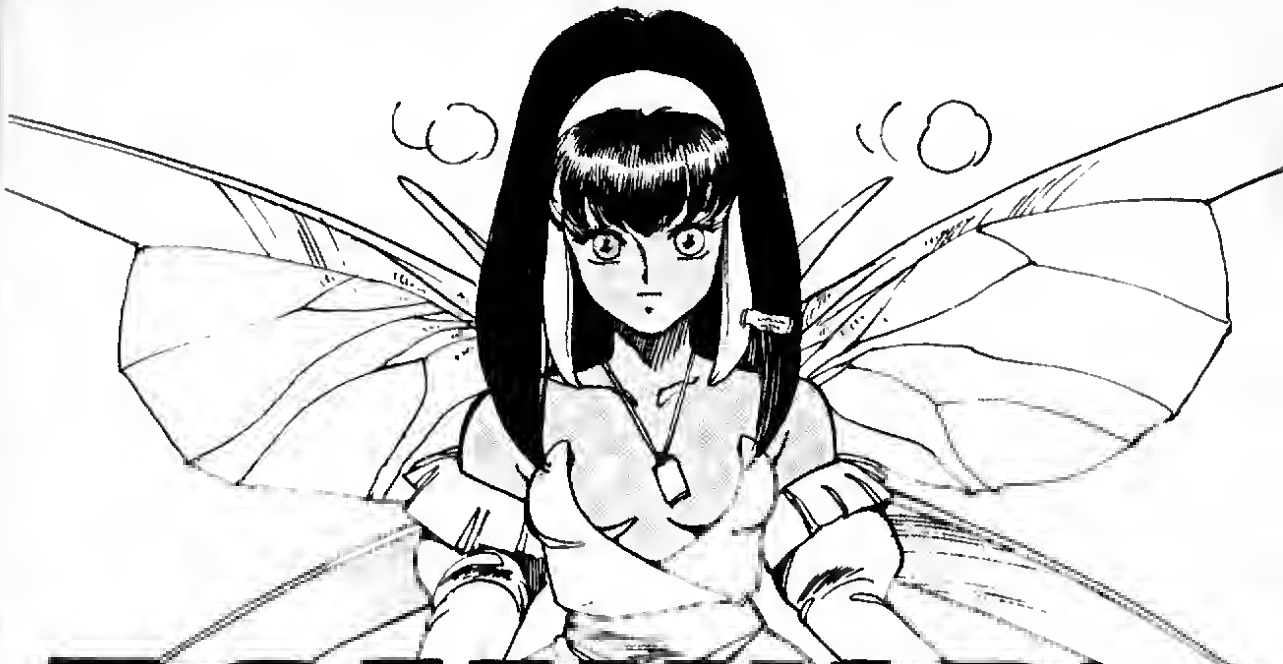


DOMINION™

BY MASAMUNE SHIROW

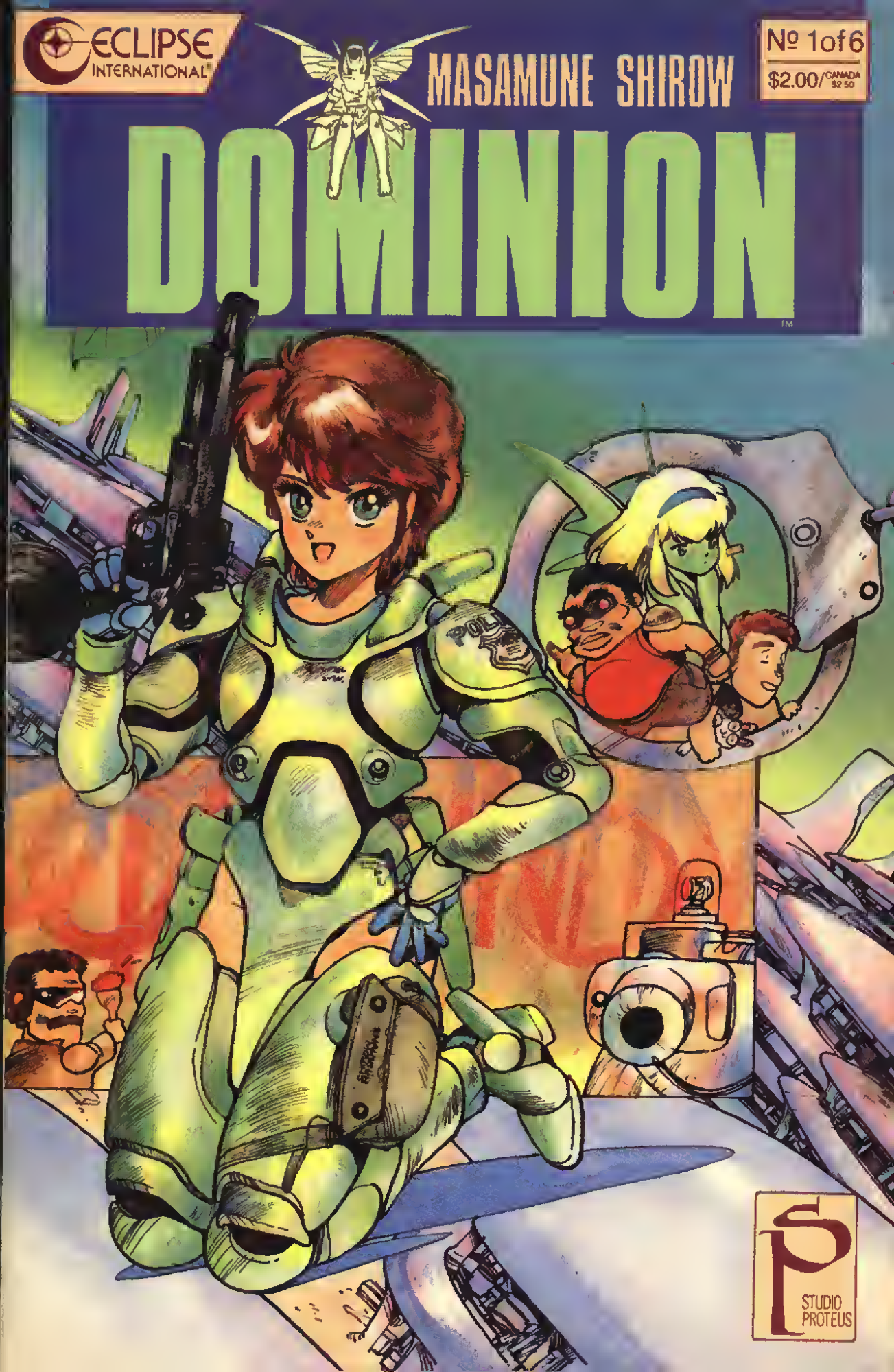
TRANSLATION BY DANA LEWIS AND TOREN SMITH

LETTERING AND RETOUCH BY TOM ORZECHOWSKI

EDITED BY FRED BURKE

PRODUCED BY STUDIO PROTEUS
FOR ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL

ORIGINAL JAPANESE VERSION PUBLISHED
BY HAKUSENSHA K. K.

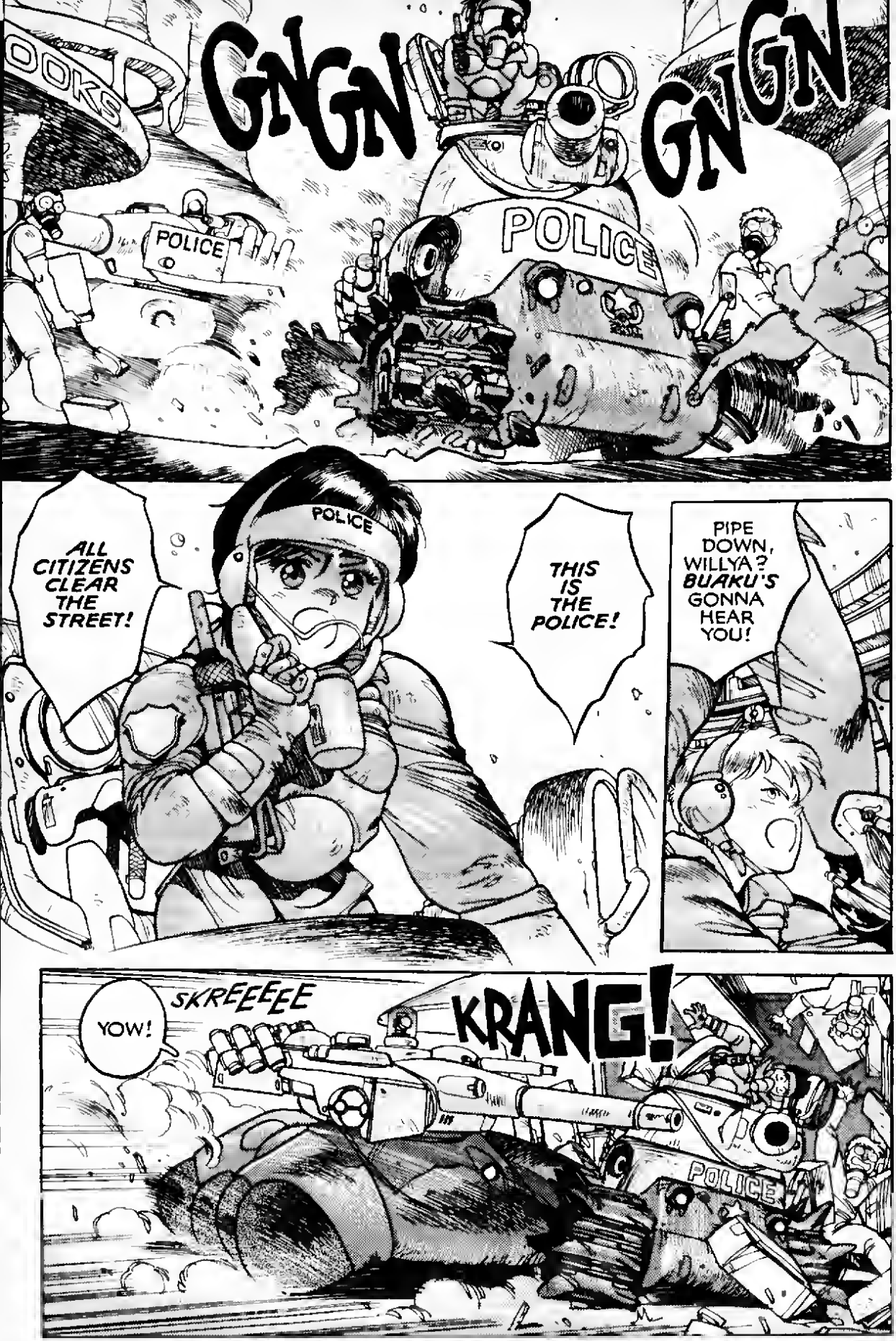

ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL
MASAMUNE SHIROW
DOMINION
TM
№ 1 of 6
$2.00/CANADA $2.50
POLICE
STUDIO PROTEUS

AND THIS SPACE,
THAT WHICH THEY CALL "TERRA"...
WAS OF A FORM MOST RARE AND MYSTERIOUS...

ESPECIALLY THOSE SURFACE PROJECTIONS,
"HUMANOID" BY LABEL,
WHICH ENGAGED CEASELESSLY IN THE MOST
REMARKABLE BEHAVIOR...

FROM: "The SPACE DIARIES of GREENPEACE CROLIS"

GNGNGN
HEY! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE?!
=koff=
GNGNGN
GNGN
GNGNGNGNGN
KRRING
=koff=koff=
DON'T CUT THE AIR CURTAIN!
THESE FILTERS ARE GIVING UP!
OKAY! I'M TAKING US OUT OF THIS WIND-SINK!

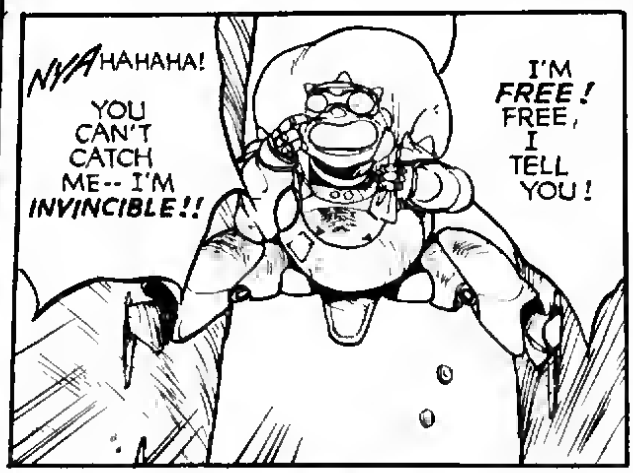

GNGN
GNGN
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
ALL CITIZENS CLEAR THE STREET!
THIS IS THE POLICE!
PIPE DOWN, WILLYA? BUAKU'S GONNA HEAR YOU!
YOW!
SKREEEEE
KRANG!
POLICE

MY... MY BEAUTIFUL ARMOR!
SCRATCHED!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, BRENTEN!
IT'S BECAUSE YOU KEEP DRIVING THAT PIECE OF JUNK AROUND ON THE STREETS!
kchak
"JUNK"...? YOU'RE THE "PIECE OF JUNK!!"
HEY! HE'S COMING!
KSHANG KSHANG
KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG
Heh, heh, heh!
GET RICH QUICK
YAHAHA!
KSHANG KSHANG
KSHANG
SKREEEE
KNCH
POLICE
KSHANG KSHANG
GET RICH QUICK
KSHANG
EEEK!

KLIK
BOM
GET RICH QUICK
BOOM
GET RICH QUICK
AIEE!
YOU HOPE-LESSLY INCOM-PETENT IDIOTS!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE!
BKOOM-BKOOM BKOOM
Yeek! Yeek! Yeek!

RUN! RUN, YOU LITTLE DEVIL!
NYAHAHA!
BROOM
KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK
Beep!
MY- MY FINGERS WON'T STOP!
KANGG
WE'RE IN HOT PURSUIT, SQUAD LEADER!
GN GN GN GN
POLICE
KLIK KLIK KLIK
GN GN GN GN
YAAH!
AIEE!
POLICE
THUD
THIS... THIS IS AN OUT-RAGE!
QUICK! I WANT THIS ON TAPE!
3DTV
HUH?!
GNGNGNGNNNN
KUNK!
POLICE
GNNNN
POLICE

?
GNN GNN GNN GNN GNN
COFFEE
I'VE LOST HIS FOOT-STEPS!
Beep
Beep
Beep
Beep
SOME-WHERE AROUND HERE...
GNN GNN GNN
POLICE
THERE HE IS!


NYAHAHAHA!
YOU CAN'T CATCH ME-- I'M INVINCIBLE!!
I'M FREE! FREE, I TELL YOU!

COME ON, YOU PINHEAD PIG COPS! CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!
RRGG!
CATCH ME AND KISS MY BUTT! YAHAHA!

FULL SPEED AHEAD!
Kchak
Huh?!
EXTEND THE LEGS! REVERSE THE REAR DRIVE TRACKS!

SKRRASCHH
WHAT THE HELL?!
MY... MY HUT!!
GRNGRNGRN

YAA HAHAHAHA!
POLICE
WHO'S LAUGHING NOW, FAT BOY?!
YOU GOT ANY OTHER SMART-ASS COMMENTS ?!
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT ME, COPPER!
CURSES! FOILED AGAIN!
BOMF

SPRAK
FWUDD
YAAH!
?
?
WOW! THESE ARE BEAUTI-FUL! WHAT ARE THEY?
DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING? THOSE THINGS ARE GOLD COINS -- THEY USE THEM FOR SETTING THE INTEREST RATE ON CREDIT CARDS.

HANDS ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD! SLOWLY!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR BANK ROBBERY!
Uh... YOU KNOW, "UNDER ARREST" ...?
?
KSSSHH
?
KSHANG!
BOOM!
NEE!
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

OWWW ...
KONK
OW!
HEY! THESE COINS ARE FAKE, TOO!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN BACK AT THE WINDSINK...! BRENTEN!!
POLICE
SUCKERS!! HAHAHAHA --Buaku
!
THEY'RE MINE, ALL MINE!
THINK
WHDD
GET YOUR MEATHOOKS OFFA MY GOLD!!
SQUAD LEADER BRENTEN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!
POLICE

HELLO, THIS IS THE TANK POLICE!
takka takka
Oh, Hi, EDNA.
WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN?
RRIINGG!
takka takka
BAM
WHAT?!
HE- HE GOT AWAY FROM YOU AGAIN?!?
I... HNGG... NGRRR...
SKRSSH
KRAK
Hmm?
takka tak
RRIINGG
AHRR... GNGG...
RIP RIP
CH- CHIEF!
=whew=
scchhterp!
DN'T F'GET 'A R'QUES' FO'M F' =glp= MORE AMMO!
Beep!
RIINGG
RIINGG
takka tak
YOU CAN WRITE THE DAMN REPORT AND REQUEST FORM!
takka takka
WHAT?! MY BOY GOT A LUNGFUL OF OUTSIDE AIR?
JEEZ, THIS IS EMBARRASSING... YOU GUYS...
OW TO KILL

LEONA, THE REPAIR CREW WAS LOOKING FOR YOU-- SOMETHING ABOUT THE GUN-SIGHT...
THEY SAID TO TRY PVNS...
Oh, GREAT.
takka takka tak tak tak takka
CAN'T HIT A DAMN THING WITHOUT THAT, CAN I?
HEY, YOU!
CHIEF! I GOTTA GO-- MY SON WENT OUTSIDE WITHOUT HIS MASK!
WHUDD
JUST LOOK AT THESE!!
WOW... COMPLAINTS, huh?
ALL OF THEM?!
Die, pigs!
OUR HAPPY CITIZENS, S-SENDING US THINGS LIKE THIS...!
sniff
B-BUT LOOK... IT'S SO WELL-MADE...
1426
STOP TORMENTING US! PLEASE!
I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, CHIEF... THIS THING'S DANGER-OUS!
S-SUH-SAY WHAT?! I, THEY, HE... hee hee hee!
snap
HEEYAA!
NYAHAHA!
EEEK!
KRASSH!
EEYAH!
HIEE!
EEK!

...
...
...
BITCHIN'!
YOU CAN SEE THE SUN TODAY!
JUST DON'T GET TEMPTED TO OPEN THE WINDOW, OKAY?
WE WERE THE FIRST COUNTRY TO COMMERCIALIZE BIO-CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS, BUT IT'S STILL LIKE THIS HERE. MUST BE REAL WICKED, OTHER PLACES...
YEAH, I HEAR THE FARMS IN EUROPE GOT IT BAD, MAN.
POK
IT'S A TRIAL FROM HEAVEN.
fft
WHAT CRAP!
WANTED: BUAKU
BLOOSH
Aw, JUST CHUCK HIM OUTSIDE WITH THE BACTERIA!
GODDAMN RELIGIOUS NUTS!
SEE YOU LATER!

WHAT WAS THE LITTLE TWERP UP TO? WASHING LEONA'S MASK FOR HER AGAIN?
YEAH..
WANTED: THE GREAT BUAKU
GYAAHH!
AL, LET ME OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW!
HOW DARE YOU LOCK ME UP!! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
LET ME OUT, DAMMIT!
KANG KANG KASHANGG
KRANGG
.....
.....
YOU KNOW, IT'S DOWN-RIGHT INHUMAN TO LOCK UP THE CHIEF IN ONE OF OUR OWN CELLS...
"TRIAL FROM HEAVEN," MAN.
heh, heh.
WANTED BUAKU
LET US SPECULATE ON THE CHIEF'S CURRENT PSYCHO-LOGICAL STATUS.
POINT--WE ARE THE SPECIAL TANK POLICE, CREATED SPECIFICALLY TO STOP BUAKU AND HIS MINIONS. YET AGAIN TODAY, AS COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE...
Ahem. WELL, YOU KNOW...
ANYWAY, I WOULD PRESUME THAT THIS IS THE PRIMARY MOTI-VATING FACTOR IN HIS BREAK-DOWN
Aw, YOU'RE FULL OF IT.
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THAT HIT FIVE DAYS AGO, REMEMBER? THAT GIRL GOT KIDNAPPED FROM THE CRITICAL SCIENCE DEVELOP-MENT AGENCY?
SKSSLh
THE BRASS HAVE BEEN RIDIN' HIM ON THAT, MAN.
EYOW!
Huh?
YOU... YOU PUT YOUR CIGARETTE OUT ON MY HAND...

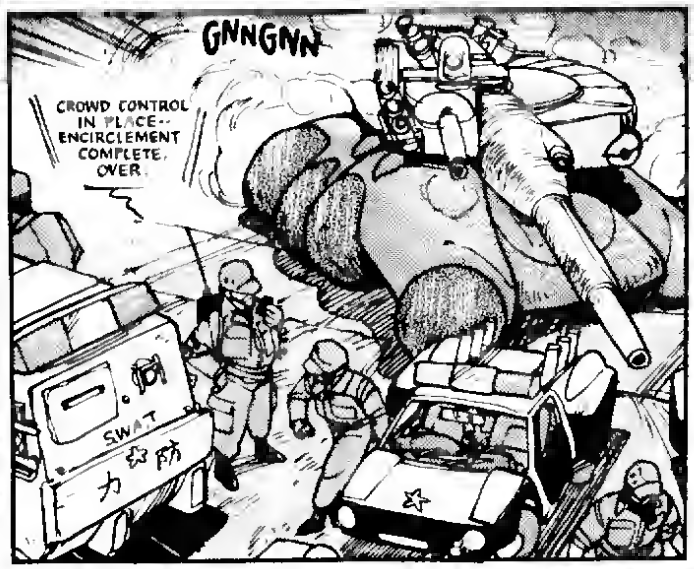
LEONA!
WANTED
POLICE
HI, THERE...
HI!
SAY...
..WHERE'D YOU GET THAT SCRATCH ?
THIS ? THE CHIEF ALMOST GOT AHOLD OF ME WHEN I WENT BY HIS CELL.
heh heh heh
WELL, IT'S YOUR PUNISH-MENT. NEXT TIME, DRIVE MORE CARE-FULLY!
YEAH, I'M BANGED UP FROM HEAD TO TOE...

Oh, YOU MEAN THE TANK!
HA HA HA
?
C'MON, THIS IS NOTHING. THE ARMOR'S NOT CRACKED OR ANYTHING...
NOTHING?!
NOTHING?!
YOU THINK I'M JOKING?! ARE YOU CRAZY?!
THAT DELICATE BLEND OF SMOOTHLY MELDED SURFACES WAS THE VERY EXPRESSION OF INVINCIBLE ARMOR, CASTING FEAR INTO ALL THOSE OF EVIL HEART! BUT YOU!
YOU TOOK THAT EXQUISITE EXTERIOR AND SCRATCHED IT!
B-BUT, I... ...huh?
Ohhh, MY SWEET LITTLE PRETTY!
BEAUTY IS SUCH A FLEETING THING...!
AN INTERESTING PSYCHOLOGICAL STATE!
SCIENCE IS THE WORK OF THE DEVIL...
THE THRILL OF YOUR COLD, HARD TOUCH... ♡
F'CHRIST'S SAKE, WOMAN! DON'T YOU EVER QUIT?!

YOU'VE GOT VISITORS!
?
RRIINNGG takkatakkatak
RRIINNGG
DONKLUK
KEEP YA FILTHY MITTS OFFA ME, PIG!
CHIEF, IT'S A CALL FROM THAT "CITIZEN'S WATCHDOG COMMITTEE" BUNCH!
THE TRAGIC TOY
MNCH MNCH
WHAT'S THAT?
LET'S SEE HIS ALIBI STAND UP TO THIS!
YOU TANK GUYS GOT IT GOOD-- DON'T YOU EVER WORK?
WHAT'S UP IN THERE?
JODIE! I WANT MY MONEY BACK NOW! ELMO
ADAM! WHERE IS DPII #3?
LOOKS LIKE THOSE GUYS FROM INTERNAL AFFAIRS AGAIN...
BEFORE CHAPLAIN WAS TRANSFERRED HERE, WORD IS HE TOOK PITY ON SOME PUNK AND LET HIM OFF THE HOOK. SO THEN THE SCUMBAG SHOOTS CHAPLAIN'S PARTNER AND GETS CLEAN AWAY.
THOSE BASTARDS AREN'T EVER GOING TO LET HIM FORGET IT, EITHER!
LETTER FOR YOU!
THANKS, KID!
BRENTEN! WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THIS REQUISITION? YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY WANT THAT MUCH AMMO!

WELL? WHAT IS IT?
SON OF A *BITCH!*
I *MADE* IT! I'VE BEEN HIRED BY THE CRITICAL SCIENCE RESEARCH CENTER!
FORTUNE SMILES ON ME AT *LAST!* FINALLY!
GOOD *RIDDANCE* TO THIS HELL-HOLE!
"HELL-HOLE" ...?
THEY DIDN'T LET ME INTO OXFORD. BUT NOW! NOW I FINALLY...
RRIINNGG
takka takka
SQUAD LEADER... ABOUT THAT REQUI-SITION SHEET...
ALL RIGHT, WE'RE OUTTA HERE!
HOT TIP, KIDDIES!
JOINT-OP WITH THE LOCAL *SWAT!* WE'RE TAKING OUT ONE OF THE BUAKU GANG'S HIDEOUTS!
ALL RIGHT!

ALL CIVILIAN TRAFFIC DETOUR TO THE LEFT!
GNGN
WHAT?
IDIOT COPS!
COMPLAIN TO THE COMMISSIONER, NOT ME!
GNGN GN
GN GN


GNNGNN
CROWD CONTROL IN PLACE-- ENCIRCLEMENT COMPLETE, OVER.
SWAT

THEY'RE HIDING OUT IN A RESIDENTIAL AREA...?
WHUP
WHUP WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
RUTH

SORRY! COMMANDER WARREN'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE! HIS TEAM'S JUST GOING IN NOW!
koff koff
NO PROB-- I'LL WAIT.

BAM!
THE O_2 READINGS IN THIS PLACE ARE *INCREDIBLE!*
THE AIR'S *WAY* TOO CLEAN FOR A CIVILIAN HOUSE...
DON'T EVEN NEED A MASK IN HERE!
NOBODY HOME.
SQUAD TWO HERE--THEY'VE FLOWN THE COOP.
SOMEBODY SQUEALED ...?
WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING... MAINTENANCE KITS FOR POWERED SUITS... AND GOLD! GOLD COINS!
CONFISCATE 'EM!
!
GRRRR
GRRRRR

A DOLL...?
I'VE SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE... HEY! IT'S THE SAME AS THOSE MUG SHOTS WE GOT FROM THE CSDA! BUT...
...SHE'S GOT WINGS?!
SHE ALIVE OR WHAT?
WEIRD... WELL, BETTER REPORT IN

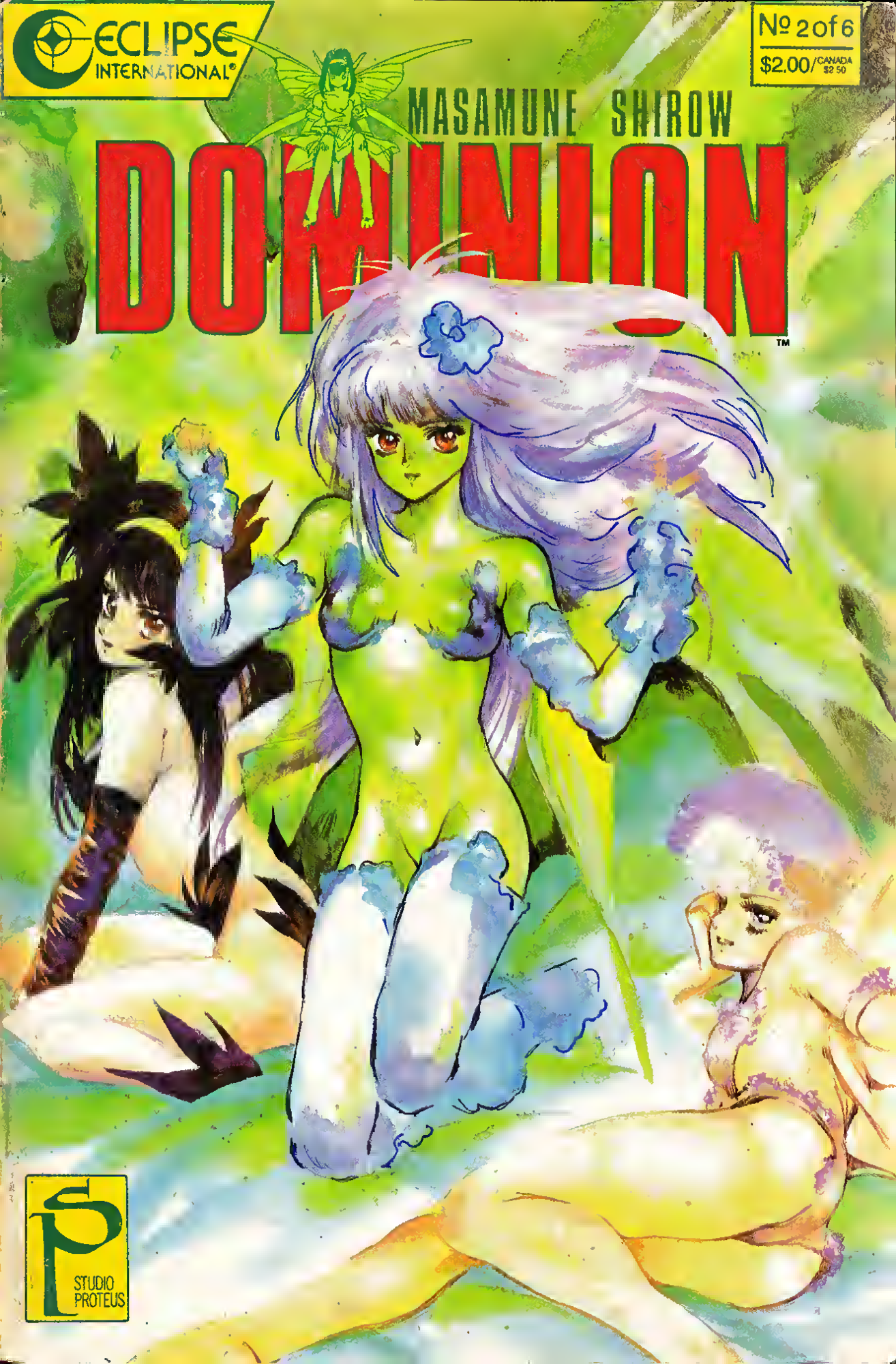
THIS IS PRETTY STRANGE...
THOSE GUYS PERVERTS OR SOME-THIN'...?
IS SHE IN SHOCK? DOPED?
LET ME THROUGH! LET ME THROUGH!
WEEOO WEEOO WEEOO
WHAT THE F-?? HEY, MEATHEAD! NO CIVILIANS ALLOWED!
I'M FROM CRITICAL SCIENCE DEVELOP-MENT AGENCY!
!
Oh, WOW! PLEASED TO MEET YOU...
WE'LL TAKE THE GIRL, NOW. HEY! BRING THAT OVER HERE!
NOT SO FAST, PAL!
LAY ONE HAND ON HER AND YOU'RE HAM-BURGER, NERDO!
Heh, heh... NOBODY SCREWS AROUND WITH THE TANK POLICE!
HOW DARE--
STUFF IT UNTIL I CHECK YOUR CREDENTIALS, PAL!
FORENSICS AND SECURITY, STAY ON THE SCENE. EVERY-BODY ELSE...
THIS ONE'S EMPTY, TOO!
LEAVE THAT TO INVESTI-GATIONS. WE'RE MOVING OUT!

kchak
BAM
.....
GOT A COPY OF THE FORENSICS REPORT?
THEY SHREDDED IT-- PRESSURE FROM UP-STAIRS. WE GOT TO TURN HER OVER TO THE CSDA TOMORROW MORNING.
HEY, WHAT'S THE STORY ON THOSE WINGS? AND WHY'S HER SKIN GREEN?
SHE BE AN ALIEN, MAN, A ZOMBIE FROM BEYOND TH' GRAVE...
YOU'VE GOT A BIZARRE SENSE OF HUMOR!
JIM E LOVELOCK
GAIA

=Hrrmph!= I PRESUME YOU ARE ALL AT LEAST AWARE THAT THE NATURAL WORLD RUNS IN CYCLES?
JIM
YOU MEAN, THE LION KILLS THE DEER, THE CARCASS RETURNS TO THE SOIL, THAT KIND OF THING?
WANTED BUA
THAT'S JUST ONE SMALL PART OF IT!
JIM E LOVELOCK GAIA
THE REGULATION OF ATMOSPHERIC COMPOSITION BY THE BIOSPHERE, NITROGEN FIXING, DECOMPOSITION... THE WATER CYCLE, THE KREBS CYCLE, PLATE TECTONICS! ETCETERA, ETCETERA!
THE WHOLE SPACESHIP EARTH, ORGANIC AND INORGANIC, IS A SINGLE LIVING ORGANISM!
HEY, WAKE UP! YOU THINK YOU'RE BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL?!
WELL, ACTUALLY ...
=Ahem!= ANYWAY, AS THE PRICE TO PAY FOR HAVING INTERFERED WITH THIS IMMENSE, DELICATE ECO-SYSTEM, WE NOW LIVE IN A PERMANENT CLOUD OF TOXIC MICRO-ORGANISMS.
SO WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH THE GREEN CHICK, huh?
SHE'S NOT A "CHICK"... SHE'S A LIVING AIR CLEANER.
.....
GP

SHE ABSORBS THE CLOUD, FILTERS IT, AND SUPPLIES US WITH OXYGEN. SHE'S PART PLANT, SHE'S PART ANIMAL, SHE'S PART COLONY OF MICROORGANIC LIFE!
SHE'S AN ARTIFICIAL LIFEFORM WITH SUPERNORMAL ABILITIES TO ADAPT TO RADICAL ENVIRONMENTS!
HEY!
DID YOU REPORT HER AS STOLEN PROPERTY? MAKE SURE YOU KEEP HER WATERED, AND DON'T DO NOTHIN' THAT MIGHT GET US IN DEEP SHIT WITH THE WILDLIFE PROTECTION AGENCY!
JIM E LOVELOCK
VRMMM
TANK POLICE
POLICE DEPT.
LOOK, I APOLOGIZED ALREADY, OKAY?
LAB 2 C
NO WAY, JOSE-- TONIGHT I HAVE A DATE WITH BONAPARTE!
AW, GEEZ, LEONA--
KLIK KLIK
takka takka
WHAT-CHA DOIN' ...?
WHY DOES THE NATURAL WORLD CO-EXIST THROUGH THE DIVISION OF LABOR?! WHY DID IT HAVE TO FOLLOW THAT MODEL, AND NOT ANOTHER? WELL?!

I, uh, WELL, SEE...?
NOW TAKE THIS GIRL HERE...
CERTAINLY SHE'S AN INEFFICIENT SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM. BUT EVEN BEYOND THE OBVIOUS... IT'S STRANGE, DON'T YOU THINK?
...
SHE DOESN'T REALLY NEED FOOD, CLOTHES, SHELTER, OR EVEN A MASK. YET THEY'VE MADE HER HUMANOID...
WHY?
IDEALLY, YOU'D WANT A SHAPE THAT COULD RECEIVE THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT OF SUNLIGHT. BUT IN ANY CASE, THIS LITTLE WALKING "PLANET EARTH" HERE FORMS PART OF A SET/CYCLE THAT INCLUDES AND BENEFITS HUMANS.
?
THEY'RE FAKE, DEAR
AT THE PRESENT TIME, FOR WHATEVER REASONS, THEY'VE CHOSEN TO MAKE A "HUMAN" WITH AN AIR CLEANING FUNCTION, USING PLANTS AND MICROORGANISMS MUCH THE WAY NATURE USES BODY STRUCTURES AND CELLS...
BUT WHAT NECESSITY WAS THERE TO BASE HER ON A HUMAN FORM? IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO JUST MASS-PRODUCE PLANTS FUSED WITH MICROBES...
WAIT... THE CSDA COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THINKING THAT...!
WHAT'S THIS SCAR?
?
Oh, ME AND A DOCTOR BUDDY OF MINE TOOK OUT ONE OF HER RIBS.
WE'D PLANNED TO DISSECT HER LUNGS, BUT THEY WERE TOO COMPLI-CATED.
AS I SAID, SCIENCE IS THE DEVIL'S WORK...
TO BE CONTINUED...

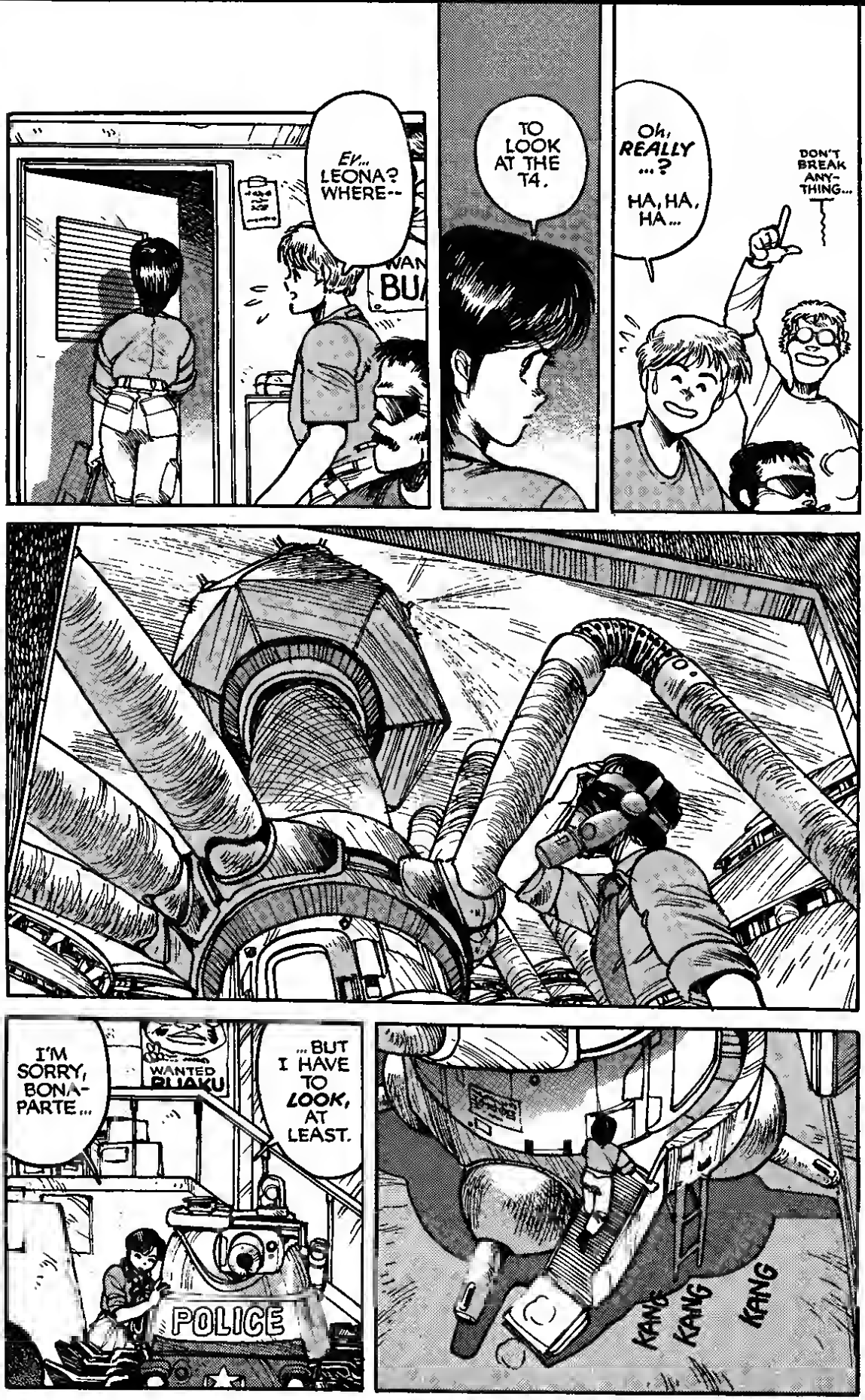

ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL®
№ 2 of 6
$2.00/CANADA $2.50
MASAMUNE SHIROW
DOMINION™
STUDIO PROTEUS

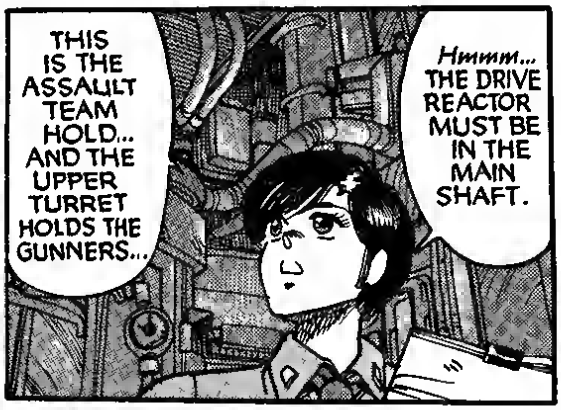
GOOD MORNING!-klik-
GOOD MORNING!-klik-
GOOD MORNING! -klik-
MMPH...
JEEZ... WHO OPENED THE DAMN CURTAINS...?! I HAD A DOUBLE SHIFT...
JIMMY-OPENING MORNING DIVISION IDIOTS...
.....
.....
GOOD MORN-EEK!-klik-
NOW JUST HOLD ON, HERE!
DID YOU DO STUFF LIKE THAT AT BUAKU'S PLACE...? PROBABLY...
YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT... SOME PEOPLE WILL SLEEP WITH ANYTHING.
THOUGHT THE AIR SMELLED CLEANER...
LOOK, WOULD YOU PLEASE...
FWSSH
HEY! WATCH THOSE WINGS, WILL--

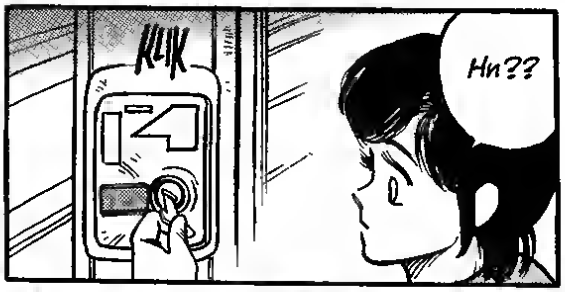
C.A.D.P. : CITIZENS AGAINST DESTRUCTIVE POLICE

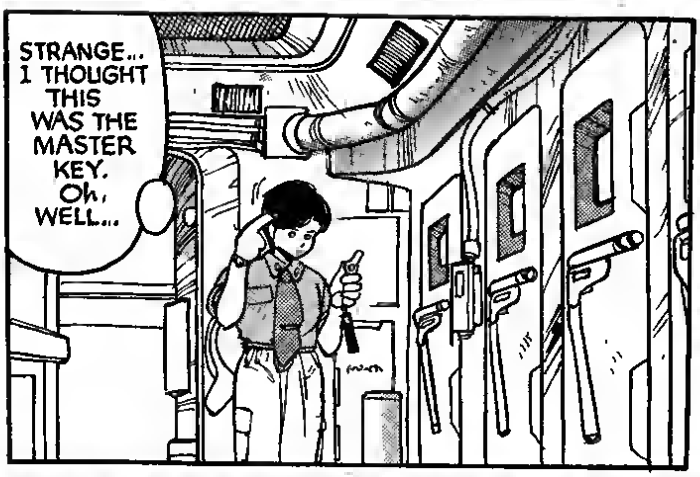
AND SO, GENTLE-MEN...
OUR POINT IS *THIS*-- WE THE PEOPLE ARE *FED UP* WITH HAVING YOUR RIDICULOUS TOY TANKS RUNNING ABOUT *DESTROYING* OUR TOWN AND *TEARING UP* OUR ROADS!
C.A.D.P.
I DON'T SEE THE PROBLEM, LADY.
NNGRR-RRR!
WE OF THE C.A.D.P. HAVE COOPERATED WITH *SPECIFIC DYNAMICS INC.* TO DESIGN THIS FINE MACHINE AS A TESTBED FOR OUR THEORIES, AND WE *INSIST* THAT IT BE PLACED IN *IMMEDIATE* SERVICE!
YES, YES, OF COURSE! WE'LL BE *GLAD* TO TRY IT OUT... *heh, heh...* MAYBE TOMORROW...
WHAT THE HELL'S IT *DO*? CATCH HUNDRED POUND *FLIES*?
EXIT
LET US DEMON-STRATE...
GET OUT OF THE WAY!!
?!
THEY WANT US TO USE THOSE DAMN THINGS...
MANUAL
T4-F

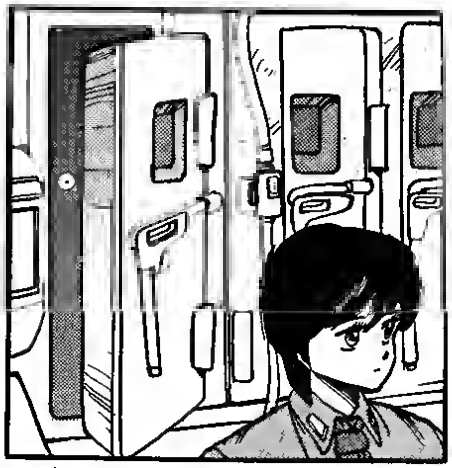
TH... THEY CAN'T...
THEY CAN'T!!
GUESS SO...
IN-- INSTEAD OF BONAPARTE ...?
POLICE T4-F
WANTED BUAKU THE GREAT
A T4-F TANK, hmm?
LOOKS DAMNED UNSTABLE TO ME... HELL, EVEN BONAPARTE'S BETTER THAN THIS.
BANG!
Ulp!

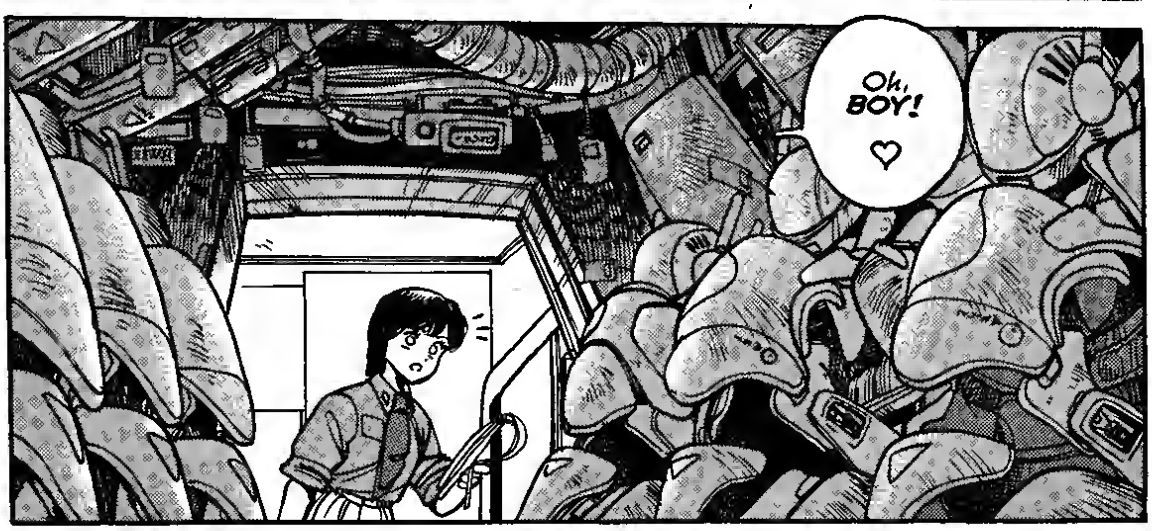

Ev... LEONA? WHERE--
TO LOOK AT THE T4.
Oh, REALLY ...? HA, HA, HA...
DON'T BREAK ANY-THING...
I'M SORRY, BONA-PARTE...
WANTED BUAKU
... BUT I HAVE TO LOOK, AT LEAST.
POLICE
KANG KANG KANG


THIS IS THE ASSAULT TEAM HOLD... AND THE UPPER TURRET HOLDS THE GUNNERS...
Hmmm... THE DRIVE REACTOR MUST BE IN THE MAIN SHAFT.

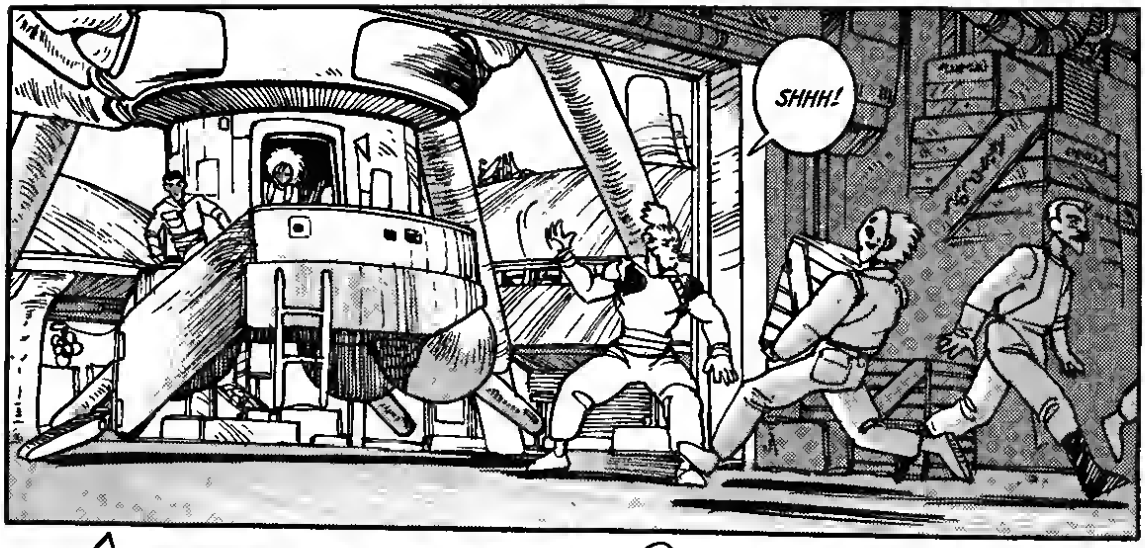

KLIK
Hn??


STRANGE... I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE MASTER KEY. Oh, WELL...




Oh, BOY! ♡

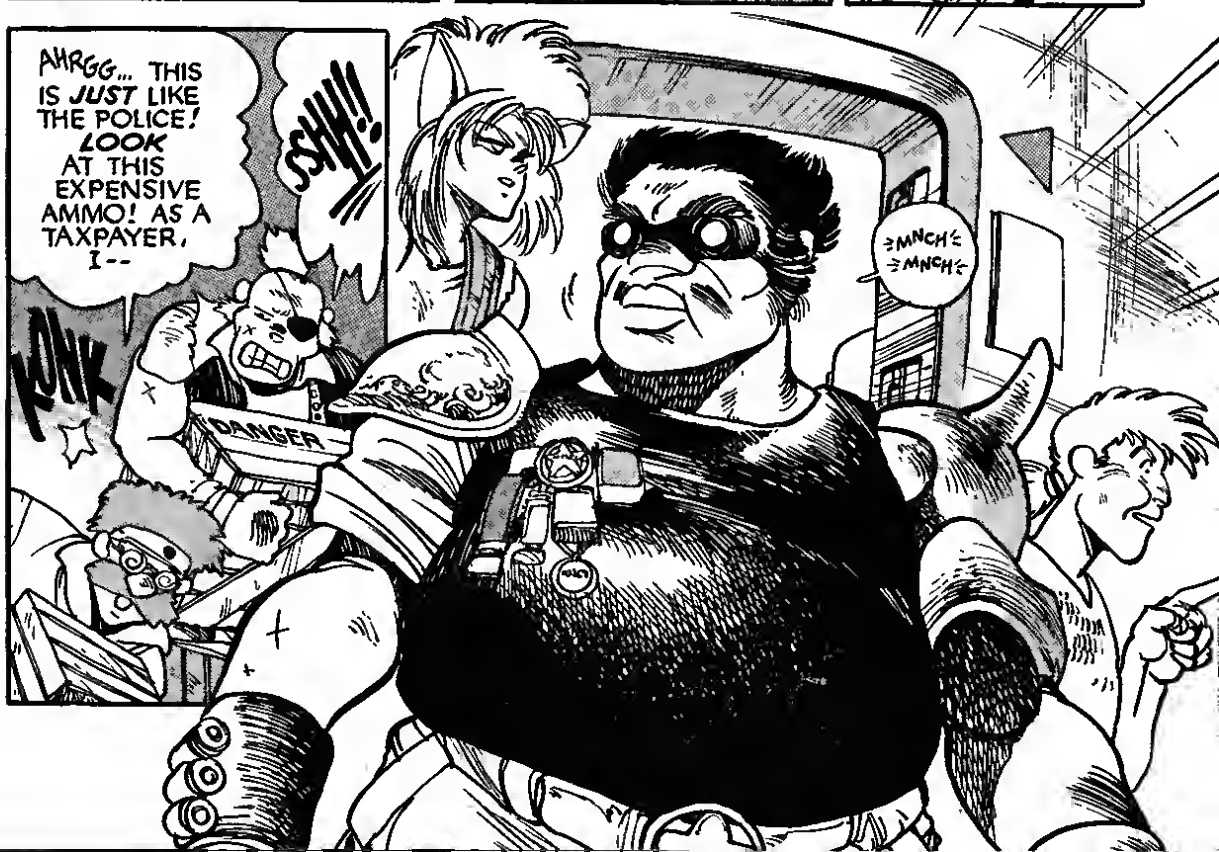
POWERED ARMOR SUITS!
KCHAK
JUST LIKE IN THE COMICS, heh heh!
klik
MMPH!
KCHUNK
HUH? Aw... THEY DON'T TURN ON UNLESS THE TANK'S RUNNING. RATS!
yawn
GEE... YOU KNOW, THIS THING'S JUST AS DANGEROUS AS NORMAL TANKS... SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL THE C.A.D.P.
GOD, I'M SO TIRED... JUST NOT GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP LATELY...
ZZZ
ZZZ


SHHH!

YEEK!
WANTED
BUAKU
THE GREAT

Shhh!!

AMMO


AHRGG... THIS IS JUST LIKE THE POLICE! LOOK AT THIS EXPENSIVE AMMO! AS A TAXPAYER, I--
SHHH!!
PUNK
DANGER
MNCH
MNCH

OOOHH, BOSS! YOU'RE JUST SO GREAT! YOU'RE SUCH A GENIUS! THIS IS JUST FABULOUS! YOUR TROJAN HORSE PLAN WORKED JUST LIKE YOU SAID!
GOOD CITIZENS ARE PUTTY IN MY HANDS!
Hee, hee, hee!
KONK!
COOL...
ANNA-PUMA... WHERE'S UNI-PUMA?
MORE AN' MORE AN' MORE...
SHE SAID SHE WAS GOING TO LOOK FOR GREEN-PEACE.
RRIINNGG
YES, MA'AM. NO, MA'AM. SORRY, MA'AM.
YOU GOT IT! BY THE TIME I FINALLY GOT THERE, WHAT DO YOU THINK I FOUND?
takka takka
AVIPP
kchik
SEC. A
Hmm?

HEY! YOU OVER THERE! WHA--
snak
!
FREEZE!
GET YOUR HAND OFF THE GUN-- I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT YOU!
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD... EASY NOW...
BAM BAM!
!
HNK!
WHD!

SORRY, BOSS!
DOLT! IDIOT! BIMBO! THIS MEANS WAR!
DROP THE AMMO!
POWER UP!!
POWER UP!
POWER UP...!
FIRE!!
BLAM BLABAM
WKOOM
POLICE
BOOM

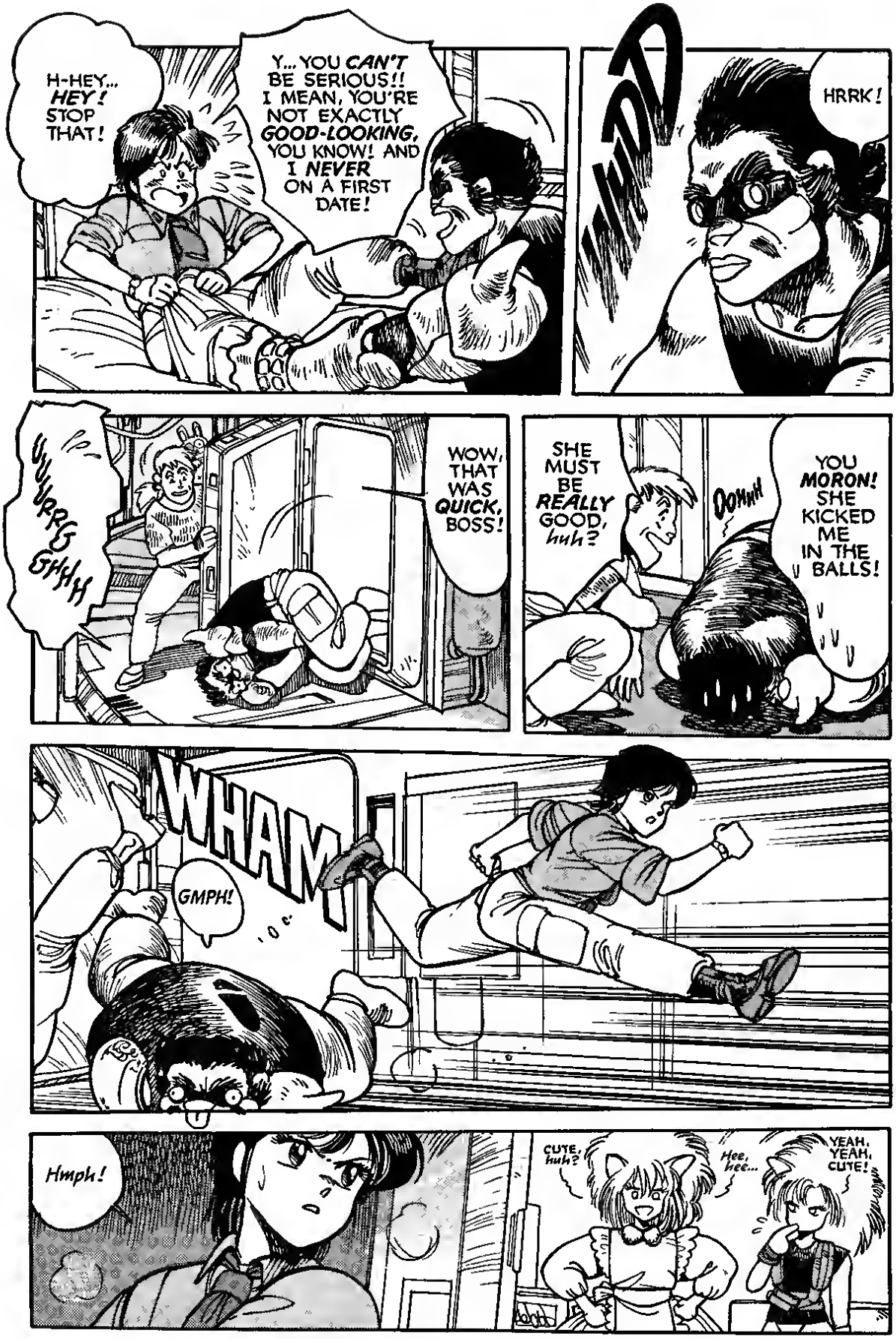
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!
BLAM
AIEE!
BLAM
HELP!
TAKE THAT! AND THAT!!
NYAHAHA HAHA!!!
SPUK SPUK SPUK
THE BUAKU GANG ?!?
HNNGG...
AIEE!
GREEN-PEACE CROLIS IS GONE!
LEONA! LEONA!!
BRENTEN! LEONA'S NOT HERE!
HUH! PROBABLY LYING AROUND SOMEWHERE IN A PILE OF TANK PARTS...
IT... IT WAS BUILT WITH PUBLIC FUNDS...
DON'T TELL ME WE'RE RESPON-SIBLE...?
C.A
BONAPARTE'S JUST KNOCKED OVER, NOT DAMAGED!
KBOOM
AND WE CAN GET ONE OF THE HEAVY TANKS RUNNING WITH JUST A MODULE CHANGE! I'LL TAKE THAT ONE!
WHAM
OW, OW!
ROGER!

NYAHAHA! NO ONE CAN STOP US NOW!!
WHOOM
MONEY, MONEY, MONEY! GRAB ALL THE MONEY YOU CAN! DON'T WANT NO C/CARDS, DON'T WANT NO STINKIN' PAPER! JUST BRING ME GOLD, GOLD COINS, GOLD BULLION!
ALL THE GOLD IN THE COUNTRY, MINE!! ALL MINE!
POLICE
SECURITY BANK
SKRAK
SECURITY
KANG KANG
KANG KANG

YAHAHAHA! GET IT ALL! GET EVERY-THING!
SCHWUP!
SLUUU
UURK
EEEK!
MMMM
WHIP
KLINK
KKLINK
GEE... THINK I'LL JUST TAKE THIS ONE, OKAY?
KLINK
FDD
NEXT! ON TO THE NEXT BANK!
EEEK!
NEE!
BLAM
BLAM BLAM

BKOOOM
HOLD IT! WE CAN'T START THE ASSAULT YET!
HEY, MY ARMORED SUIT'S GOT A HEAD IN IT ALREADY!
DAMN! THE ARTIST DREW MY HEAD SO BIG I CAN'T FIT IT INTO THIS HELMET!
HAH! LOOK AT ME! PERFECTION!
WOW! WAY COOL!
BUT MY LEGS DON'T FIT...
IDIOT!
HEY, BUAKU! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT...
B-BUAKU... HELP...!
DON'T TOUCH ME, YOU CREEP! TAKE THAT! AND THAT!
WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T THE KID WITH THE TOY TANK!
FWMP
COME WITH ME!
OWWW!

DON'T PEEK WHEN I'M CHANGING!
HEH... JUST A SECURITY CHECK!
HEY!
IF YOU'D RETURN THAT GIRL, MAYBE WE COULD ALL HAVE CLEAN AIR SOMEDAY!
SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S PLENTY OF AIR IN YOUR HEAD!
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE GREEN-PEACE PLAN?
boot!
THEY'RE JUST GOING TO USE INFO FROM HER DEVELOPMENT TO TURN US ALL INTO GREEN CRITTERS! TOO HARD TO CLEAN THE AIR, SO JUST MAKE PEOPLE WHO CAN BREATHE THAT CRAP, RIGHT?
AND THEY WANT TO EXPAND INTO SPACE, TOO, THE BASTARDS!
ME TOO, BOSS!
SO WHO CARES!? AT LEAST WE WOULDN'T NEED THOSE DAMN MASKS ANYMORE!
YOU'RE JUST AFRAID THEY'D ARREST YOU WHEN YOU WENT IN FOR THE SURGERY! THEY WOULD, TOO!
I WANT TO BREATHE CLEAN AIR! I WANT TO DRIVE MY OWN CAR! I CAN'T QUIT SMOKING! I WANT TO USE INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS, CHEMICALS, ARTIFICIAL ADDITIVES!
B-BUT IF YOU DO THAT, THE SMOG WILL JUST--
SHADDUP! AND I DON'T WANT ANYONE REBUILDING ME!

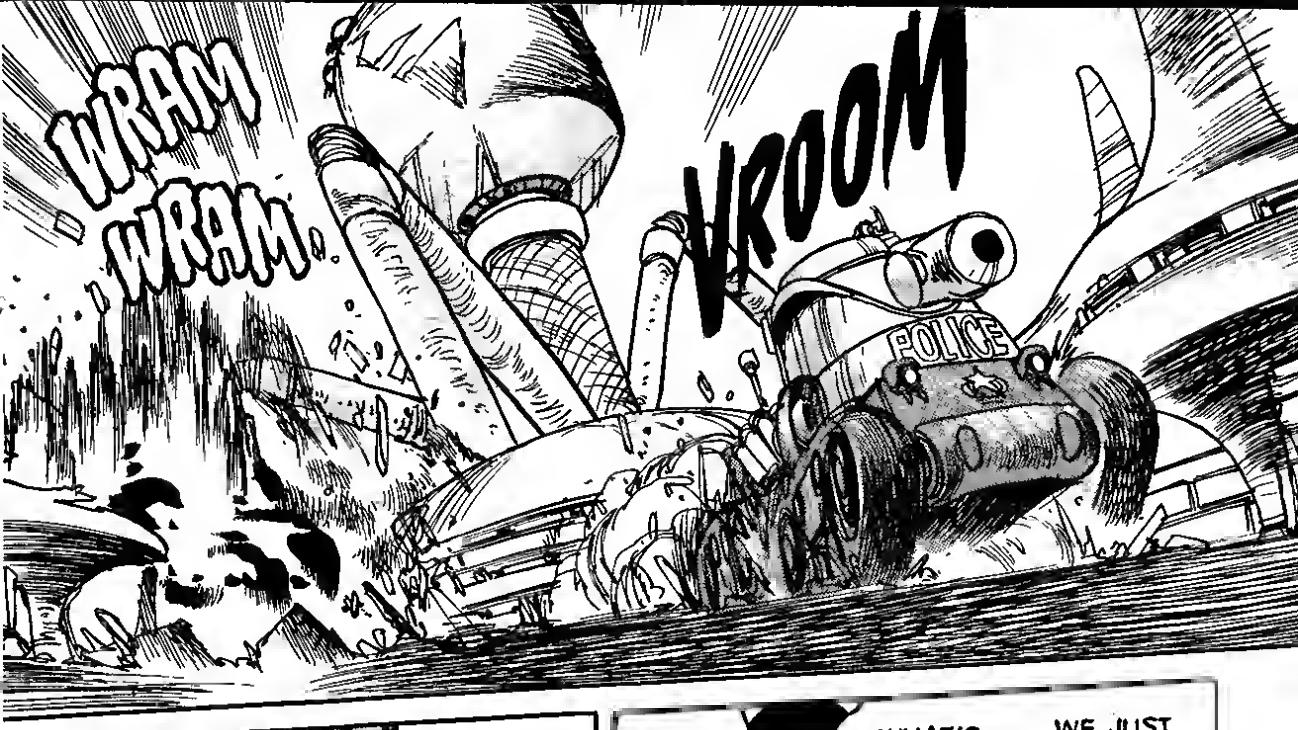

H-HEY... HEY! STOP THAT!
Y... YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!! I MEAN, YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY GOOD-LOOKING, YOU KNOW! AND I NEVER ON A FIRST DATE!
WHAP
HRRK!
UUURRGGHHH
WOW, THAT WAS QUICK, BOSS!
SHE MUST BE REALLY GOOD, huh?
OOHHH
YOU MORON! SHE KICKED ME IN THE BALLS!
WHAM
GMPH!
Hmph!
CUTE, huh?
Hee, hee...
YEAH, YEAH, CUTE!

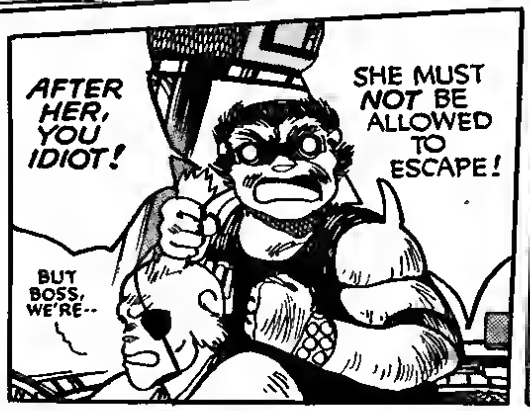
ARSENAL
EXIT
Sigh...
YOU THINK THEY'D FIT LUNA OR KEI?
HOPELESS, DAMN IT! JUST CAN'T WEAR THOSE OFF-THE-RACK SUITS!
MAYBE MY EARS ARE TOO LONG FOR THIS ONE?
Oh, YEAH! I ALMOST FORGOT-- THE POWER SUITS!
beeep
Ahh!
SSSSSSS
SSSTHMP!
KNG
I THOUGHT SO... PRE-STRETCHED CABLES FOR THE MUSCLES IN THESE SUITS. USELESS!
I'VE GOT TO FIND A THIN SPOT IN THE HULL SOME-WHERE...
Zzz

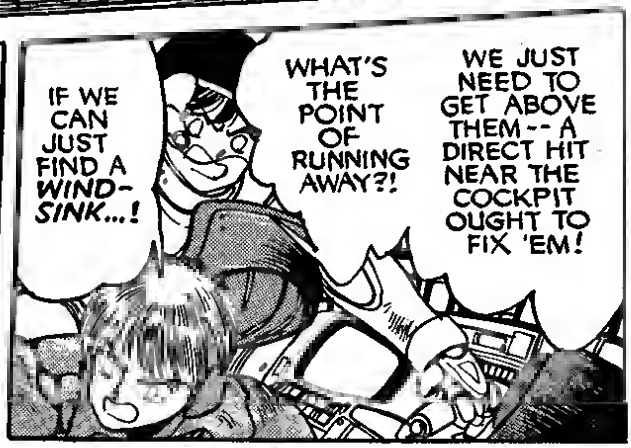
18

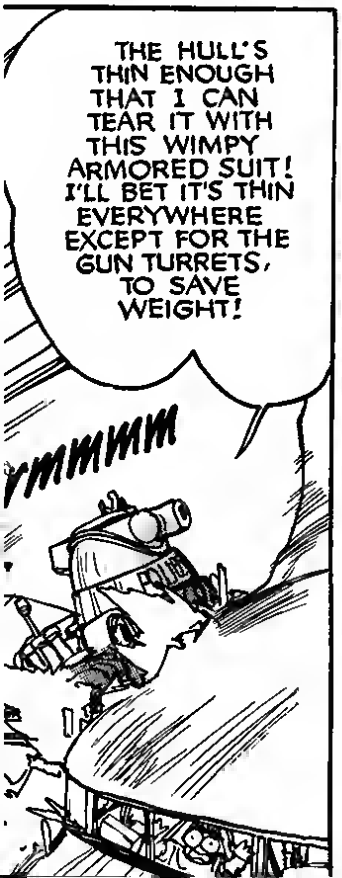
KILL HIM
KILL HIM
KILL HIM
KILL HIM!!
BKOOM
BKOOM
BKOOM
POLICE
WHAMM
YEEK!
WHAT?!
IS THAT LEONA?!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? COME ON, JUMP!
AL!!
AAA!
WH- BOOM

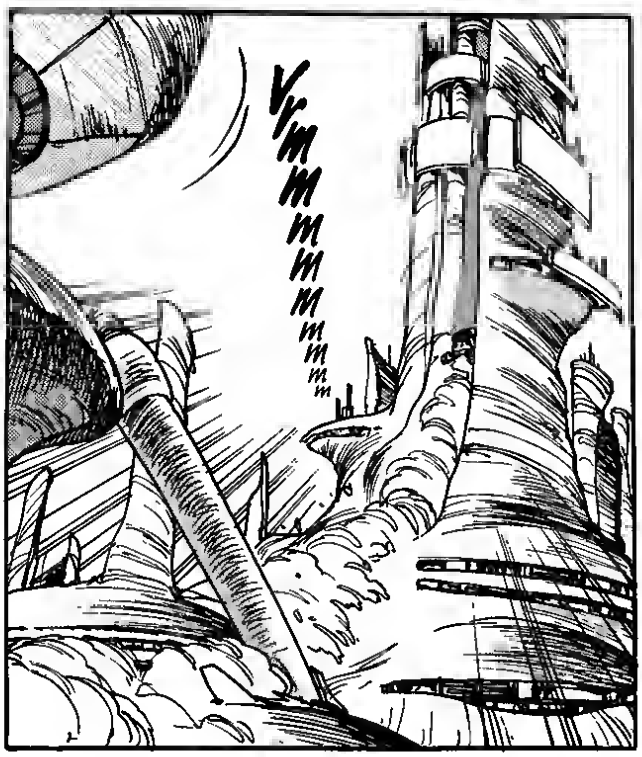
WHAT THE--?!
NICE CATCH!
PKP-41
D... DOWN THERE... IT'S HER!
WHBOOM
CRUSH THEM!!
BLAM
YES, BOSS.
GREEN-PEACE IS STILL IN THERE!!
!
WHSSH
POLICE
MAX
MIN
BOOM!
EEK!
SKRASH
POLICE


WRAM WRAM
VROOM
POLICE


AFTER HER, YOU IDIOT!
SHE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE!
BUT BOSS, WE'RE--

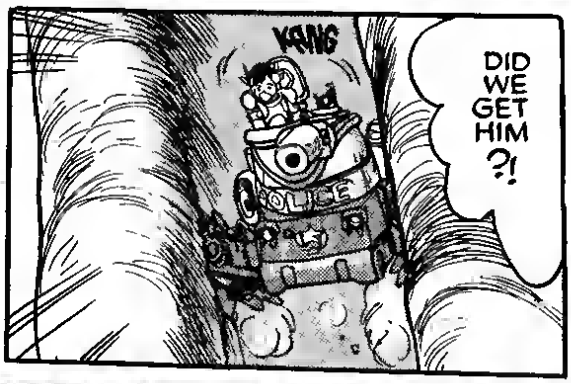

IF WE CAN JUST FIND A WIND-SINK...!
WHAT'S THE POINT OF RUNNING AWAY?!
WE JUST NEED TO GET ABOVE THEM -- A DIRECT HIT NEAR THE COCKPIT OUGHT TO FIX 'EM!

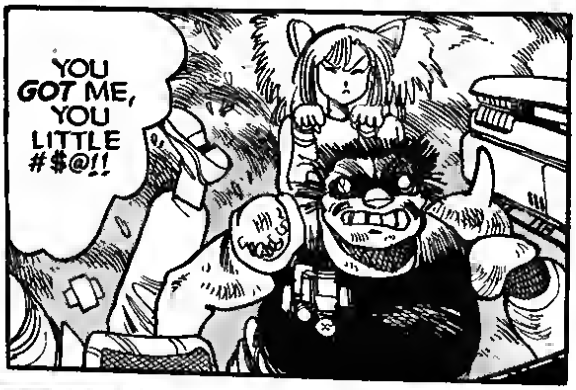

THE HULL'S THIN ENOUGH THAT I CAN TEAR IT WITH THIS WIMPY ARMORED SUIT! I'LL BET IT'S THIN EVERYWHERE EXCEPT FOR THE GUN TURRETS, TO SAVE WEIGHT!
rmmmm


Vrmmmmmmmm

IT'S WORKING!
FULL THROTTLE!

WRAM
WHKOOM


KANG
POLICE
DID WE GET HIM ?!

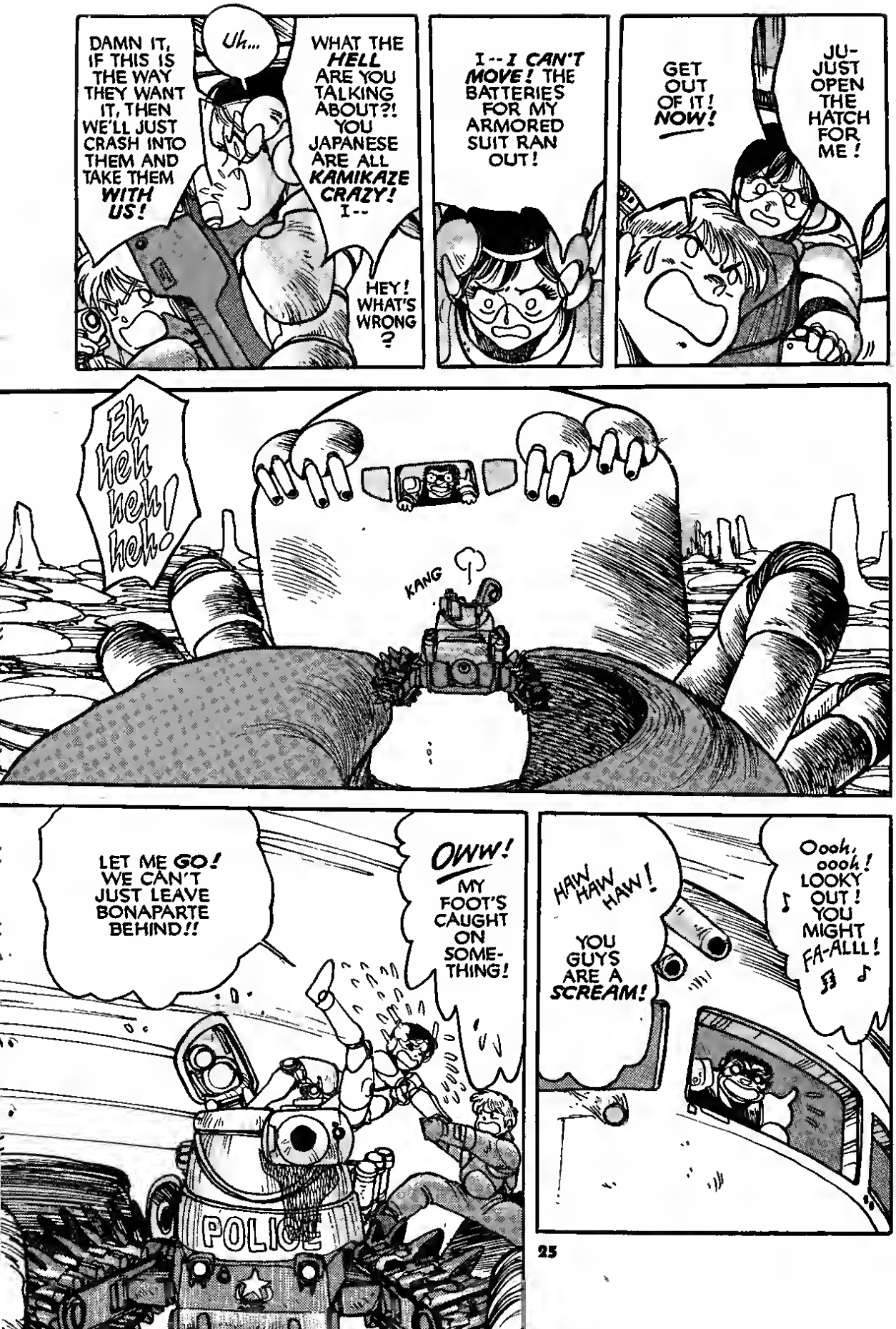

YOU GOT ME, YOU LITTLE #$@!!

KSHANG
KSHANG

GEEZ, DIDN'T IT DO ANYTHING?! IF THEY GET UNDER US, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SHOOT!
NEITHER WILL THEY, SO WE'LL BE EVEN, AT LEAST!
BUT, LEONA ...!

AREN'T WE GETTING JUST A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY?!
VVVVVVVV
THIS SUCKER'S MADE TO CLIMB! DUMP EVERY-THING HEAVY!
WE CAN PICK UP THE GOLD AND THE GIRLS LATER!
SON OF A BITCH!
CRASH

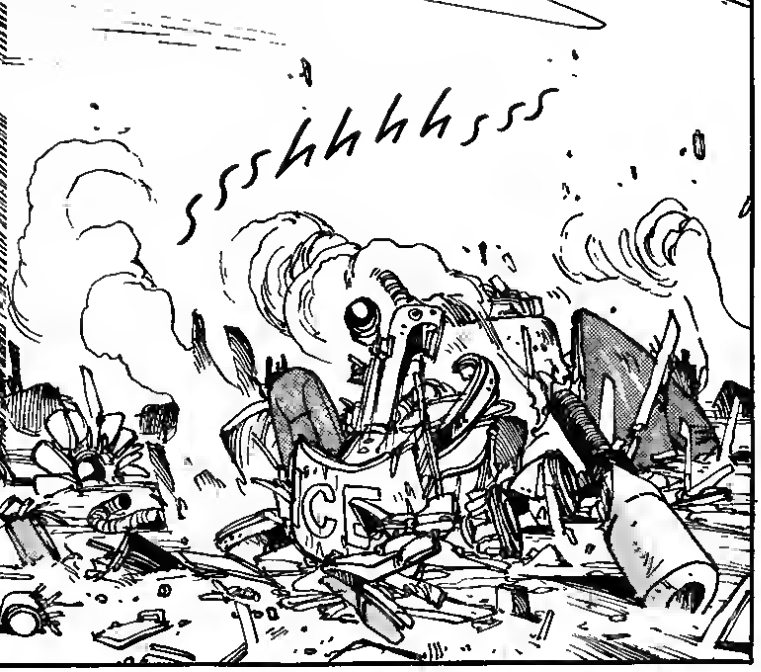
Kchak
QUICK! WE CAN ESCAPE THROUGH THE OBSERVA-TION DECK!
HEY! WHAT ABOUT BONA-PARTE?!
WE LEAVE IT HERE!
ARE YOU CRAZY?!


DAMN IT, IF THIS IS THE WAY THEY WANT IT, THEN WE'LL JUST CRASH INTO THEM AND TAKE THEM WITH US!
Uh...
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! YOU JAPANESE ARE ALL KAMIKAZE CRAZY! I--
HEY! WHAT'S WRONG?
I--I CAN'T MOVE! THE BATTERIES FOR MY ARMORED SUIT RAN OUT!
GET OUT OF IT! NOW!
JU-JUST OPEN THE HATCH FOR ME!
Eh heh heh heh!
KANG
LET ME GO! WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE BONAPARTE BEHIND!!
OWW! MY FOOT'S CAUGHT ON SOME-THING!
POLICE
HAW HAW HAW! YOU GUYS ARE A SCREAM!
Oooh, oooh! LOOKY OUT! YOU MIGHT FA-ALLL!

OOOPSIE! I SHOOK THE TOWER! SORRRY! ♡
EEK!
klik
FMP
BLAM
POLICE
SKRAK
NO!
Uh-oh
SPAK
MY BONA-PARTE !!
AIEEE!

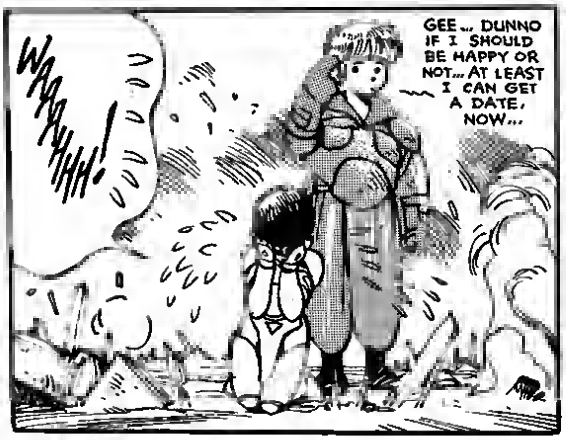
WHAM!
EEE!
YAAH!
SKRASSH
Owww...
HNN--
NNGK!
WHMP

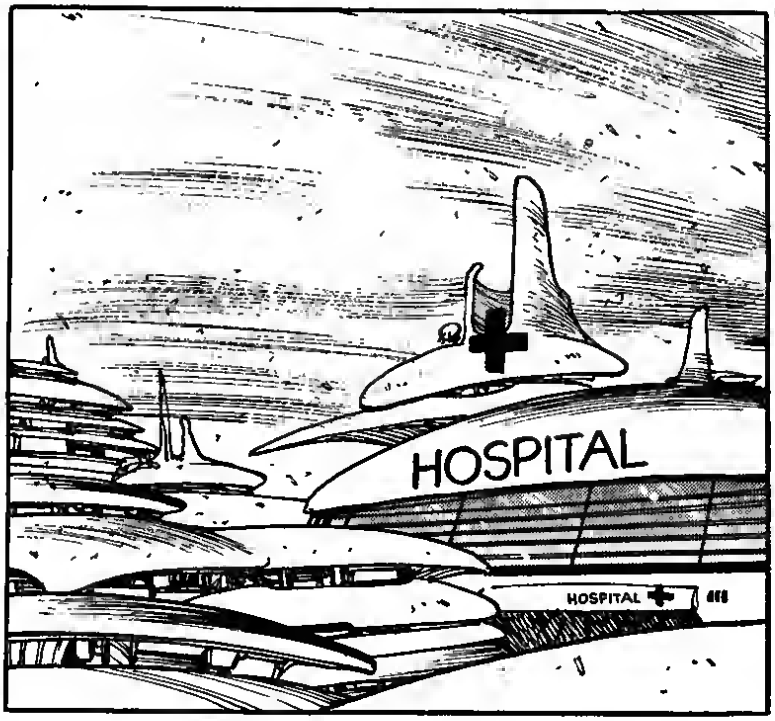
CON-FOUND IT!
??
REF!
koff koff
SCRAAAAPE!
Oh, NO!
Oh, YEAH!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
CHAK
SQUAD LEADER BRENTEN ?!
WHERE'D HE COME FROM ?!
I ARRESTED HIM! ME!
I DID IT!
YA HA HA HA HA

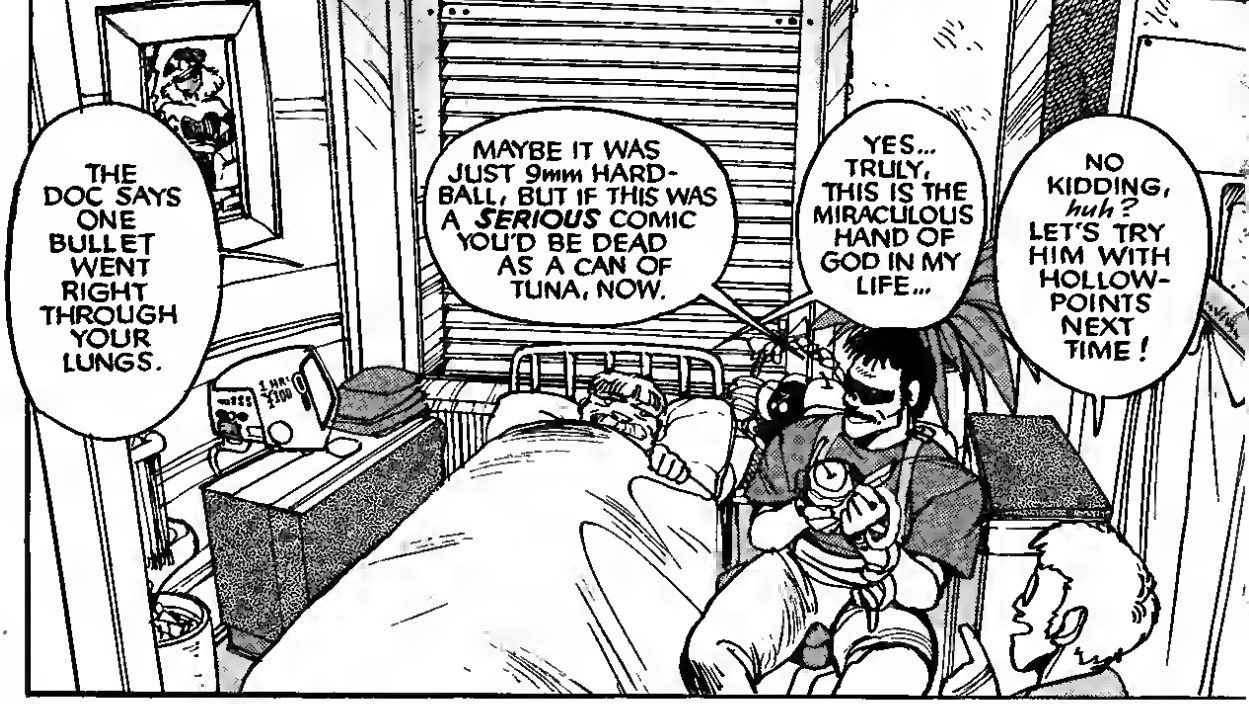

ssshhhhsss

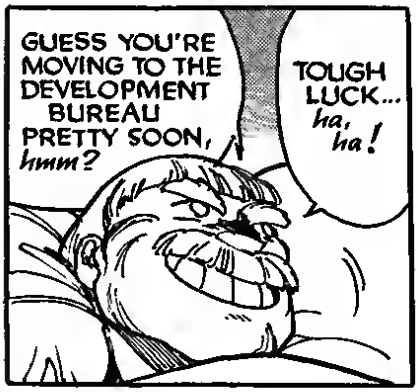
BO...
BONAPARTE...

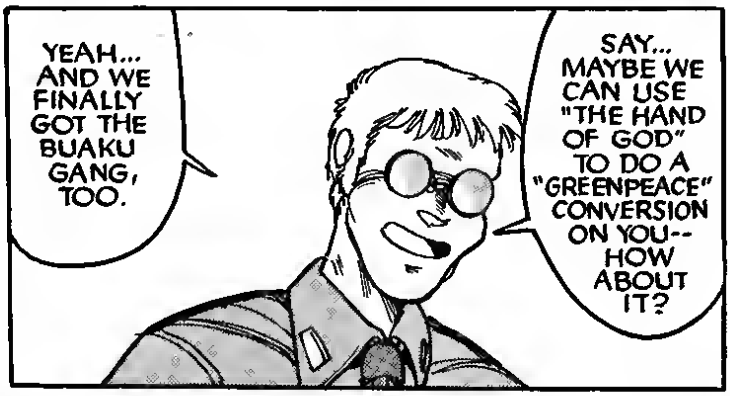
YAAR
YOU GLORY HOG!
THUD
GET HIM!

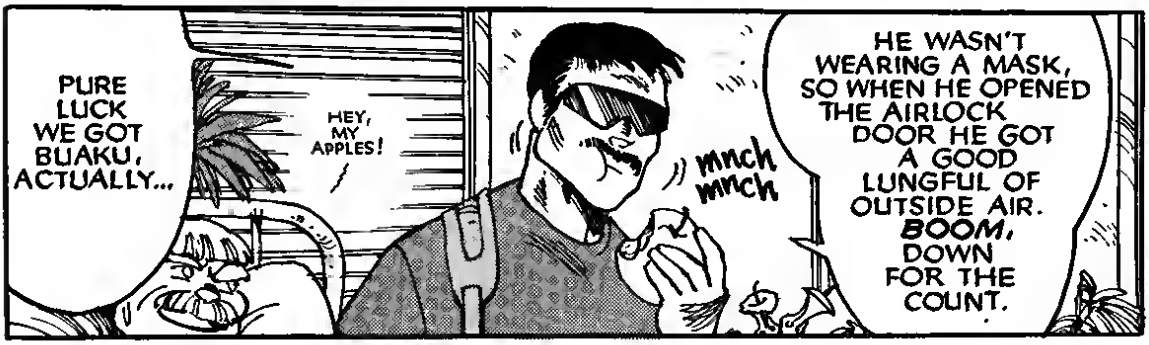

WAAAHHH!
GEE... DUNNO IF I SHOULD BE HAPPY OR NOT... AT LEAST I CAN GET A DATE, NOW...

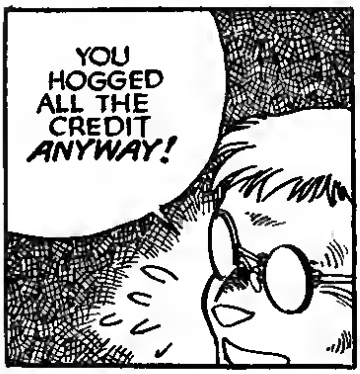

HOSPITAL
HOSPITAL


THE DOC SAYS ONE BULLET WENT RIGHT THROUGH YOUR LUNGS.
MAYBE IT WAS JUST 9mm HARD-BALL, BUT IF THIS WAS A SERIOUS COMIC YOU'D BE DEAD AS A CAN OF TUNA, NOW.
YES... TRULY, THIS IS THE MIRACULOUS HAND OF GOD IN MY LIFE...
NO KIDDING, huh? LET'S TRY HIM WITH HOLLOW-POINTS NEXT TIME!


GUESS YOU'RE MOVING TO THE DEVELOPMENT BUREAU PRETTY SOON, hmm?
TOUGH LUCK... ha, ha!


YEAH... AND WE FINALLY GOT THE BUAKU GANG, TOO.
SAY... MAYBE WE CAN USE "THE HAND OF GOD" TO DO A "GREENPEACE" CONVERSION ON YOU-- HOW ABOUT IT?

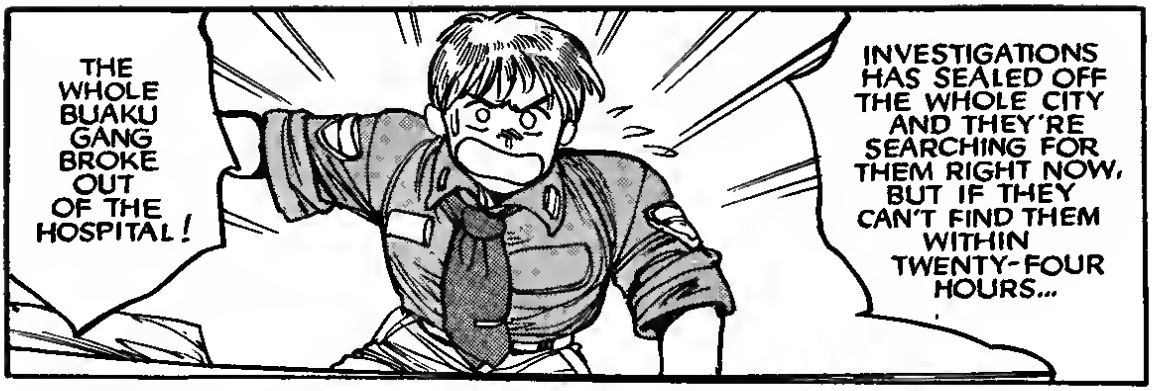

PURE LUCK WE GOT BUAKU, ACTUALLY...
HEY, MY APPLES!
mnch mnch
HE WASN'T WEARING A MASK, SO WHEN HE OPENED THE AIRLOCK DOOR HE GOT A GOOD LUNGFUL OF OUTSIDE AIR. BOOM, DOWN FOR THE COUNT.

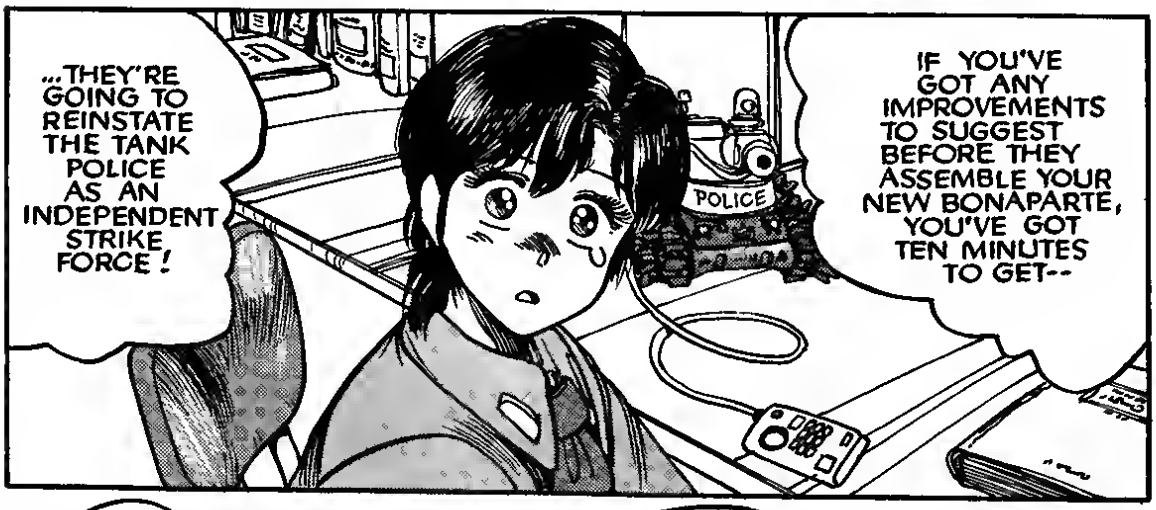

YOU HOGGED ALL THE CREDIT ANYWAY!

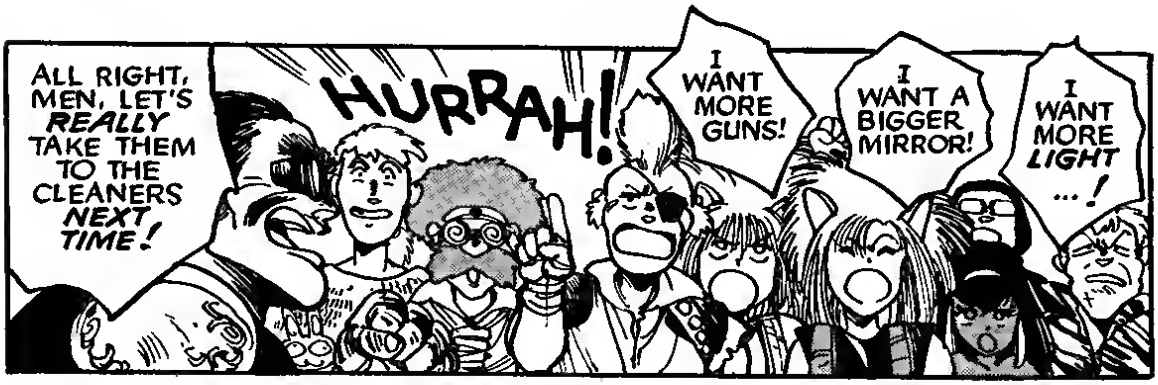
WHERE EVIL LURKS, THE POLICE SHALL GO. WAY OF THE WORLD, PAL.
MAN, I'M STUFFED.
"IN THE PLACE OF EVIL, THERE YOU SHALL FIND FAITH." THAT'S TRUE, TOO.
OUGHT TO BE THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

EXCUSE ME... TWO MEN FROM INTERNAL SECURITY ARE HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR. THEY'D LIKE TO MEET YOU IN PRIVATE...
YEAH, YEAH. FIGURES... IT'S THE SECOND TIME, AFTER ALL.
WE'LL COME BACK TOMORROW AND BUG YOU AGAIN.
SQUAD LEADER BRENTEN!
DID I REALLY SCREW UP...?
YOU DID TWO THINGS WRONG. FIRST, YOU WEREN'T WEARING BODY ARMOR. SECOND, YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING HOOKY FROM THE FIRING RANGE.
THAT'S ALL. SEE YOU.
THANKS...
THANKS, BRENTEN...
YEAH, LEONA'S STILL MOPING ABOUT IT...
CALLING ALL CARS... ÷klik÷
CHRIST, NOW WHAT?

HUH?
STAND BY FOR AN IMPORTANT BULLETIN...
POLICE
SKREEE
WHAT!?
GET ON THE HORN TO HQ!
RRIINNGG
RRIINNGG
takka takka
tak tak
vreeee vreeee
BAM! BAM!
POLICE
NYA HA HA HA!
STOP MOPING, GIRL!
AFTER ALL, POWER IS POWER! YOU ONLY NEED IT WHEN YOU NEED IT!
HEE HEE HEE!
AW, IT'S NOT THAT, CHIEF...
BAM!
HNK
LEONA! QUICK! IT'S AN EMERGENCY MEETING-- WE NEED YOU!
?


THE WHOLE BUAKU GANG BROKE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL!
INVESTIGATIONS HAS SEALED OFF THE WHOLE CITY AND THEY'RE SEARCHING FOR THEM RIGHT NOW, BUT IF THEY CAN'T FIND THEM WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...


...THEY'RE GOING TO REINSTATE THE TANK POLICE AS AN INDEPENDENT STRIKE FORCE!
POLICE
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY IMPROVEMENTS TO SUGGEST BEFORE THEY ASSEMBLE YOUR NEW BONAPARTE, YOU'VE GOT TEN MINUTES TO GET--


ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S REALLY TAKE THEM TO THE CLEANERS NEXT TIME!
HURRAH!
I WANT MORE GUNS!
I WANT A BIGGER MIRROR!
I WANT MORE LIGHT ...!

TO BE CONTINUED...

DOMINION™

BY MASAMUNE SHIROW

TRANSLATION BY DANA LEWIS AND TOREN SMITH

LETTERING AND RETOUCH BY TOM ORZECHOWSKI

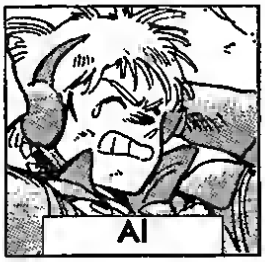
EDITED BY GREG S. BAISDEN

PRODUCED BY STUDIO PROTEUS
FOR ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL

ORIGINAL JAPANESE VERSION PUBLISHED
BY HAKUSENSHA K. K.

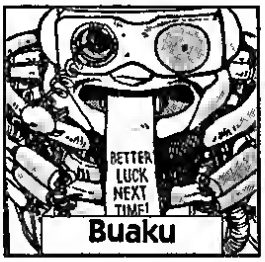
DOMINION *Personae*

▲The entirely gung-ho ace of the Tank Police, obsessively proud and protective of Bonaparte— her tank.



▲Leona's easy-going, by-the-book, long-suffering partner, pilot of Bonaparte.

▲The hard-boiled Tank Police Squad Leader who rides Leona— his ace and chief rival—mercilessly.

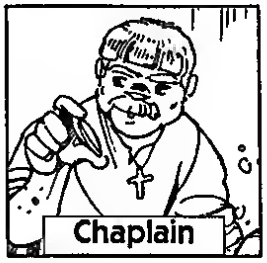


▲Mischievous "Super Criminal" the Tank Police was formed to capture.

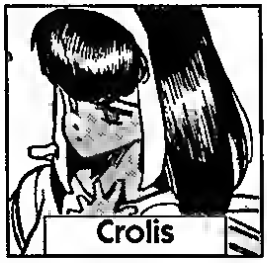
▼Fearless, frustrated Tank Police Commander.

▼The TP's resident scientific expert—just accepted by the Critical Science Development Agency.

▼Transferred to the TP after taking pity on a hood and letting him go—only to have him shoot his partner!



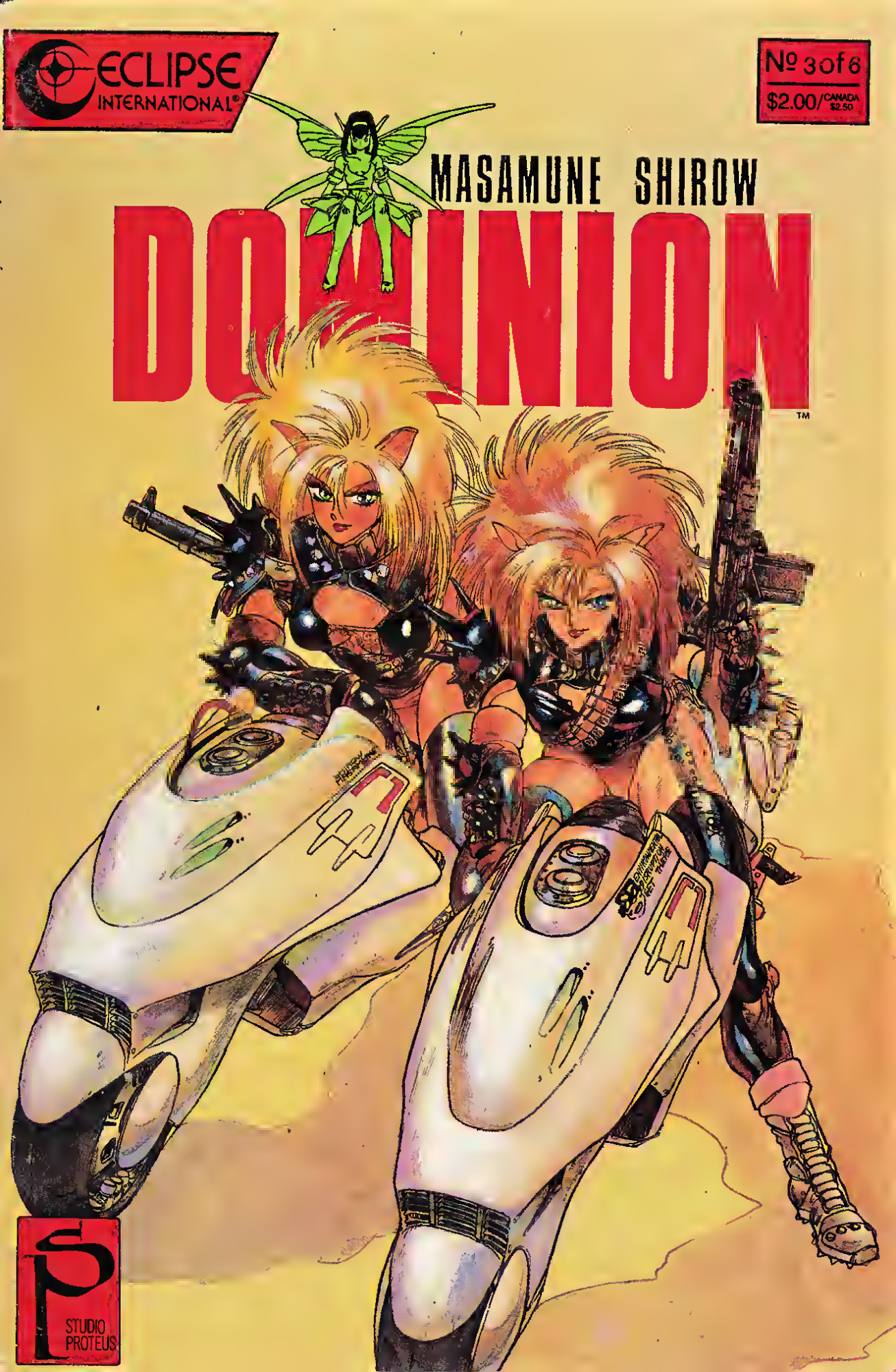
▼A mysterious humanoid with the power to cleanse the air around her.



THUS FAR...

• ***Dominion* 1 of 6.** Terra: a future in which the air is so foul citizens must wear oxygen masks to walk outside. Nonetheless, combustible-engine vehicles are still used—most notably by the **Tank Police**, a special force organized specifically for pursuit of **Buaku**, a mischievous "super criminal." TP officers **Leona** and **Al** spot Buaku near a residential area and, with the "assistance" of Squad Leader **Brenten**, obliterate many homes only to find their quarry a robot decoy (with fake booty) equipped to taunt them: "Suckers!!" A riot ensues. Back at TP HQ, the **Chief** is enraged that Buaku has escaped yet again, and that 170 pounds of public complaint (including letter bombs) have flooded the office. That night, the TP raids one of Buaku's hideouts, finding it empty but for some gold coins, high-tech maintenance equipment, and incredibly pure air!? In a back room, they find an apparently catatonic, green-skinned, winged "girl," to whom an agent of the **Critical Science Development Agency** claims custody. Brenten wards off the CSDA agent, giving **Lovelock** time to examine the being (**Crolis**, codenamed **"Greenpeace"**) and find that she is literally "a living air cleaner." While Lovelock ponders her purpose, word comes that she is to be turned over next morning to the CSDA...

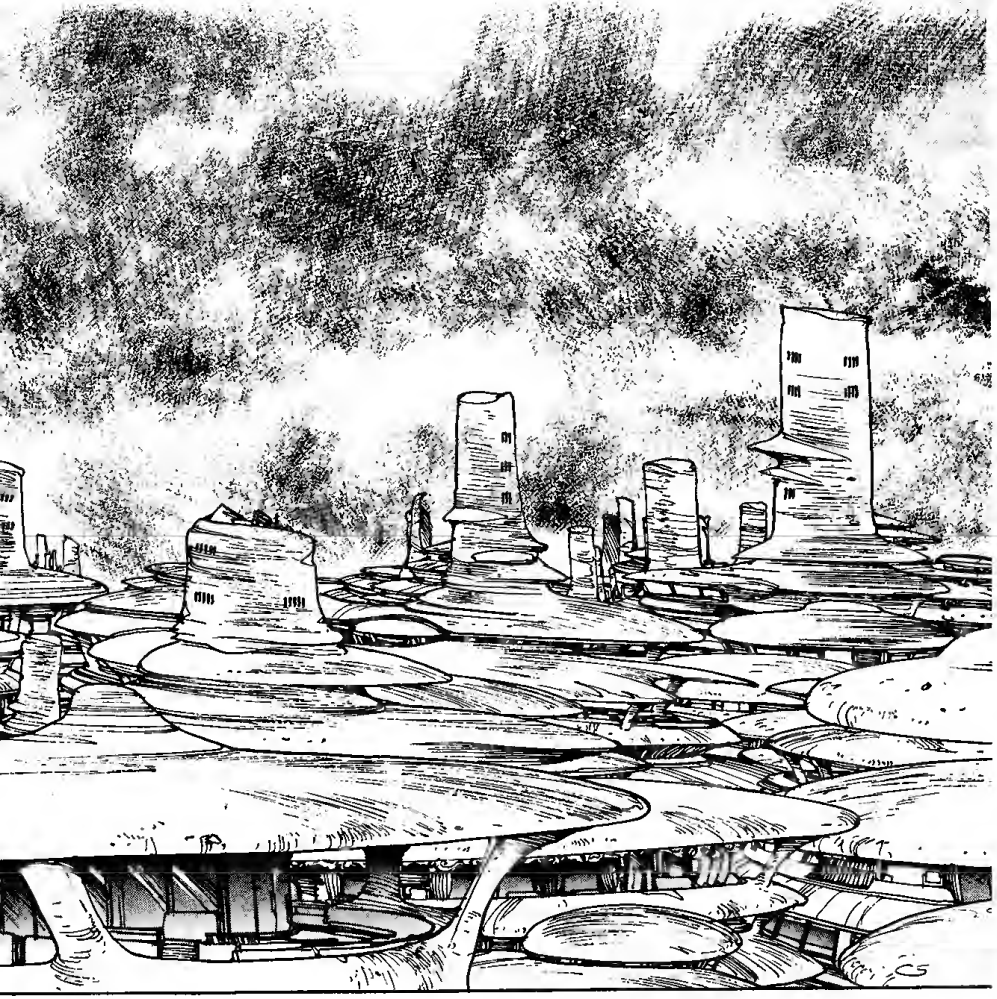
• ***Dominion* 2 of 6.** Leona, Al, and Crolis, wake to find TP HQ visited by angry representatives of **C.**itizens **A.**gainst **D.**estructive **P.**olice who insist the TP adopt their **T4-F** tank to assure public safety. Leona inspects a prototype and falls asleep inside a powered armor suit. But the tank is occupied by Buaku and his henchmen, who proceed to quietly invade TP HQ for ammunition, weapons—and Crolis! **Chaplain** is shot when he discovers Buaku's crony **Unipuma** roaming the halls, and the racket alerts the rest of the force. Chaos ensues, but Buaku makes good his escape in the T4-F—with Leona still asleep on board!—and begins a bank heist spree. Buaku soon finds Leona and incarcerates her, but not before revealing the **"Greenpeace Plan"** to turn every human into a Crolis rather than cleaning the air through industrial common sense. Leona jumps ship, but without Crolis, right onto her own tank. A desperate battle culminates in Leona and Al sacrificing **Bonaparte** to thrust Buaku into Brenten's arresting hands. Victory at last—but it can only mean the TP's end. Back at HQ, Leona broods on her fate—and that of her beloved tank—when Al bounds in: the Buaku gang has escaped! The TP isn't through yet!

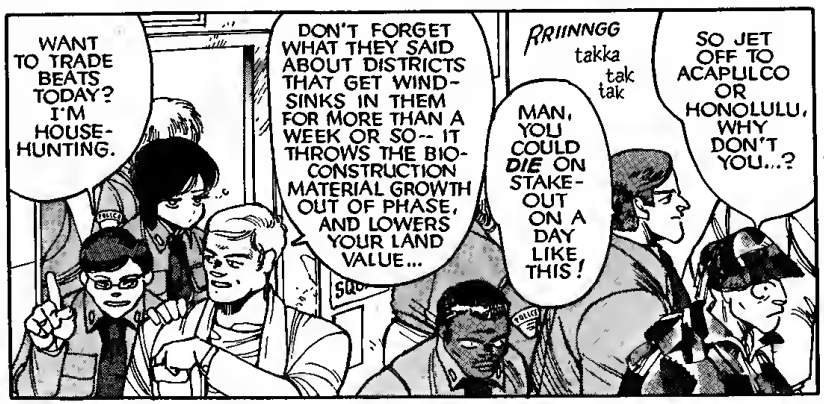

ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL
№ 3 of 6
$2.00/CANADA $2.50
MASAMUNE SHIROW
DOMINION
™
STUDIO PROTEUS

TODAY'S WEATHER REPORT INDICATES PARTICULARLY DENSE BACTERIA CLOUDS...
POLICE
...SO BE SURE TO DOUBLE-CHECK YOUR MASK FILTER BEFORE GOING ON OUTSIDE DUTY!
ZZZ
UH-OH...
WANTED
WE ANTICIPATE A HIGHER INCIDENCE OF CRIME IN THOSE AREAS THAT HAVE REDUCED VISIBILITY.
POLICE
H.I.T. HIBERNATION THEORY
POLICE
WE HAVE WINDSINKS REPORTED IN EIGHT LOCATIONS... WE'LL BE REINFORCING OUR PATROLS IN THOSE DISTRICTS.
IT'S PRETTY COLD OUT THERE, FOLKS, SO *HUSTLE* AND WORK UP A SWEAT!
BUY APPLESEED, OKAY?
AND DON'T FORGET THE DIRTY PAIR!
AND OUTLANDERS AND CYBER 7
BOO! HISS!

DOMINION

CHAPTER 2: CHOICE




WANT TO TRADE BEATS TODAY? I'M HOUSE-HUNTING.
DON'T FORGET WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT DISTRICTS THAT GET WIND-SINKS IN THEM FOR MORE THAN A WEEK OR SO-- IT THROWS THE BIO-CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL GROWTH OUT OF PHASE, AND LOWERS YOUR LAND VALUE...
RRIINNGG takka tak tak
MAN, YOU COULD DIE ON STAKE-OUT ON A DAY LIKE THIS!
SO JET OFF TO ACAPULCO OR HONOLULU, WHY DON'T YOU...?

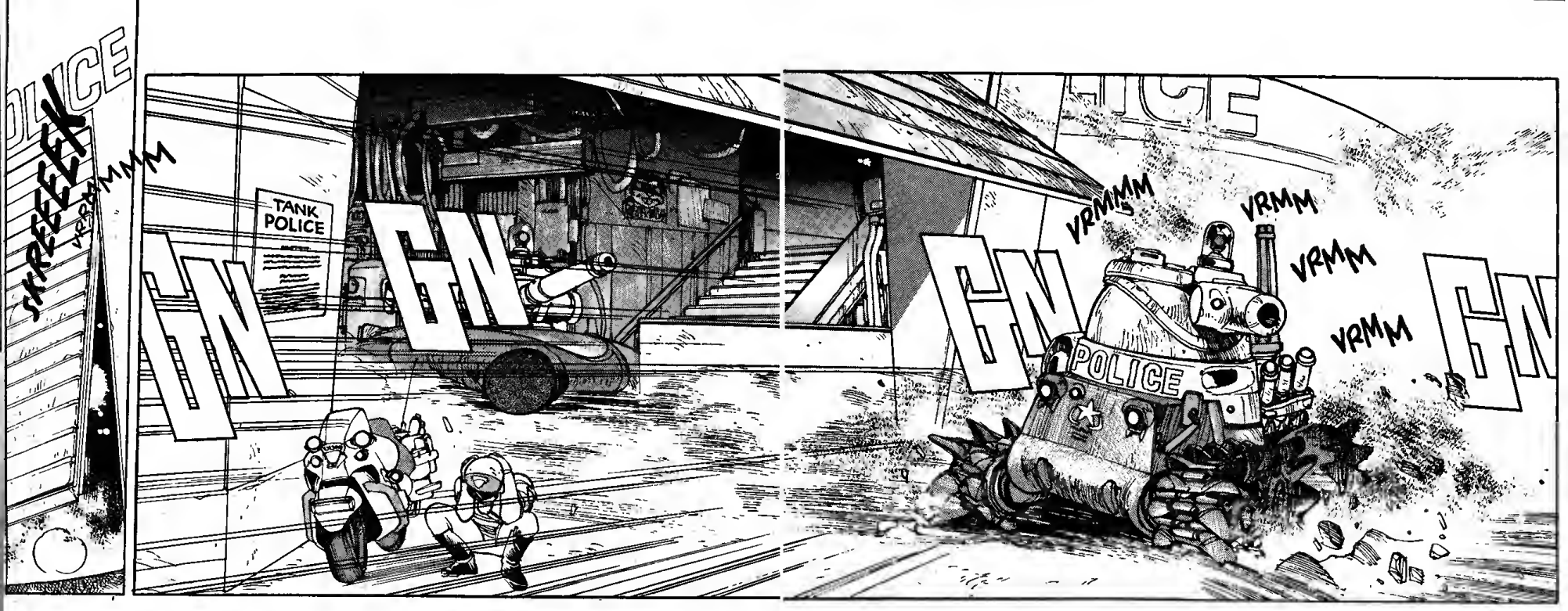
WHERE'S INSPECTOR BRENTEN?
RRIINNGG takka tak taktak
YOU MEAN THE SQUAD COMMANDER..? HE HASN'T BEEN AROUND HERE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.
HEY, REMEMBER THAT PICK-POCKET IN WARD TWO?

I IMAGINE HE'S INVESTIGATING THE THEFT OF THAT DESERT RE-FORESTATION PROJECT SAND SUBMARINE. ALL THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO THE BLIAKU GANG...
THEY CALL THAT THING THE IRON WORM, RIGHT? WELL, THE DESERT'S SO HUGE WE'LL NEVER FIND THEM-- ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT FOR IT TO COME ASHORE IN SOME CITY.

WANTED
takka takka
takka tak tak
RRIINNGG
RRIINNGG
RRIINNGG
IDIOT!!
YOU EXPECT THE POLICE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR DAMN KIDS FOR YOU?!
takka takka
takka tak tak
SHE'S MY WIFE, AIN'T SHE? WHAT I DO TO HER'S MY BUSINESS!
SINCE WHEN IS IT ALL RIGHT TO HAVE TWELVE WIVES? SHUT UP AND WALK!
JEEZ! GREAT PARENTS!!
CHING! takka takka
RRIINNGG
DAMN!
HELLO, POLICE DEPARTMENT, HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
DARN IT, JILL, I TOLD YOU NEVER TO CALL ME AT WORK!
RRIINNG
HEY!
IS LEONA AROUND ...?
POLICE
NUCLEAR INCIDENTS
CHING
TELL HER I'M ALL OUT OF "NASTIES"*-- HAVE HER REQUISITION SOME MORE!
BRENTEN!! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN FOR THE PAST TWO DAYS?! WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING ALL --
WORKIN' DAY AND NIGHT, MAN OF GOD... PUT A SOCK IN IT, WILLYA?
BRZZZ
POLICE

*NICKNAME FOR A TYPE OF CANNON ROUND.

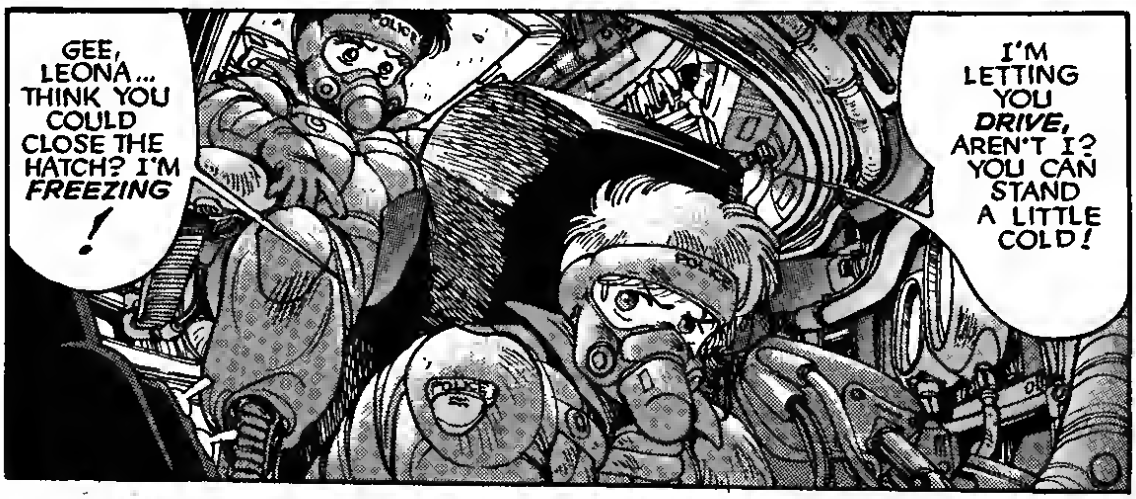
FOUND A WHOLE DUMP OF 10mm AMMO ROTTING AWAY IN A HIDDEN CORNER OF THE FIRING RANGE.
TH' LITTLE BUGGERS SAID THEY'D HAUNT ME IN MY SLEEP IF I DIDN'T SHOOT THEM ALL RIGHT AWAY-- MISSION FROM GOD, eh? HAW HAW HAW!
YOU MUST BE SLEEPY!! HERE! LET ME GRIND SOME PEPPER INTO YOUR EYES!! NYAHAHA!!
CH-CHIEF! HOLD IT! STOP!!
YEEOW!
I THOUGHT THE SAYING WAS, "TO WAKE UP, PUT PEPPER IN YOUR SHOES"...
THE CHIEF SURE IS BOUNCY TODAY... DOESN'T THE COLD WEATHER GET TO HIM...?
DID YOU SEE BRENTEN'S EYES TODAY?
HEY, THAT'S MY HEATER!
THEY'RE BURNING... LIKE HE'S POSSESSED OR SOME-THING!
THIS MORNING I REPLACED HIS OIL WITH A LIGHTER WEIGHT, SO HE'S ALL SET FOR WINTER!
BRR-R!!N'N'NGGGGGG
IT'S PATROL TIME!!
Huh? WE'VE STILL GOT TWENTY MINUTES, DON'T WE...?
WHAT?! WE'VE GOT TO WARM UP BONA-PARTE!
SO GET GOING!
POLICE

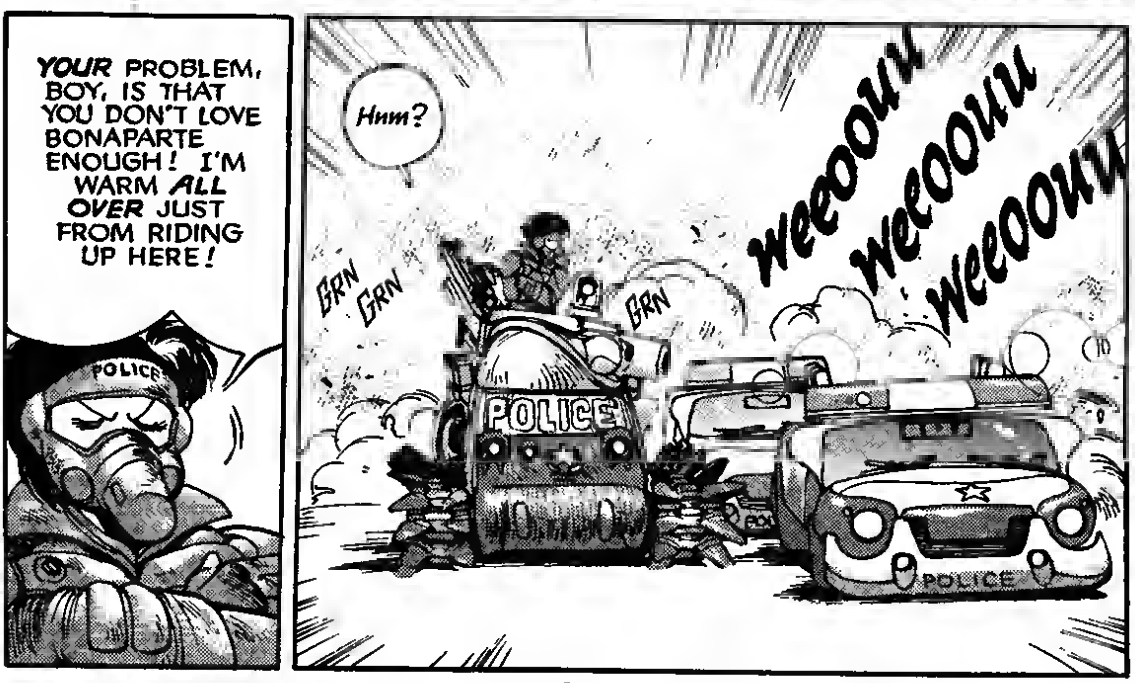

SKREEEK
VRRRMMMM
TANK POLICE
GN
GN
VRMMM
VRMM
VRMM
VRMM
POLICE
GN

AH, THIS SEXY SOUND! THIS THROATY ROAR!
HEH HEH HEH...
VRMM
VRMM
VRMM
GRNN
VRMM
GRNN
VRMM
GRNN
VRMM

VWROOOM!!
HEE,HEE! HE'S BETTER THAN EVER!
FWMP
WHAT THE HELL ?! DAMN YOU!! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, YOU CRAZY *%!#!
GET!
I WON'T FOR-GET THIS !!
HEY, YOU ZERE !
VE CAN MAYBE HELP YOU, OKAY?

PROTEUS
GRN GRN GRN
POLICE


GEE, LEONA... THINK YOU COULD CLOSE THE HATCH? I'M *FREEZING*!
I'M LETTING YOU *DRIVE*, AREN'T I? YOU CAN STAND A LITTLE COLD!
POLICE

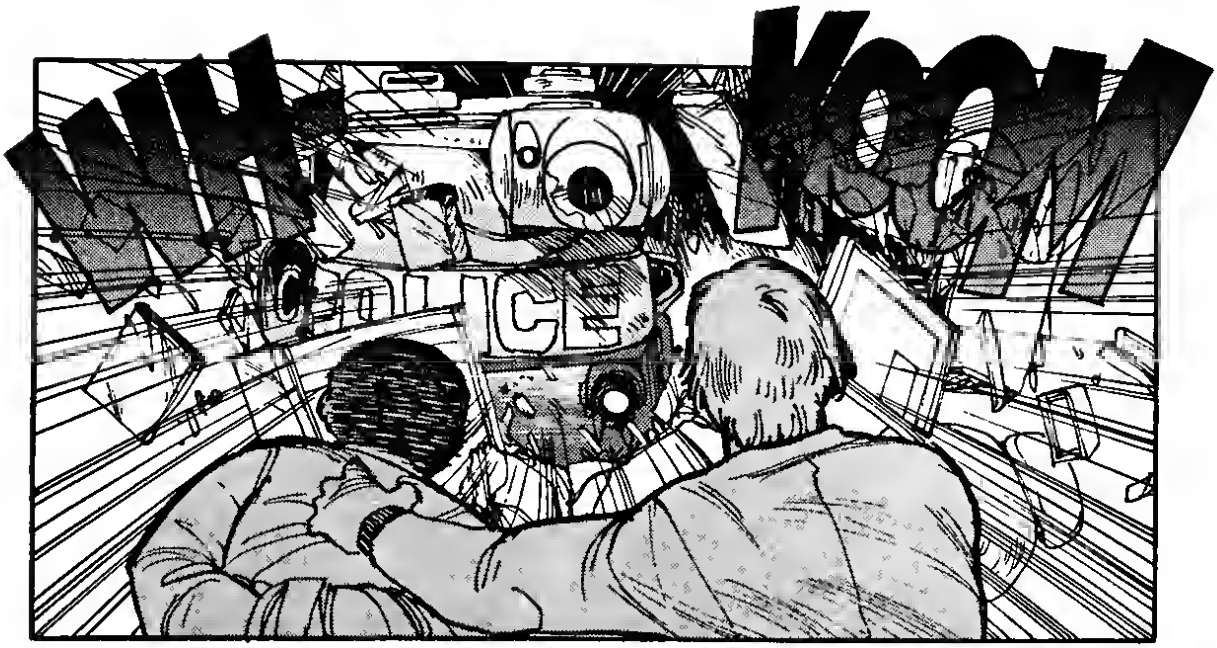

YOUR PROBLEM, BOY, IS THAT YOU DON'T LOVE BONAPARTE ENOUGH! I'M WARM *ALL OVER* JUST FROM RIDING UP HERE!
POLICE
Hmm?
GRN GRN
GRN
WEEOOUU WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
POLICE
POLICE

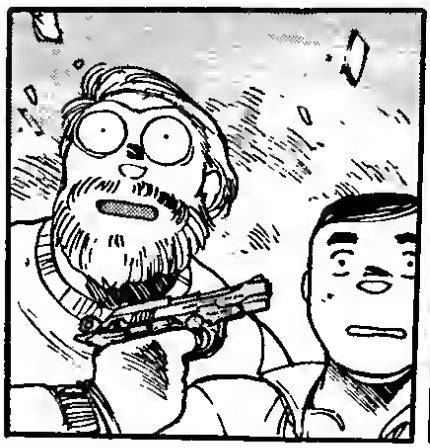
HEY! YOU THERE!
YEEK!
WE'VE GOT A RADIO, YOU KNOW!
SO CALL THEM UP, ALREADY!
HEY, SHE'S STILL FOLLOWING US!
THE CHIEF SAID NOT TO TELL THE TANK JOCKS ANYTHING...
TANK? WHAT TANK? I SEE NO TANK!
THEY'RE SAYING IT'S NOTHING!
I BET! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SCAN OF THE INSIDE OF THEIR TRUNK-- TRAFFIC BARRICADES AND RIFLES!
POLICE
THEY'RE HEADING WEST-- THEY'LL LEAVE THE WHOLE EAST END UNPROTECTED! WITH ALL THE MEDIA COVERAGE THESE DAYS, THE CROOKS WON'T TAKE LONG TO CATCH ON TO THAT...
AL-- TUNE INTO THE TV NEWS SIDEBAND!
POLI
weeoouu
weeoouu
SKREE
SKREE
HAVE YOU IDENTIFIED HIM YET?
ALL RIGHT! IT'S ON!
POLICE
GRNN
GRNN

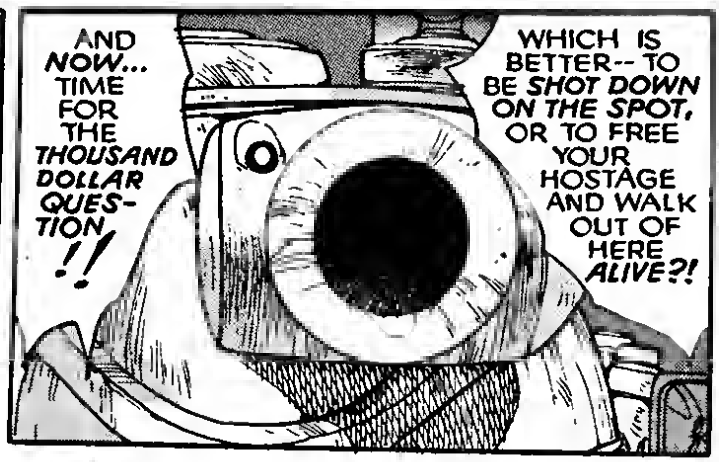
WEEOOW
KSHHH
POLICE
KRANG
OK!
FORGET IT! HE WON'T TALK TO OUR NEGOTIATOR!
Huh? REPEAT!
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT... WHAT? THE HOSTAGE'S FAMILY...? SWAT?
GOT IT.
IT'S AN UNDER-GROUND COFFEE SHOP, JUST ONE ENTRANCE ... REAL NARROW.
ACCORDING TO THE OWNER, IT'S GOT PERFECT DRAINAGE, SO WE CAN'T FLOOD HIM OUT... NO, NO, THAT'S NO GOOD, SIR.
WE ALREADY LOST ONE DOG ON THE STAIRWAY, AND NOW THE OTHERS ARE TOO SPOOKED TO GO IN...
... I THINK WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS, CAPTAIN!
WEEOOW
IF YOU COME OUT PEACEFULLY, WE WON'T--
LOOKS LIKE SOME MIDDLE-AGED GUY'S GOT A WAITER HOSTAGE.
HE ARMED ?
JUST A BERETTA .380 AUTO-MATIC, I HEAR...
...WOULDN'T EVEN SCRATCH BONA-PARTE'S ARMOR.
WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE ?

HEY, INSPECTOR! GOT A REAL SITUATION HERE, huh?
GRNN GRNN GRNN
POLICE
Huh?
Uh, oh...
KANG
HEY! WHAT THE HELL ARE--
POLICE
CHARGE!
VRRNNMMMMM
CRASH
Midnight +1
BAR AND LOUNGE

RMB
POLICE
Heh, heh, heh...
RMB
RMB
RMB
RMB
GN GN GN GN GN GN
COFFEE SHOP
Shasti
WHOA ...
POLICE
KRASH
WHA... WHAT THE F--?!
GO GO GO!!
POLICE
Eh, heh, heh...
POLICE


WHAM!
KOOM!
POLICE




AND NOW... TIME FOR THE THOUSAND DOLLAR QUESTION!!
WHICH IS BETTER-- TO BE SHOT DOWN ON THE SPOT, OR TO FREE YOUR HOSTAGE AND WALK OUT OF HERE ALIVE?!

SCREW YOU, COP!! IF YOU DON'T WANT THIS GUY DEAD, YOU DO WHAT I WANT!!

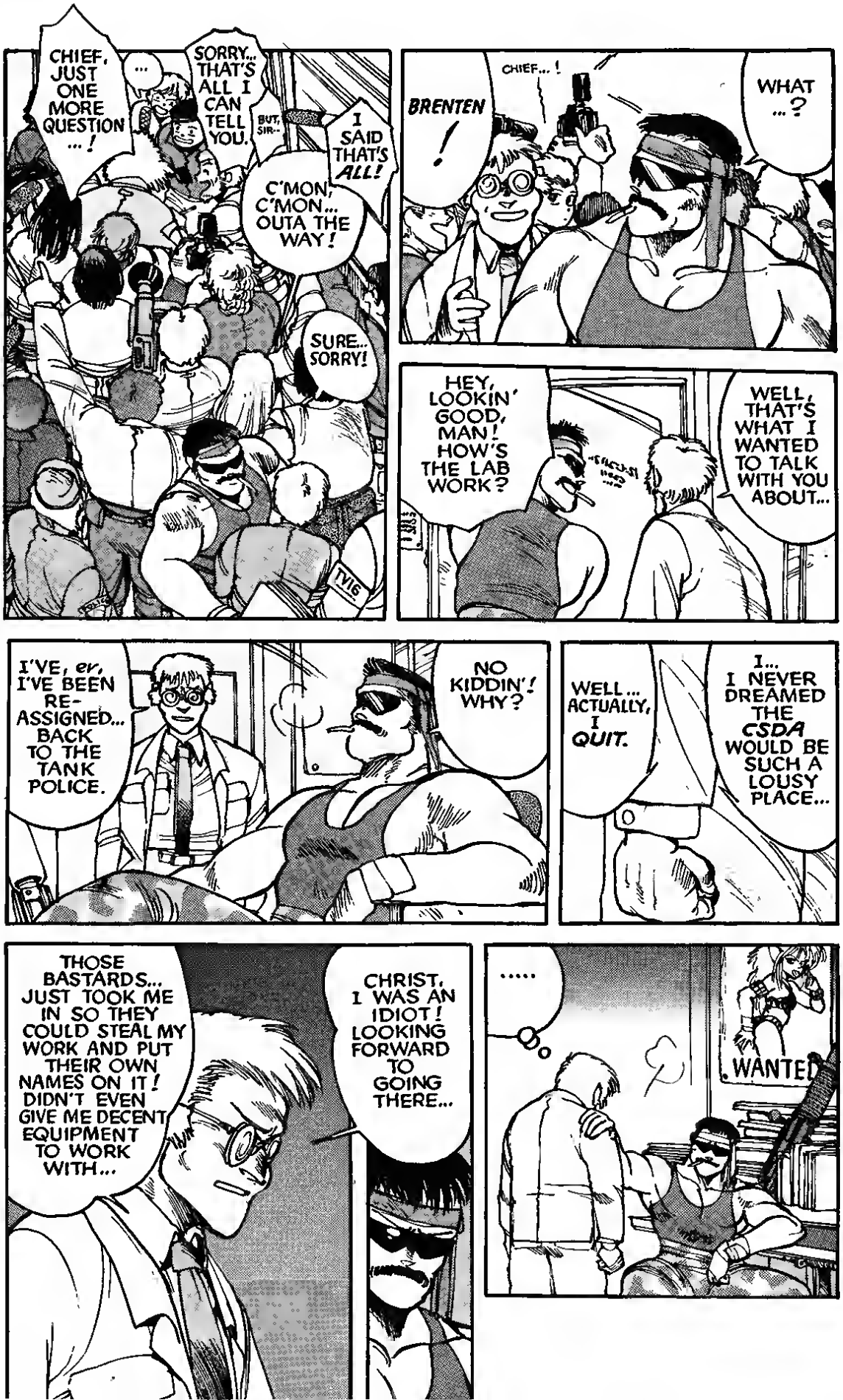
Aw, GIVE ME A BREAK! YOU KILL THE HOSTAGE AND I GET TO BLOW YOU AWAY! PERSONALLY, I CAN'T WAIT!
I'M COUNTING TO THREE... IF YOU DON'T LET HIM GO, I'LL SMASH YOU AND THE WHOLE DAMN WALL WITH THIS RIOT GUN!
POLICE
Heh, heh... I'M SO COOL!

DON'T GIMME THAT! YOU'D NEVER--
ONE!!
YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS... THE COPS WILL TAKE A LITTLE HEAT, BUT WE'LL BE LET OFF THE HOOK.
BUT WHEN DO YOU GET A SECOND LIFE...? TWO!!
POL
SHE'S NUTS!
I MEAN IT!! NOW HURRY UP!
BAM
GYAAH!
BAM
W-WAIT!! DON'T SHOOT! WAIT!
SKRASH
GET UNDER THE TANK!
KROOOM
POL

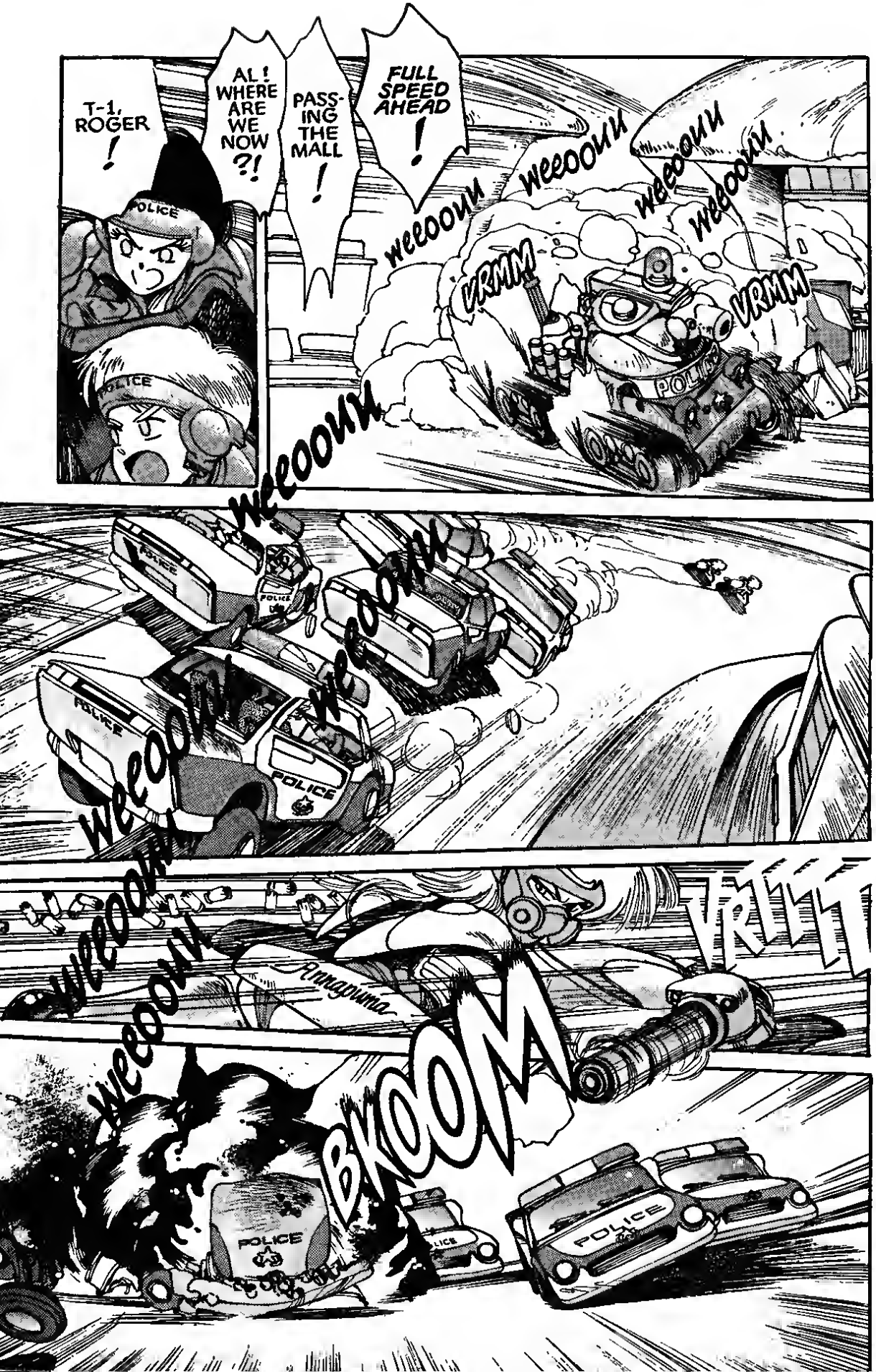
SKRSHOOM
POLICE
SKREECH
AAAHHH!
SLAM
.....
KRSH
SKRASH
POLICE
THROW DOWN YOUR GUN! HANDS IN THE AIR!
ULK!

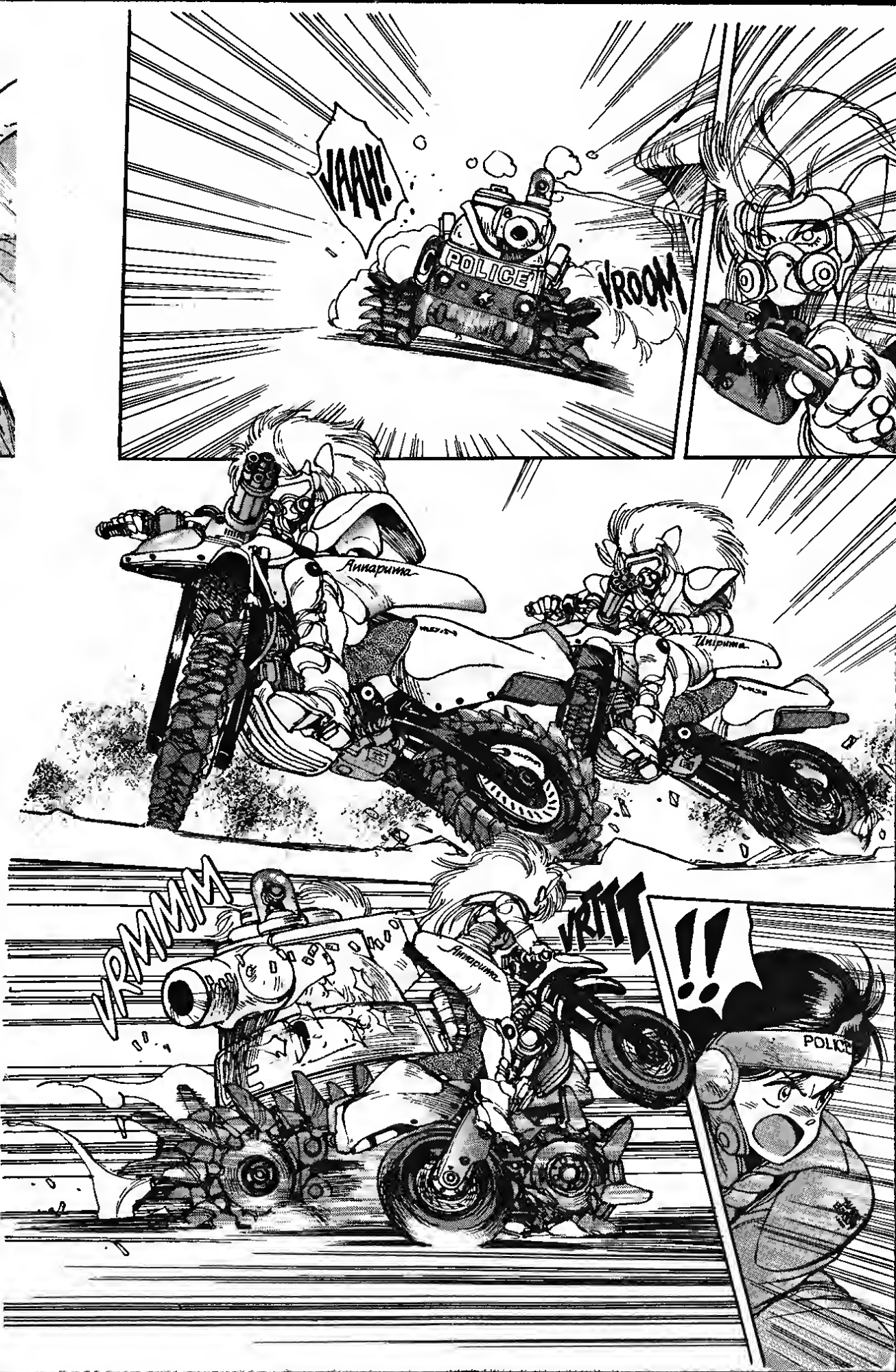
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT... ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU IN A COURT OF LAW...
Uh, oh... THE CHIEF!
gulp!
Eheh, heh... WE-- WE WERE ON PATROL, YOU KNOW, WHEN WE ENCOUNTERED CRIMINAL ACTIVITY... heh... AND ABOUT THAT DAMAGE--
RIGHT.
WELL DONE, YOU TWO.
WEEOOUU WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
OIK?
CHIEF, ABOUT THIS LATEST INCI-DENT--
LATER!
WE'LL MAKE A FORMAL STATE-MENT AT HEAD-QUARTERS.
POLICE
THESE MARKINGS ARE FROM A REPLICA GUN MANUFACTURER... ANOTHER REBUILT REPLIGUN? IT'S THE SAME MODEL AS THAT LAST ONE WE CONFISCATED A WHILE BACK, REMEMBER? I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT GUY'S A PRO...
HE WASN'T... HE WAS DEMANDING THAT WE EXECUTE SOME MASS MURDERER WHO WAS PAROLED TO A MENTAL HOSPITAL... I HEARD HIM SAY SOME-THING ABOUT HIS FAMILY...
THANK GOD!
YOU'RE OKAY!
LET'S GO, AL.
POLICE
POLICE

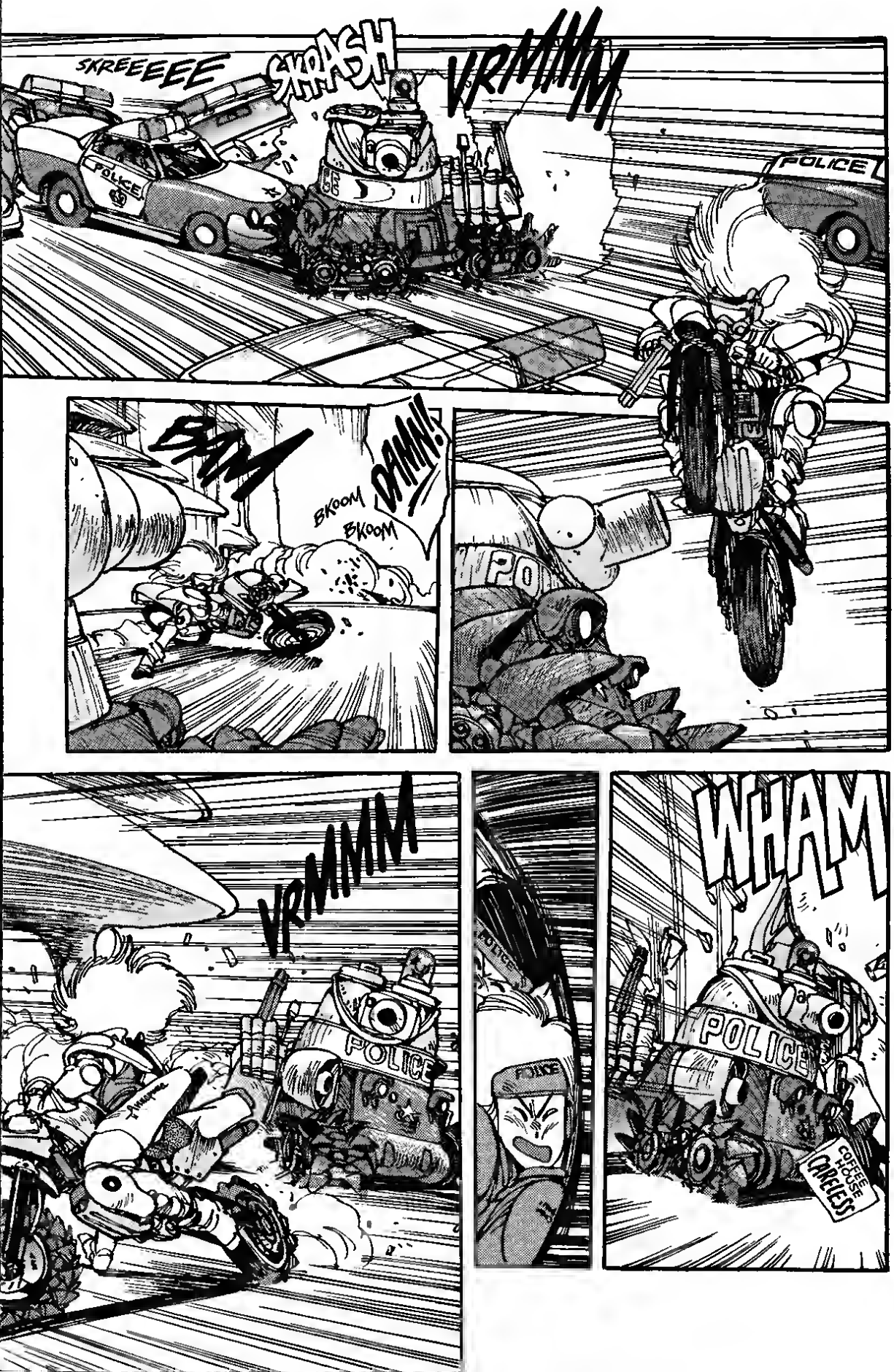
BAM
THAT BASTARD KILLED MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER!! GODDAMN IT!
KLIK KLIK
POLICE
RRRIINNGG tak tak
YOU CALL THIS JUSTICE ?!
SOME-BODY HELP US!
takka tak
QUICK! CALL A LAWYER!
DO THE TANK POLICE HAVE ANY COMMENTS TO MAKE ABOUT THIS ARREST?
takka takka RRIINNG
CONVERTED REPLI-GUNS ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE REAL THING, FOLKS! THIS HERE'S A PEACEFUL COUNTRY-- YOU GO AROUND ACTIN' LIKE A GANGSTER AND YOU'LL GET BLOWN AWAY, YOU PINHEADS! 'NUFF SAID!
I... I SEE!
THAT BASTARD'S INHUMAN!! HE SHOULD HAVE GOT THE DEATH SENTENCE, BUT YOU SCUM LET HIM--
DON'T TALK SO MUCH, GUY... IT'LL HURT YOU IN COURT.
C'MON, COOL IT, OKAY?
KRANGG
IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL, YOU SHOULD'VE JUST BRIBED ANOTHER CON TO SLIP SOME POISON INTO HIS FOOD.
TOUGH SHIT FOR THAT GUY, huh? FIGURE EVEN LEONA DOESN'T FEEL TOO GOOD ABOUT THIS ONE...
HEY, CHUCK-- GOT A MATCH?
HUH! YOU THINK THAT'S GONNA BOTHER THAT LITTLE AIR-HEAD?
DON'T LIGHT UP NEAR THE AMMO, OKAY?
DANGER
HER BEIN' JAPANESE, TOO... KINDA SURPRISING SHE WENT OUT ON HER OWN THAT WAY... THEY'RE BIG ON GOIN' WITH THE FLOW. TOUGH KID, THOUGH... WENT RIGHT BACK OUT.
AAAH-CHOO!!
GRN
GRN
GRN
YEOW!
JEEZ, LEONA... SCARE ME TO DEATH!


CHIEF, JUST ONE MORE QUESTION ...!
...
SORRY... THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU.
BUT, SIR--
I SAID THAT'S ALL!
C'MON, C'MON... OUTA THE WAY!
SURE... SORRY!
TV16
CHIEF...!
BRENTEN!
WHAT ...?
HEY, LOOKIN' GOOD, MAN! HOW'S THE LAB WORK?
WELL, THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TALK WITH YOU ABOUT...
I'VE, er, I'VE BEEN RE-ASSIGNED... BACK TO THE TANK POLICE.
NO KIDDIN'! WHY?
WELL... ACTUALLY, I QUIT.
I... I NEVER DREAMED THE CSDA WOULD BE SUCH A LOUSY PLACE...
THOSE BASTARDS... JUST TOOK ME IN SO THEY COULD STEAL MY WORK AND PUT THEIR OWN NAMES ON IT! DIDN'T EVEN GIVE ME DECENT EQUIPMENT TO WORK WITH...
CHRIST, I WAS AN IDIOT! LOOKING FORWARD TO GOING THERE...
.....
WANTED

.....
GN
GN
GN
GN
GN
POLICE
HEY, AL... THAT GUY WE GOT... YOU FIGURE HE'S GOT MORE KIDS?
DUNNO ...
AL... DO YOU THINK I'M MAKING PEOPLE HATE BONAPARTE, BECAUSE OF THE WAY I'M USING HIM...?
Gulk!
WELL... GEE... DON'T MOST BAD GUYS KIND OF NOT LIKE THE POLICE ANYWAY, LEONA ...?
YEAH...
Beep Beep
POLICE
PATROL TANK T-1 HERE.
ARMED VEHICLES HEADING DOWN RICHMOND ROAD, ENROUTE FROM WESTGATE TO CHINOOK! ALL CARS, INTERCEPT!

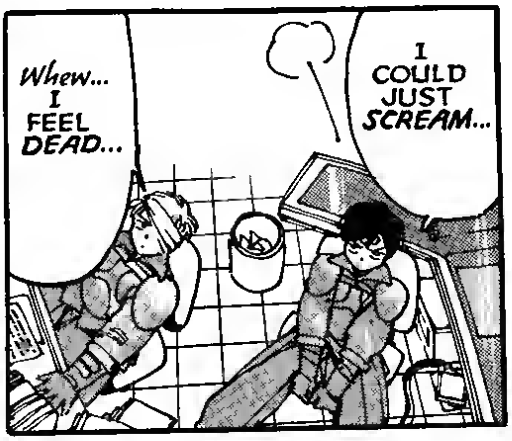

T-1, ROGER!
AL! WHERE ARE WE NOW?!
PASSING THE MALL!
FULL SPEED AHEAD!
weeoouu
weeoouu
weeoouu
weeoouu
VRMM
VRMM
POLICE
weeoouu
weeoouu
weeoouu
weeoouu
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
weeoouu
weeoouu
Ringouma
VRRRT
BKOOM
POLICE
POLICE


YAAH!
POLICE
VROOM
Аппарина
Аппарина
VRMMM
VRTTT
Аппарина
!!
POLICE


SKREEEEE
SKRASH
VRMMMM
POLICE
POLICE
BKOOM
BKOOM
DAMN!
VRMMM
POLICE
POLICE
WHAM
POLICE
COFFEE HOUSE
CORCLESS

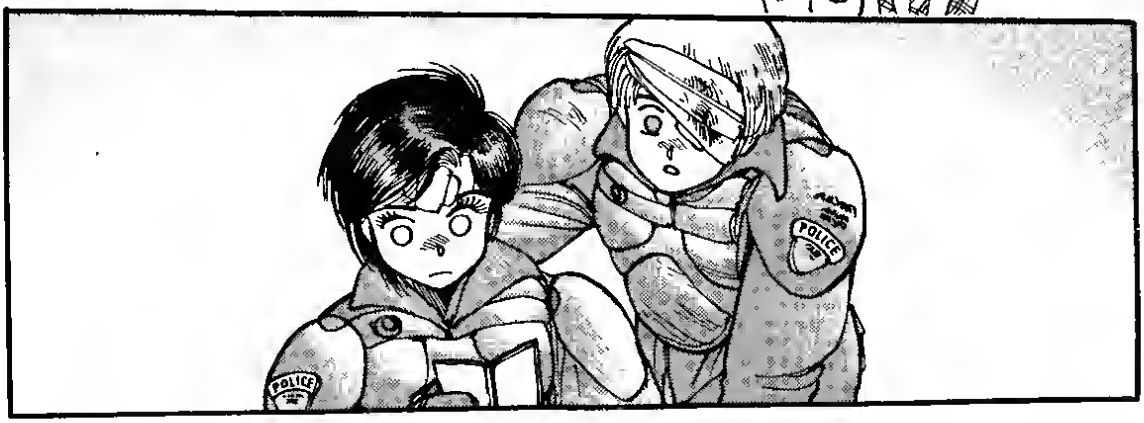
SK SSSSH
WHDD
POLICE
KRAK
KRACK!
AL! YOU OKAY?!
HNNG...!
IT'S THE DAMNED BUAKU GANG!
YA! HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
Uhn...
WE'RE ANNAPUMA AN' UNIPUMA, BUAKU'S BITCHIN' BABES!
YOU LOSE, TANK POLICE!
ANNAPUMA
AH HA HA HA
SEE YA!
VRUM!
DAMN!
KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK
HA HA
DAMN!
RMMMMM
POLICE
KLIK KLIK
DAMN IT ALL!!
MMMM
BAM!
POLICE

HEY, AL! WHAT'S WITH THE BANDAGE?
takka tak PRIINNGG tak tak
PROOF THAT HEADS BREAK BEFORE THE LAWS OF PHYSICS DO!
HELLO, POLICE DEPARTMENT...
NGG takka



We'll never forget your bravery and what you did, not for the rest of our lives.

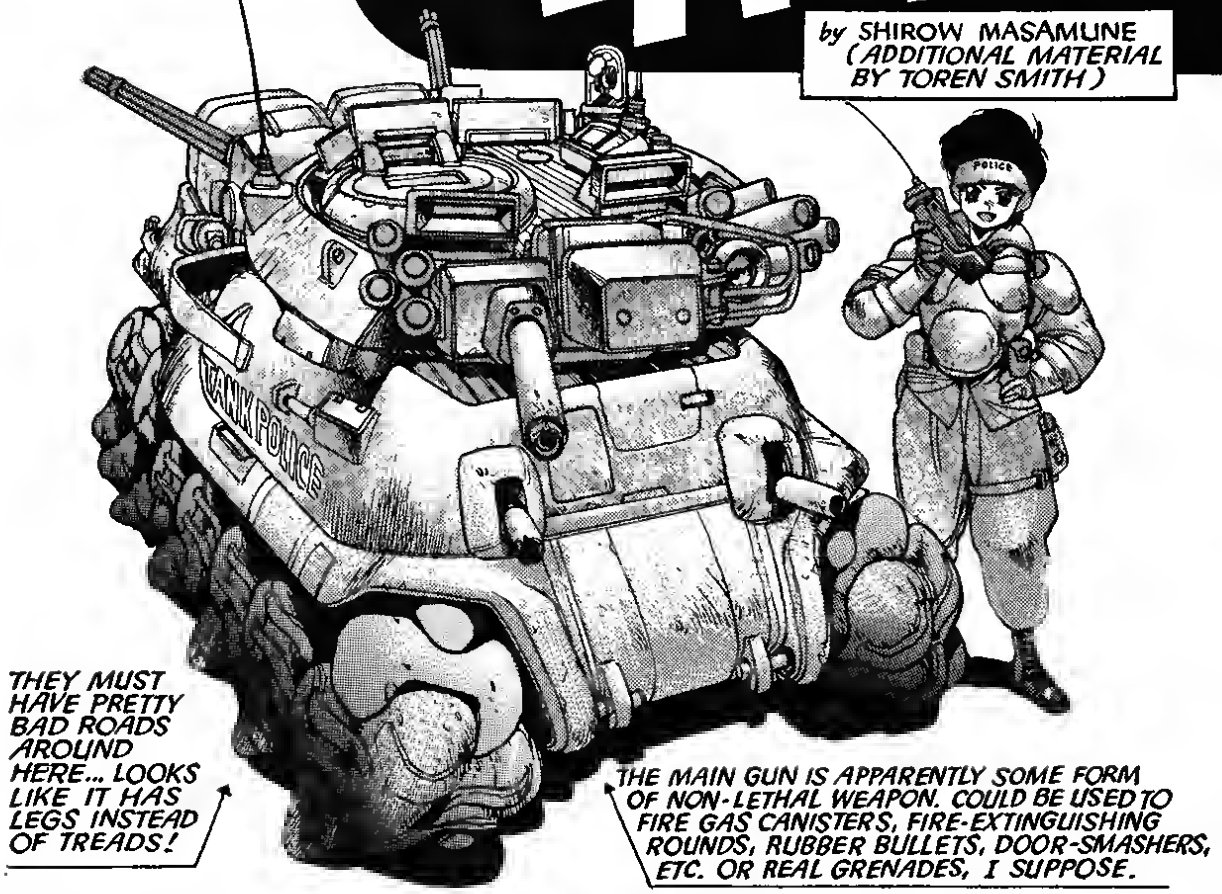
Thank you from the bottom of our hearts...



TO BE CONTINUED...

THE MINI TANK!

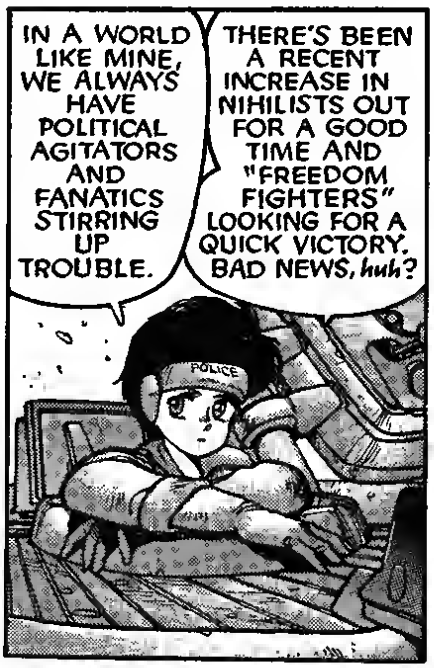
by SHIROW MASAMUNE (ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY TOREN SMITH)


TANK POLICE
POLICE
THEY MUST HAVE PRETTY BAD ROADS AROUND HERE... LOOKS LIKE IT HAS LEGS INSTEAD OF TREADS!
THE MAIN GUN IS APPARENTLY SOME FORM OF NON-LETHAL WEAPON. COULD BE USED TO FIRE GAS CANISTERS, FIRE-EXTINGUISHING ROUNDS, RUBBER BULLETS, DOOR-SMASHERS, ETC. OR REAL GRENADES, I SUPPOSE.

Around the world, most people associate tanks with the military. However, a vast range of police tanks are employed in Europe, Africa, Asia, and Central and South America. Even the famous Texas Rangers use armored cars. I'm sure many readers have seen television footage of the armored car (SWAT equipment) being used against protesting crowds in South Africa, the land of apartheid. When police arm themselves with such heavy weaponry, they usually plan to use it against the masses; its very appearance conjures images of civil unrest and political instability. I've seen shots of tanks crashing into an embassy to drive out terrorists, but, to be frank, it struck me as a pretty reckless thing to do.

Seen from that perspective, the world of *Dominion* must seem an unsettling place, one where people live side-by-side with the fear of sudden death—world much like Europe in the days of the Black Plague. In such dark days, one can turn for hope only to the people themselves, warped by the age they live in, to be sure, but still trying desperately to live their lives to the fullest... No, on second thought maybe there's no hope even there. When you think about it, anyone who can walk around with a smile on their face in a place like that must be a little strange upstairs.

—Masamune Shirow

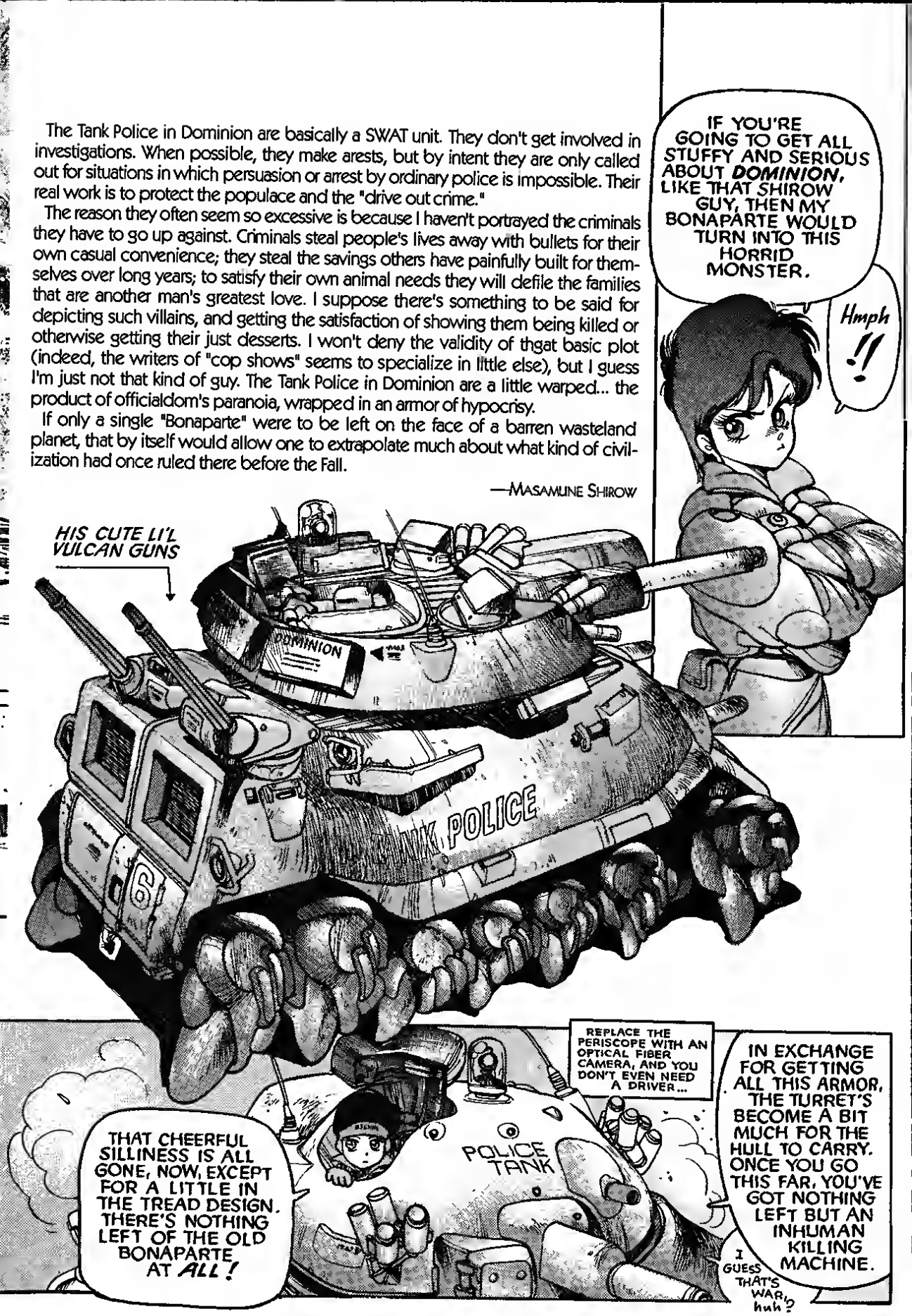

IN A WORLD LIKE MINE, WE ALWAYS HAVE POLITICAL AGITATORS AND FANATICS STIRRING UP TROUBLE.
THERE'S BEEN A RECENT INCREASE IN NIHILISTS OUT FOR A GOOD TIME AND "FREEDOM FIGHTERS" LOOKING FOR A QUICK VICTORY. BAD NEWS, huh?
POLICE

The Tank Police in Dominion are basically a SWAT unit. They don't get involved in investigations. When possible, they make arests, but by intent they are only called out for situations in which persuasion or arrest by ordinary police is impossible. Their real work is to protect the populace and the "drive out crime."

The reason they often seem so excessive is because I haven't portrayed the criminals they have to go up against. Criminals steal people's lives away with bullets for their own casual convenience; they steal the savings others have painfully built for themselves over long years; to satisfy their own animal needs they will defile the families that are another man's greatest love. I suppose there's something to be said for depicting such villains, and getting the satisfaction of showing them being killed or otherwise getting their just desserts. I won't deny the validity of thgat basic plot (indeed, the writers of "cop shows" seems to specialize in little else), but I guess I'm just not that kind of guy. The Tank Police in Dominion are a little warped... the product of officialdom's paranoia, wrapped in an armor of hypocrisy.

If only a single "Bonaparte" were to be left on the face of a barren wasteland planet, that by itself would allow one to extrapolate much about what kind of civilization had once ruled there before the Fall.

—Masamune Shirow


IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET ALL STUFFY AND SERIOUS ABOUT *DOMINION*, LIKE THAT SHIROW GUY, THEN MY BONAPARTE WOULD TURN INTO THIS HORRID MONSTER.
Hmph!!
HIS CUTE LI'L VULCAN GUNS
DOMINION
TANK POLICE
6
REPLACE THE PERISCOPE WITH AN OPTICAL FIBER CAMERA, AND YOU DON'T EVEN NEED A DRIVER...
IN EXCHANGE FOR GETTING ALL THIS ARMOR, THE TURRET'S BECOME A BIT MUCH FOR THE HULL TO CARRY. ONCE YOU GO THIS FAR, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT BUT AN INHUMAN KILLING MACHINE.
I GUESS THAT'S WAR, huh?
POLICE TANK
THAT CHEERFUL SILLINESS IS ALL GONE, NOW, EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE IN THE TREAD DESIGN. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF THE OLD BONAPARTE AT *ALL!*

DOMINION OPINIONS

WRITE DOMINION OPINIONS C/O ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL, P.O. BOX 1099, FORESTVILLE, CA 95436

...at least, that's what we'll call this letters column for the moment. I thought I'd be clever and call it "DOpINIONs," but a blessed moment of sanity revealed to me why that would not be the best idea. Sorry for the foolishness, but please allow me to introduce myself anyway. You may have expected Fred Burke to be addressing you in this space, but Fred has found himself ineluctably tied up (ahem) with writing the text for Clive Barker, Illustrator*—sure to be a clasic investigation of horror creativity—leaving me to manage the* manga. *"Me" being Greg Baisden, former editor of a certain virulent fanzine (trade joumal, rather), freelance journalist, and the new in-house editor at Eclipse Enterprises/ Comics/ Books/International. I'll be your host for the next while, and I hope to make your stay smooth and enjoyable. Not too hard considering we have Masamune Shirow at the helm. And now—on to the letters!*

The Supercriminal Buaku, eh, Mr. Christian?

Dear Tank Police, Fred, and others:

This is your first fan letter for *Dominion*. Why, you ask? Well, I ordered the video and got it last week. I loved it. I was amazed at the humor and complexity of the story. Up until now, the videos of Shirow's work have been action with blood and destruction, meaning *Appleseed* and *Black Magic M-66*. Leona and her gang, including Big Lips and his female ladies with cat ears (I nicknamed them "Twin Terrors") are hilarious. Parts 1 and 2 are like the book and video madcap adventures of the Dirty Pair. So I know I'm going to enjoy your book when I get it in my hot little hands.

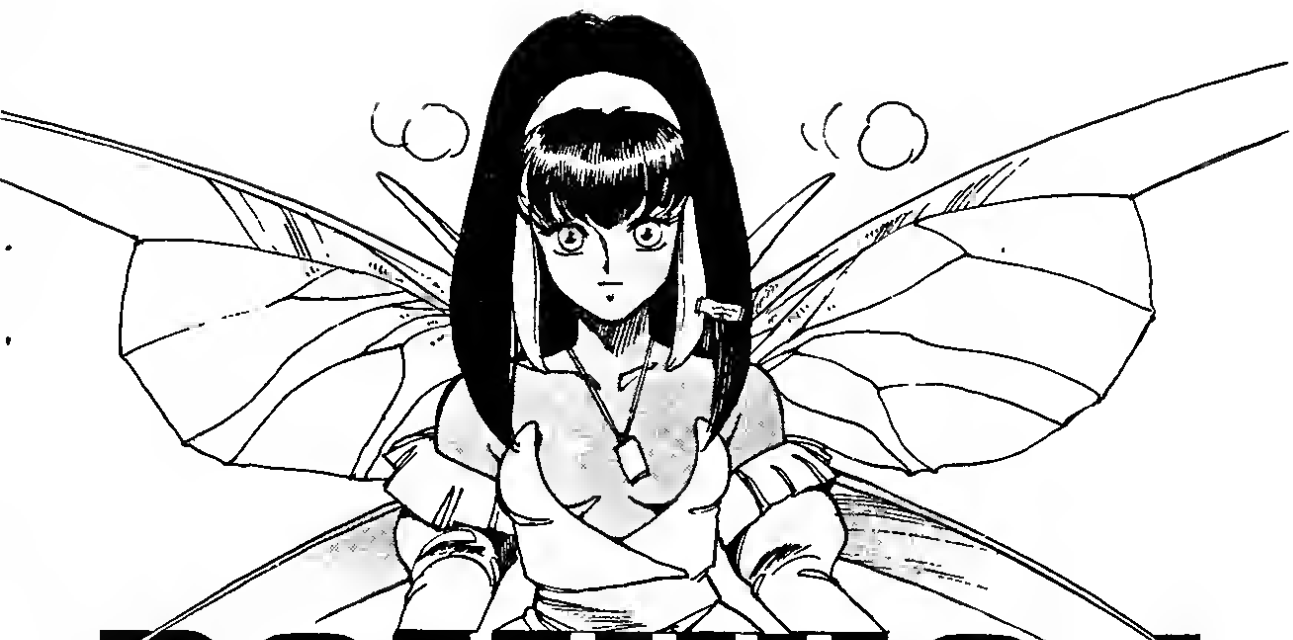
I have a request: Could you please write a summary of *Dominion* the video series? I don't speak Japanese, but I can pretty well piece the scenes together from the action. The part I'd like to know is when Leona is being chewed out by her tank commander why in her mind her clothes were torn off, and what she said to make him mad. Also, I think six issues of Leona is not enough. The fans of your book, and I, will beg, plead, grovel, and give you our firstborn to continue the series. I know I will.

Now on to *Black Magic*. Back in *Appleseed* 1.3, you gave a rundown on the O.V.A. Thank you; it helped me very much when I got the video. Also, you mentioned the possibility of doing that series. When, O Mighty Pulp Master? Again, I loved the *animie,* and I'd really like to see the book. Please!

I also enjoyed all the little *Appleseed* and *Dirty Pair* characters in the opening of *Dirty Pair II* #1. And thank you for publishing the photo and letter in *Appleseed* 2.5; people were impressed.

Last but not least, to my "Lovely Angels." Thanks for my name in the new issue (*DPII* #1). Boy, Shasti is really hot! Please don't kill her off. I think that if she showed up as a special guest now and then, she could add hot pepper to the spicy Kei and Yuri. Not that they need any more.

Also, I have—a dream, you could call it. In the next 10 years , I can see Fred Burke and Eclipse Comics producing "The Dirty Pair, the Live-Action Movie." If Lucas can do *Star Wars*, and Cubby Brocoli gave us *James Bond*, I'm sure if enough people or the Right People are approached, a credible movie could be made. I would even be willing to invest in it. Well, I'll leave you with that



DOMINION™

BY MASAMUNE SHIROW

4

TRANSLATION BY DANA LEWIS AND TOREN SMITH

LETTERING AND RETOUCH BY TOM ORZECHOWSKI

EDITED BY GREG S. BAISDEN

PRODUCED BY STUDIO PROTEUS
FOR ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL

ORIGINAL JAPANESE VERSION PUBLISHED
BY HAKUSENSHA K. K.

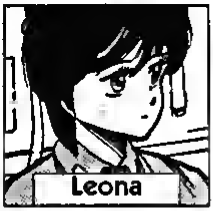
THUS FAR...

• **DOMINION 1 OF 6.** Terra: a future in which the air is so foul citizens must wear oxygen masks to walk outside. Nonetheless, combustible-engine vehicles are still used—most notably by the **TANK POLICE**, a special force organized specifically for pursuit of **BUAKU**, a mischievous "super criminal." TP officers **LEONA** and **AL** spot Buaku near a residential area and, with the "assistance" of Squad Leader **BRENTEN**, obliterate many homes. A riot ensues. That night, the TP raids one of Buaku's hideouts, finding it empty but for some discarded equipment—and a catatonic, green-skinned, winged "girl," to whom an agent of the **CRITICAL SCIENCE DEVELOPMENT AGENCY** claims custody. Brenten wards off the official, giving **LOVELOCK** time to examine the being (**CROLIS**, codenamed **"GREENPEACE"**) and find that she is literally "a living air cleaner." While Lovelock ponders her purpose, word comes that she is to be turned over next morning to the CSDA...

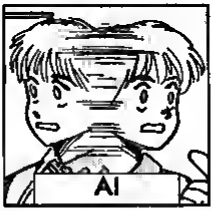
• **DOMINION 2 OF 6.** Leona, Al, and Crolis, wake to find TP HQ visited by angry representatives of **C.**itizens **A.**gainst **D.**estructive **P.**olice who insist the TP adopt their **T4-F** tank to assure public safety. Leona inspects a prototype and falls asleep inside a powered armor suit. But the tank is occupied by Buaku and his henchmen, who quietly invade TP HQ for ammunition, weapons—and Crolis! **CHAPLAIN** is shot by Buaku's crony **UNIPUMA**, and the racket alerts the rest of the force. Chaos ensues, but Buaku escapes in the T4-F—with Leona still asleep on board!—and begins a bank heist spree. Buaku discovers and incarcerates Leona, but not before revealing the **"GREENPEACE PLAN"** to turn every human into a Crolis rather than cleaning the air through industrial common sense. Leona jumps ship (without Crolis) right onto her own tank! A desperate battle culminates in Buaku's arrest. Victory at last—but it can only mean the TP's end. But wait! Later that evening, the Buaku gang escapes! The TP isn't through yet!

• **DOMINION 3 OF 6.** On routine patrol, Leona and Al encounter local police engaged in a hostage situation—and rush in to resolve it in typically destructive (albeit successful) style. Though the public and press flood TP HQ, the Chief commends the pair, who return to patrol and encounter motorcycle jockies **UNIPUMA** and **ANNAPUMA** of the Buaku gang. The twins evade capture—having ridden circles around Leona, Al, and assisting police. Meanwhile, Lovelock rejoins the TP, having quit the unscrupulous CSDA after only a few weeks...

DOMINION *Personae*



▲The entirely gung-ho ace of the Tank Police, obsessively proud and protective of Bonaparte— her tank.



▲Leona's easy-going, by-the-book, long-suffering partner, pilot of Bonaparte.

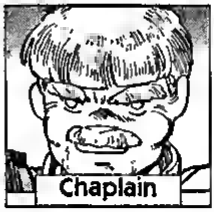
▲The hard-boiled Tank Police Squad Leader who rides Leona— his ace and chief rival—mercilessly.

▲Mischievous "Super Criminal" the Tank Police was formed to capture.

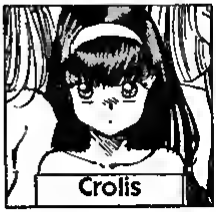
▼Fearless, frustrated Tank Police Commander.

▼The TP's resident scientific expert—just accepted by the Critical Science Development Agency.

▼Transferred to the TP after taking pity on a hood and letting him go—only to have him s hoot his partner!



▼A mysterious humanoid with the power to cleanse the air around her.

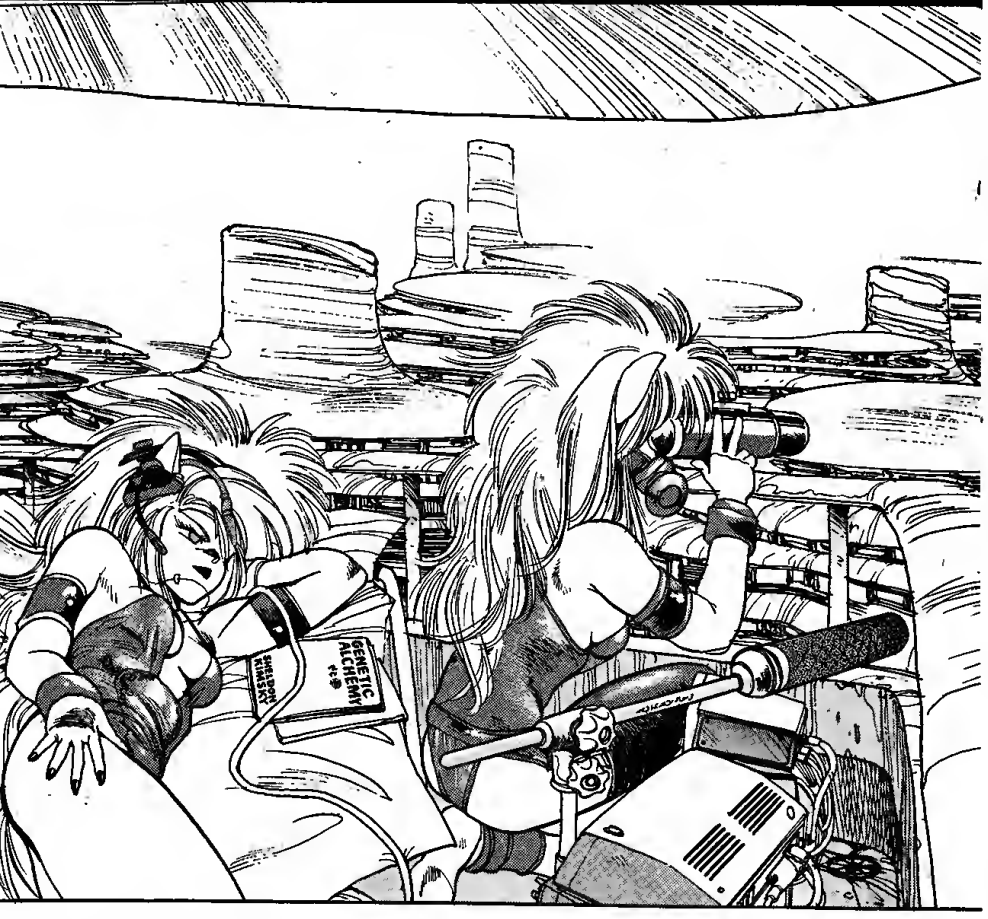


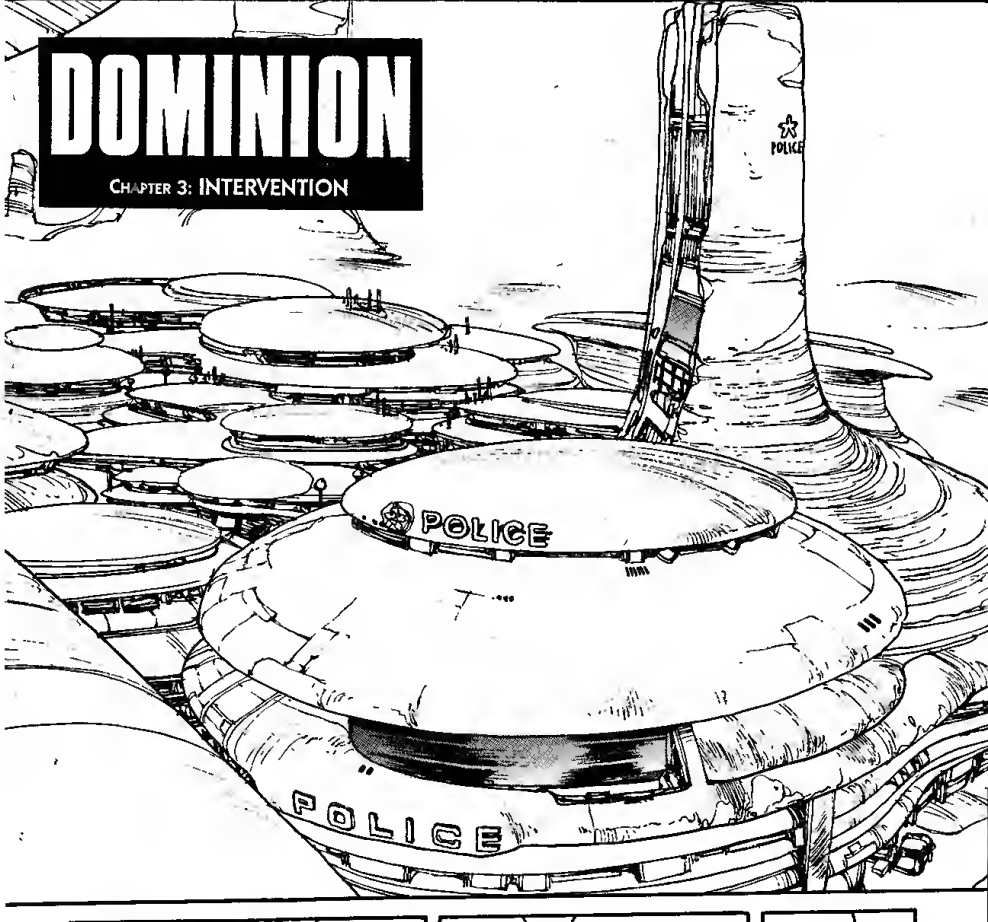
ECLIPSE
INTERNATIONAL®
№ 4 of 6
$2.00/CANADA $2.95
MASAMUNE SHIROW
DOMINION™
STUDIO PROTEUS

POLICE
WE NEED TEN VOLUNTEERS TO SERVE AS DECOYS TODAY...
POLICE
WE'VE GOT A NUT CASE OUT THERE-- MALE, ARMED WITH A SOCK, ATTACKING OLD PEOPLE HE COMES ACROSS WHO'RE DRESSED IN RED. WE'VE HAD EIGHT CASES THIS WEEK ALONE.
SOME KINDA CHILDHOOD COMPLEX?
C-C-COLD!
NEXT, THERE'S A DEMONSTRATION MARCH AND SIT-IN SCHEDULED IN THE SOUTHERN BLOCK, PROTESTING FACTORY PRIVITIZA-TIONS.
THE FOLLOWING OFFICERS WILL REPORT TO INSPECTOR BRENTEN TO ASSIST IN CROWD "REMOVAL"...
POLICE
CLAREMONT, FORRESTER, WARNER, CLANCY, MEIER, WARREN...
IF YOU HAVEN'T PAID FOR THE XMAS PARTY DO IT!
BUY APPLE SEED! HEH HEH HEH
AW, SHIT! WHY ME?!

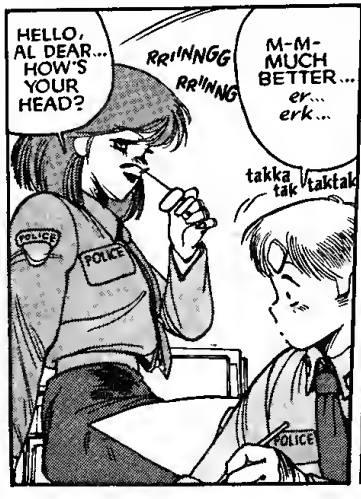
DOMINION

CHAPTER 3: INTERVENTION

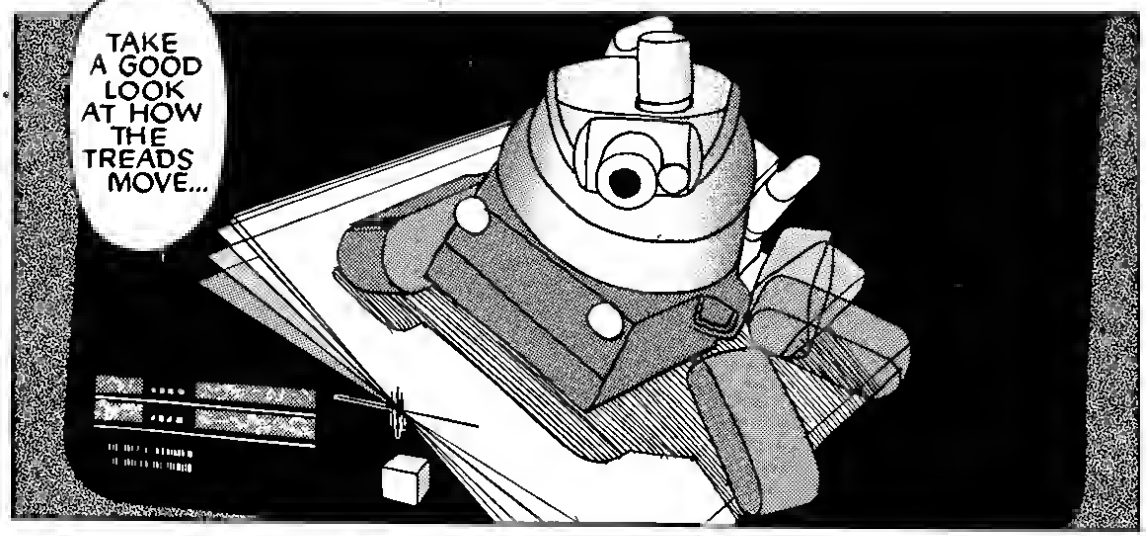


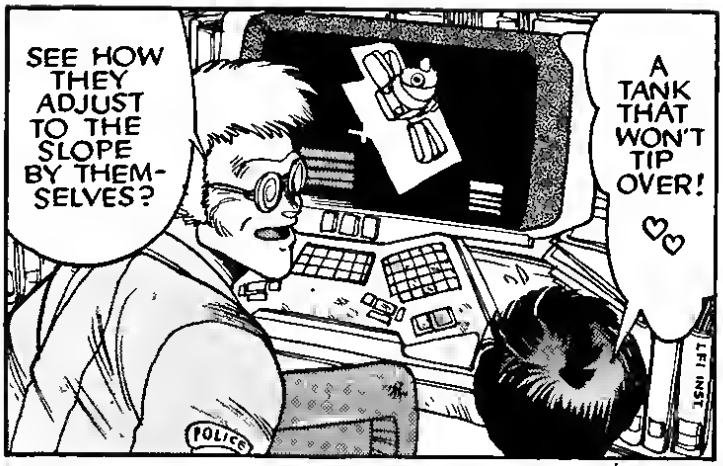


BUT OFFITHER, I'M THO THCARED! HE HITS ME ALL THE TIME. CALLTH ME A BITCH! WHAT IF HE UTHES HIS NUNCHAKU ON ME?!
I GET IT, I GET IT! JUST DON'T TOUCH ME, OKAY? WHAT IF YOU'VE GOT AIDS?
takka tak
IT'S A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, JIM...YOU NEED IT!
AND WHAT COULD THIS BE, hmmm...? WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW-- A BIBLE!
IT'S THE CORONER!
RRIINNGG RRIINNGG
takkatakka
CAN'T CATCH AIDS THAT WAY, RON!
RED STORM RISING



Eh heh... THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE GOT TO TELL LEONA--
AL! TELL LEONA TO STOP BY MY OFFICE LATER! MISS BEACHUM! BRING ME A CUP OF COFFEE AND A CHEESE DANISH!
POLICE
POLICE





WHAT ELSE?! C'MON, WHAT ?!
WE'VE REWEIGHTED THE POWER BAND TOWARDS MID-RANGE TORQUE, AND FITTED A COAX TASER* TO THE MAIN GUN!
POLICE

*AN ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE STUN GUN.

YOU CAN THROW HER THROUGH AN S-CURVE AT 60+ AND SHE STILL WOULDN'T ROLL!
NYAHAHAHA
AL! AL, GET OVER HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
POLICE

Uhmm... HERE'S YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT... YOU NEVER SHOWED UP AT THE PARTY YESTERDAY, SO...
I JUST WENT AND SHARED SOME WINE WITH BONAPARTE... ACTUALLY, MY FAMILY IS ZEN BUDDHIST, BUT THANKS ANY-WAY!
DON'T KNOW WHAT HE SEES IN HER
CAN I OPEN IT NOW?
POLICE

I DIDN'T THINK YOU JAPANESE WERE VERY STRICT ABOUT RELIGION ...
WELL, MY GRANDPA'S REALLY STRICT-- IF HE FOUND OUT I'D BEEN CELEBRATING A CHRISTIAN FESTIVAL HE'D WHACK ME ONE WITH A WOODEN SWORD!
OH, WOW! AN ECOLOGY SPHERE!
REALLY?!?
THAT'S PRETTY SEVERE.
NOT LIKE IT'S A REWARD OR ANYTHING, BUT WANT TO GO FOR A DRIVE...?
IN HIM...?
I'M A SEALED, SELF-CONTAINED UNIT
heh heh
Oh, YEAH... I ALMOST FORGOT. THE CHIEF WANTED TO SEE YOU...
SORRY, I'M SELECTIVELY HARD OF HEARING... hee, hee!
COME ON, LET'S GO!
TANK
TIME TO MAKE OUR MOVE.
GRN
GRN
GRN

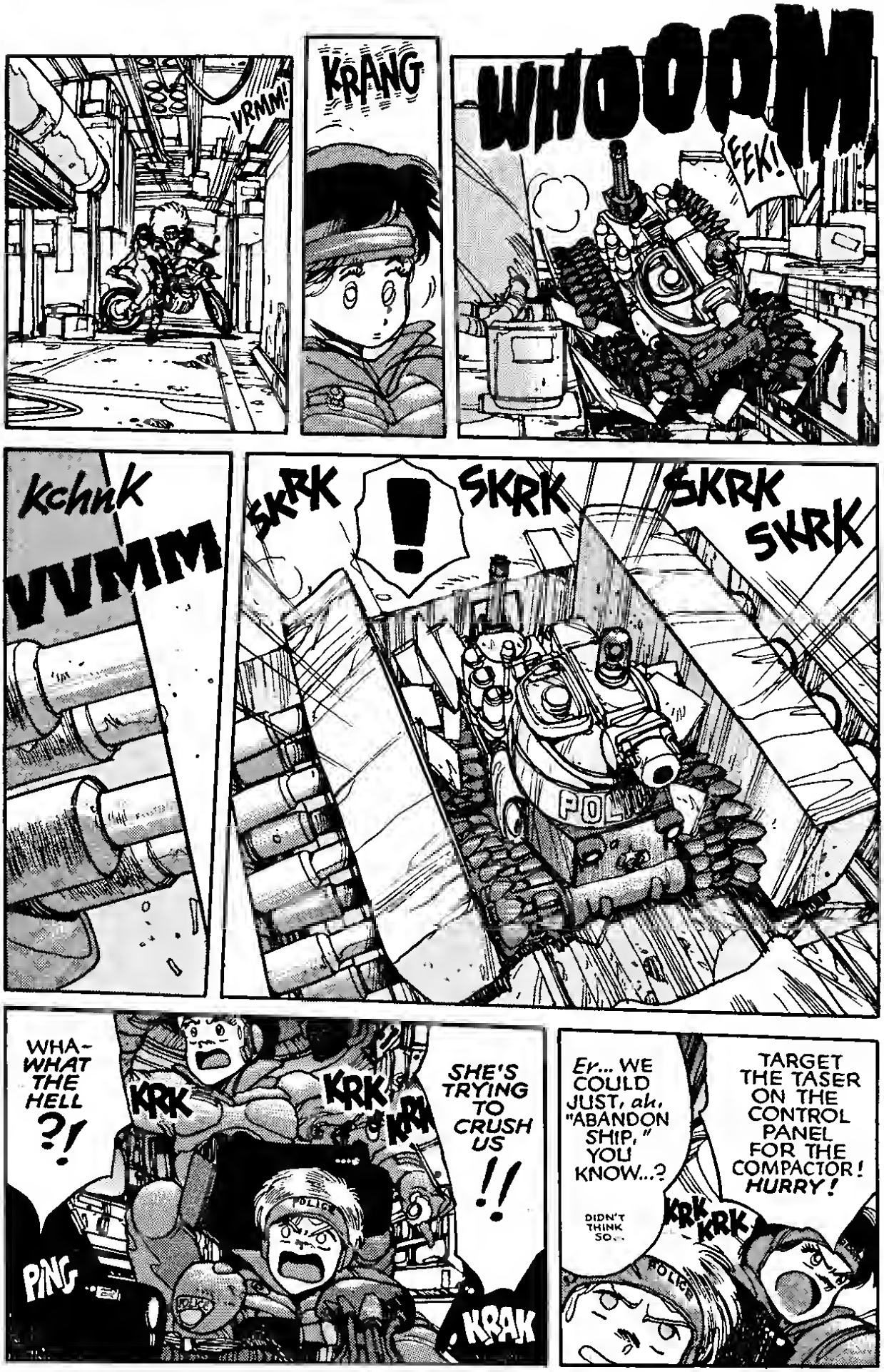
GRN GRN GRN
POLICE
LOOK OUT!
GRN GRN GRN
SKREEK!
KLANG
WATCH IT, YOU STUPID LITTLE BRAT!
?!
GRN GRN
NOW, JUST REMEMBER IT'S DANGEROUS TO RUN OUT INTO THE STREET, OKAY, HONEY PIE?
BYE BYE!
ALL RIGHT, KID-- BITCHIN' JOB!
OKAY... ANY TIME YOU'RE READY. CAN YOU BELIEVE KIDS THESE DAYS, ANNA, DEAR?! THEY'LL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY!
ALL THOSE NEO-YUPPIE PARENTS, Y'KNOW... JUST GRABBIN' MONEY AND STUFF, LETTIN' THEIR KIDS RUN AROUND OUTTA CONTROL. ME, I DON'T GIVE 'EM MONEY, JUST A SWAT... WORKS AS WELL. PUSH THE BUTTON, LOVE.

LEONA, ARE YOU SURE THOSE FLOWERS ARE SAFE...?
Oh, COME ON, AL...
...IT'S NOT LIKE THIS IS AFGHANISTAN OR SOMETHING! I'LL HAVE THEM CHECKED OUT BACK AT THE STATION, THEN THEY'RE GOING TO GO ON MY DESK!
WELL, OKAY... LOTTA BAD KARMA IN THIS JOB...
Mmmm... THEY SMELL LOVELY!
GNN GNN
GNN GNN
SKREEK
GNN GNN
GEEZ... THOSE MORONS'LL NEVER GUESS THERE'S A MINI-JAMMER HIDDEN INSIDE THOSE FLOWERS! EVEN THOSE DUDES AT THE CSDA CAN'T GET 'EM THAT SMALL!
HERE WE GO...
...SO FOLD THOSE WINGS, DEARIE!
VRM
VRM VRM

WE'VE GOT A SPEEDING VEHICLE CLOSING FROM BEHIND!
THEY'RE GOING OVER A HUNDRED!
YOW!
GRN GRN GRN GRN
POLICE
WHOOSH!
IT'S ONE OF THE BUAKU GANG!!
AND SHE'S GOT GREEN-PEACE WITH HER!!
T-1 CALLING HEADQUARTERS, COME IN HQ... THIS IS T-1... HELLO? WHAT THE--? BROKEN?
THE HELL WITH IT! AFTER THEM!!
WE'VE GOT YOUR ASS THIS TIME, BABY!
WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
VRRMMRM
POLICE

GRN GRN GRN
POLICE
VRMMM
WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
POLICE
Oh, GREAT!! SHE'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THAT DEMONSTRATION!
THE ONE BRENTEN WENT TO CLEAR OUT?!
POLICE
Oh, BOGUS! HOW CAN THEY CORNER SO FAST?!
WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
POLICE
!
GRRN GRRN GRRN
VRMMMM
WEEOOUU
WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
POLICE

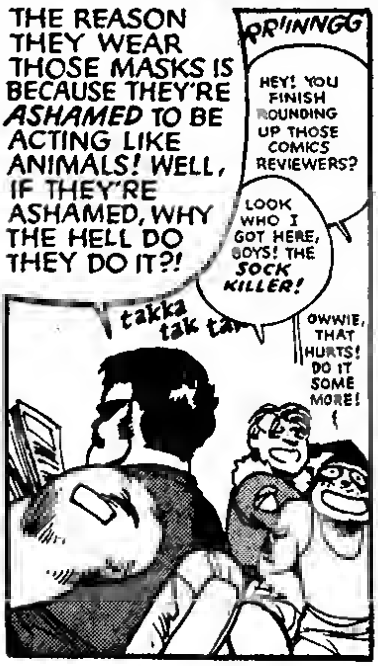
EEEK!
SKREEK!
WEEOOWU
WEEOOWU
VRMM
VRMM
SKKRRKKK
SURRENDER! YOU WON'T GET AWAY LIKE LAST TIME!
HOW FAR DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET WITH THAT TINY GAS TANK?!
GNN GNN GNN
POLICE
YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE!! WE'LL GET YOU IN THE END!


VRMM!
KRANG
WHOOOOM
EEK!
kchnk
VVMM
SKRK
!
SKRK
SKRK
SKRK
POLICE
WHA- WHAT THE HELL ?!
KRK
KRK
KRK
SHE'S TRYING TO CRUSH US !!
POLICE
PING
KRAK
Er... WE COULD JUST, ah, "ABANDON SHIP," YOU KNOW...?
DIDN'T THINK SO...
TARGET THE TASER ON THE CONTROL PANEL FOR THE COMPACTOR! HURRY!
KRK
KRK
POLICE

SPZZKK
♫ PWEET!
THAT WAS A LOUSY TRICK...!
POLICE
GRNN GRNN GRNN GRNN
C'MON... UPSY-DAISY...
POLICE
WNNN
!
KRAANGG!
POLICE

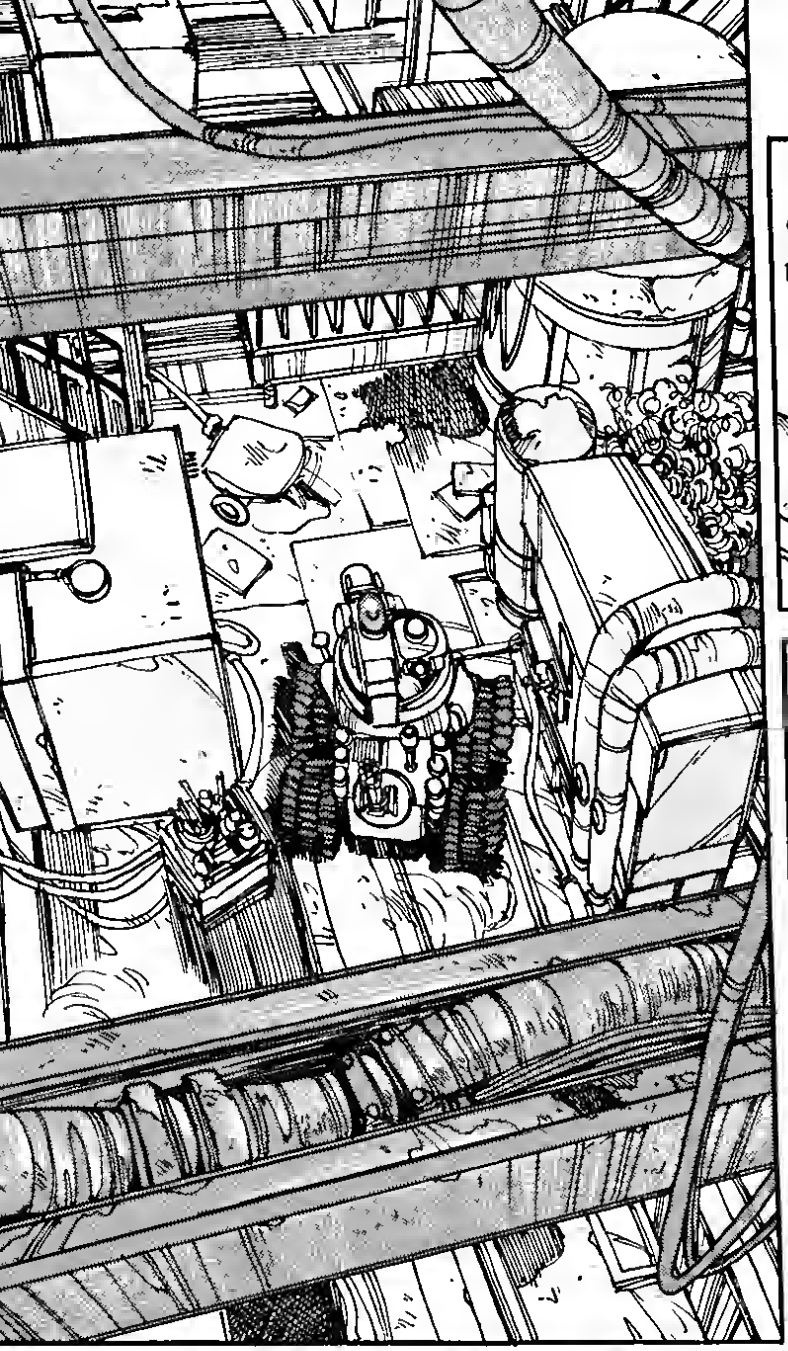
RRIINNGG
takkatakka
RRIINNGG
SHEE-IT!
RRIINNGG RRIINNGG
RRIINNGG
JUST 'CAUSE THEY'RE CIVILIANS, THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING!
YOU WERE RIGHT! THE CORONER FOUND TRACES OF CRACK!
LOOK, MA'AM, THE POLICE ARE NOT BABY-SITTERS!
WANTE
KANG
COMMAND
GRAND PERSIAN ZONE

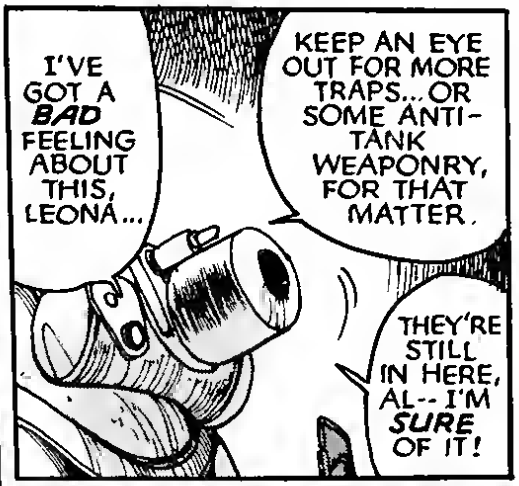
I DON'T BELIEVE THOSE GUYS'VE GOT A SINGLE SANE THOUGHT IN THEIR GOD-DAMN HEADS!
DID YOU HEAR SGT. DRAGSETH GOT MARRIED? WONDERFUL!
RRIINNGG
MAN, YOU GUYS REALLY GOT HAMMERED!
"LOVE YOUR FELLOW MAN," THEY SAY! HAH!
" PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATION" MY ASS! THEY DRAGGED IN BOXES OF ROCKS, CLUBS--YOU NAME IT! THAT BUNCHA THUGS PLANNED TO FIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING!
POLICE
Mainy Dish

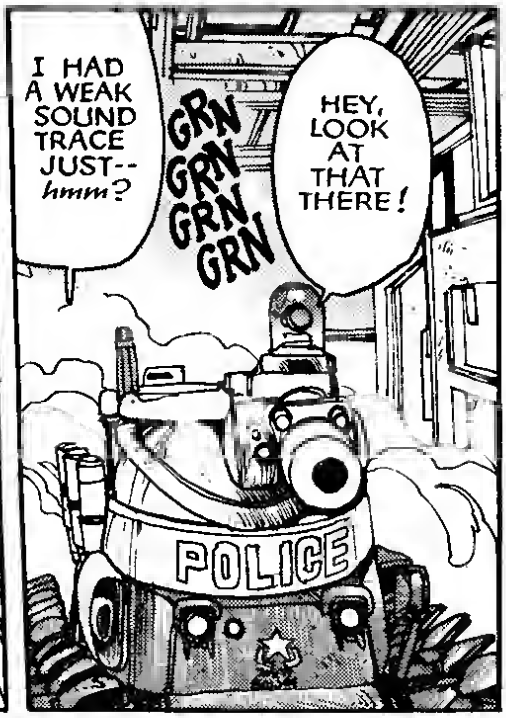

THE REASON THEY WEAR THOSE MASKS IS BECAUSE THEY'RE ASHAMED TO BE ACTING LIKE ANIMALS! WELL, IF THEY'RE ASHAMED, WHY THE HELL DO THEY DO IT?!
RRIINNGG
HEY! YOU FINISH ROUNDING UP THOSE COMICS REVIEWERS?
LOOK WHO I GOT HERE, GUYS! THE SOCK KILLER!
takka tak tak
OWWIE, THAT HURTS! DO IT SOME MORE!

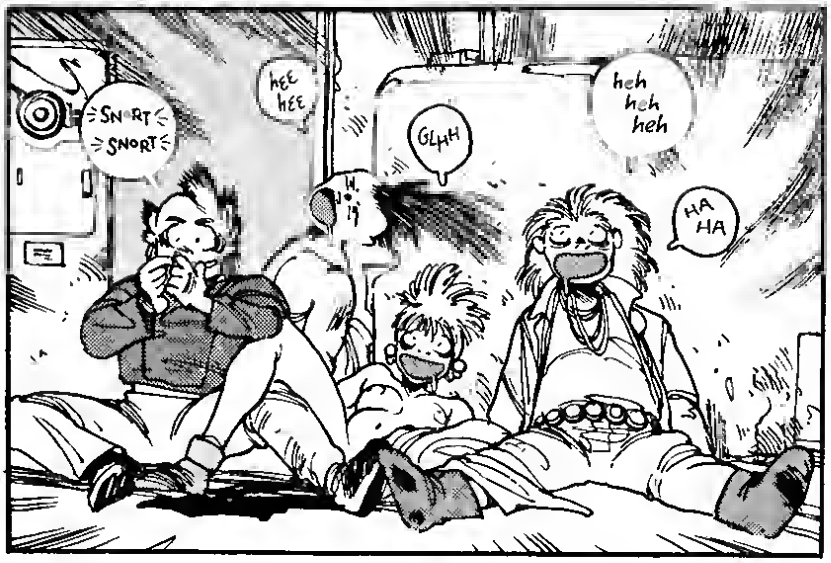
HE PACKS THAT DAMN SOCK WITH LEAD WEIGHTS!
RRIINNGG RRIINNGG
HEY, YOU GOT A SMOKE?
WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR TWO YOUNG-STERS...?
OUT TEST-DRIVING BONA-PARTE II.
POLICE

NO MEMO? NO CALL-IN?
DON'T ASK ME.
?



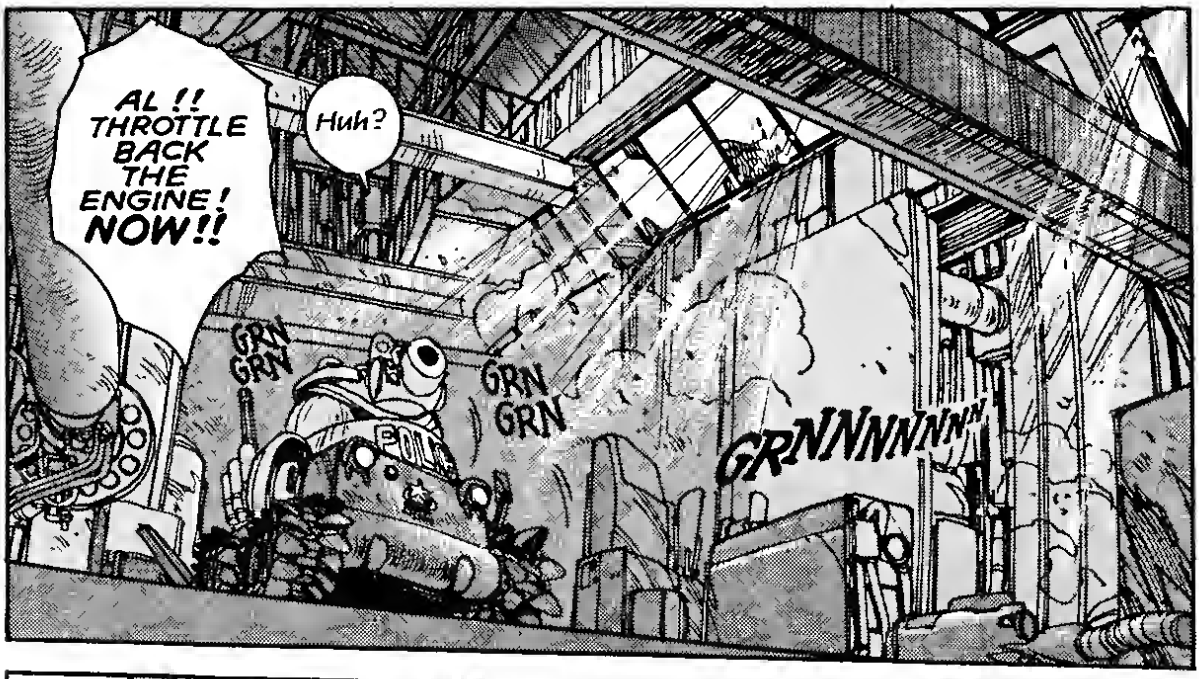

I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS, LEONA...
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR MORE TRAPS... OR SOME ANTI-TANK WEAPONRY, FOR THAT MATTER.
THEY'RE STILL IN HERE, AL-- I'M SURE OF IT!

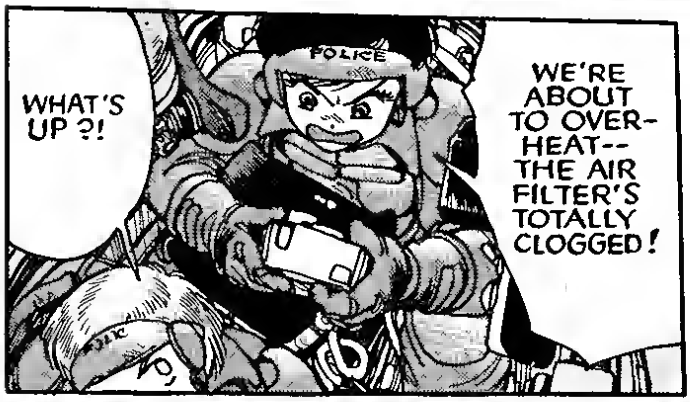

I HAD A WEAK SOUND TRACE JUST-- hmm?
GRN GRN GRN GRN
HEY, LOOK AT THAT THERE!
POLICE

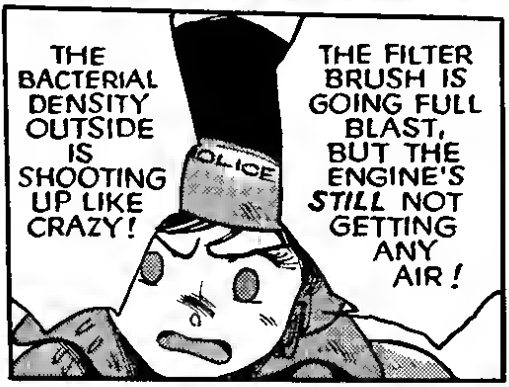

SNORT
SNORT
hee hee
GLHH
heh heh heh
HA HA

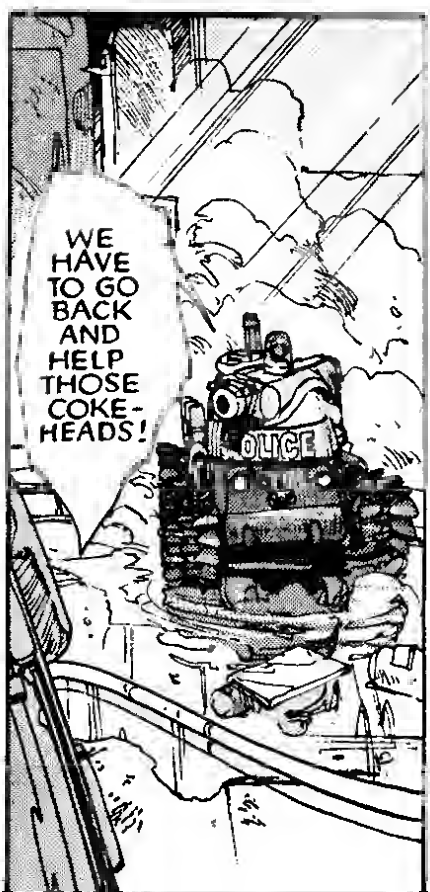
COKE-HEADS...? THIS ANOTHER TRAP, OR JUST A COINCI-DENCE?
I'LL HIT THEM WITH A GLUE-SHELL... THAT'LL KEEP THEM THERE UNTIL WE CAN COME BACK.
BEEP
THEY'RE FRIED!

GGG...
AAA
HEE HEE
GRN GRN GRN
GRN GRN GRN GRN
AL... DOES THE ENGINE SOUND OKAY TO YOU? RUN SOME DIAGNOSTICS AND SHUNT THEM TO MY MONITOR, WILL YOU?
POLICE
LEONA! I'VE GOT A FIX ON THEM! I BACK-TRACKED IT FROM THE ECHO OF THE MOTOR-CYCLE EXHAUST...
GREAT! MAKE SURE THEY CAN'T GET AROUND US IF THEY COME DOWN THIS HALL!
POLICE
THAT'S ODD... MUST HAVE BEEN DAMAGED IN THE COMPACTOR.
BEEP BEEP BEEP
HUH?!
POLI


AL!! THROTTLE BACK THE ENGINE! NOW!!
Huh?
GRN GRN
GRN GRN
GRNNNNNN


WHAT'S UP?!
WE'RE ABOUT TO OVER-HEAT-- THE AIR FILTER'S TOTALLY CLOGGED!


THE BACTERIAL DENSITY OUTSIDE IS SHOOTING UP LIKE CRAZY!
THE FILTER BRUSH IS GOING FULL BLAST, BUT THE ENGINE'S STILL NOT GETTING ANY AIR!


WE HAVE TO GO BACK AND HELP THOSE COKE-HEADS!

I'M NOT PICKING UP THEIR BREATHING ANYMORE, LEONA!

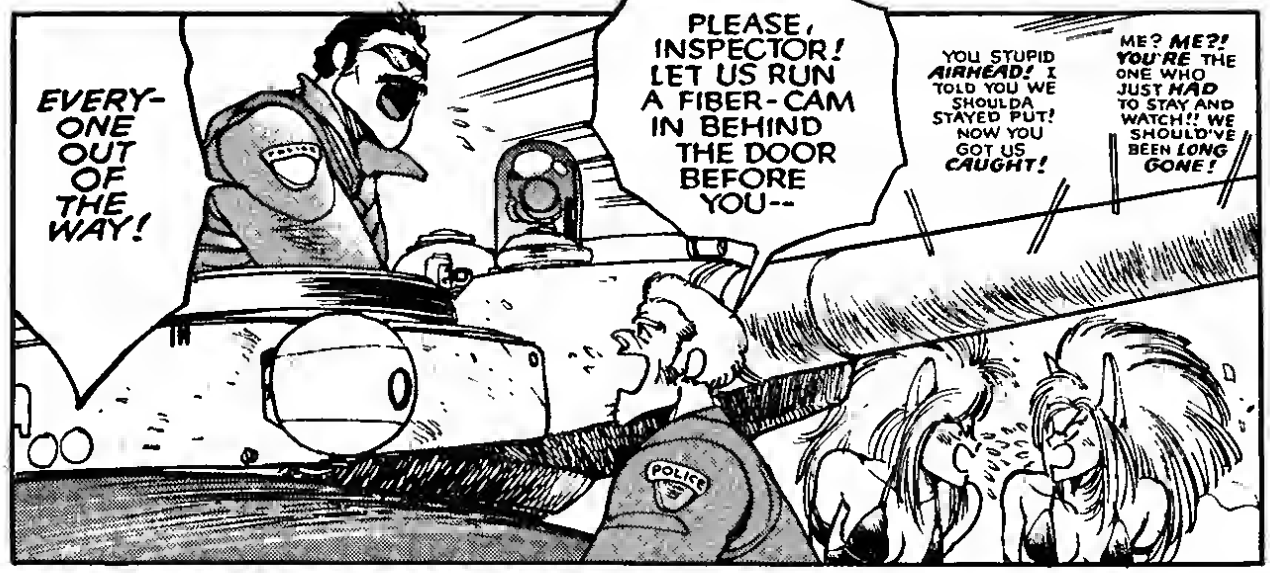
REVERSE!
GNNN
KEEP THE ENGINE REVS LOW!
GOT YOU!

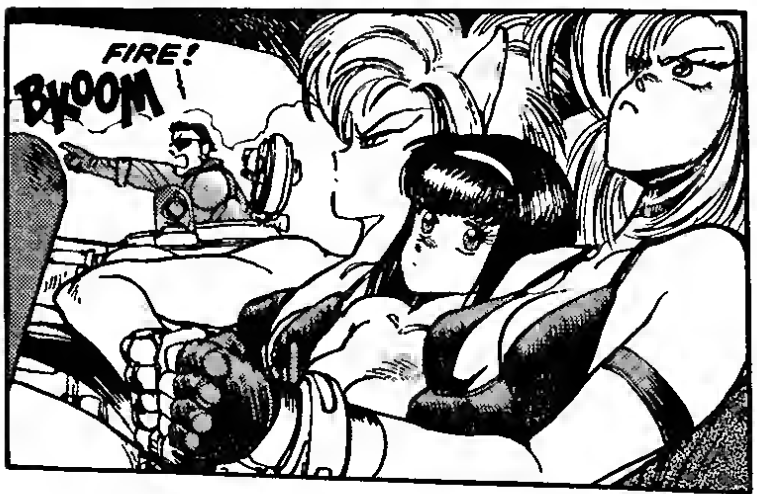
THIS ONE DIDN'T MAKE IT...
.....
GNN
GNN
GNN
GNN
POLICE
MAYBE... IF I'D GOTTEN HERE A LITTLE QUICKER...
POLICE
GNN
GNN
GNN
GNN
WELL, THEY COULDN'T EXACTLY GET UP AND WALK OUT OF HERE, COULD THEY?!
I... I'M SORRY, LEONA--I MEAN, EVEN BEFORE YOU HIT THEM WITH THE GLUE-SHELL, THEY WERE TOO STONED TO WALK. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT...
GNN
GNN
POLICE
GNK
Oh, NO!!
POLICE
THE ENGINE SEIZED!
JESUS! NOW WE'RE SCREWED!!

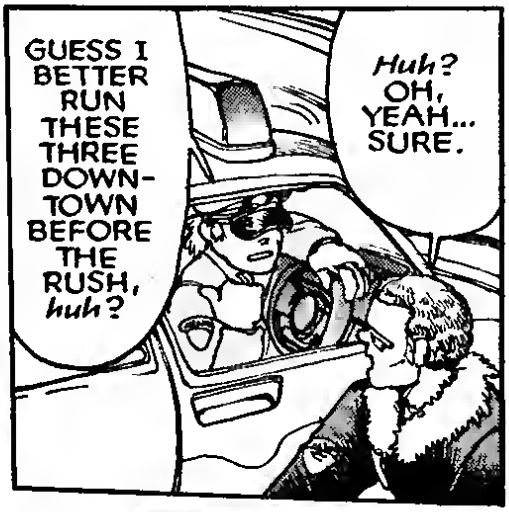
WE CAN'T RESTART THE ENGINE UNTIL IT COOLS DOWN, AND THERE'S NO WAY OUR OXYGEN TANKS WILL LAST THAT LONG...
HOW ARE WE GOING TO BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR WITHOUT OUR MAIN GUN?
WE CAN'T... WE'LL HAVE TO PUT OXYGEN PACKS ON OUR THREE SURVIVORS HERE AND TRY TO GET OUT THROUGH A SKYLIGHT OR SOMETHING.
DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE, DO WE?
DAMN IT... IF THAT HAIRBALL BUAKU GIRL FINDS US, WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS!
SHE WON'T.
POLICE
POLICE
HEY, GET A LOAD OF THIS!
Oh, GREAT!!
:hff:
:hff:

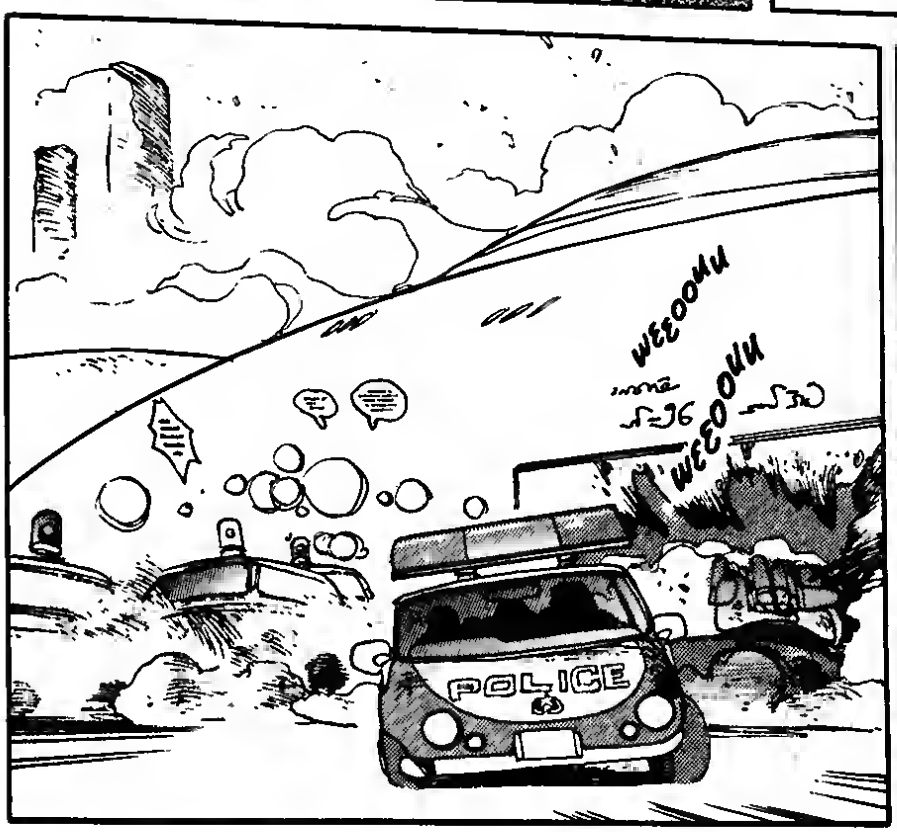
WHEN DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE SWAPPED PLACES WITH THEM?
OBVIOUSLY, SOMEWHERE OUR SENSOR ARRAY WAS BLIND...
THE REAL ONES MUST BE OUT IN CLEAN AIR SOMEWHERE...
...HAVING A GOOD LAUGH AT HOW WE IDIOTS WALKED RIGHT INTO THEIR TRAP!
=hnhhAA!=
=hnhhAA!=
=whew=
?
WH... WHAT'S WI' THESE OXYGEN TANKS... SH' BE MORE INNIM...
AN' WH' ABOUT THOSE OTH'R GUYS...
AL... ALMOS' TH'RE...
.....

WEEOOUU
WEEOOUU
WEEOOUU
YOU SURE THEY'RE STILL IN THE FACTORY?
THE TRACKS GO IN, SIR, BUT THEY DON'T COME OUT!
WEEOOUU
WEEOOUU
GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!!
OUT OF THE WAY, BOYS-- I'M TAKING OUT THAT DOOR!
POLICE
HEY!
VRMM
VRMM
Oh, NO YOU DON'T!!
WHSST
POLICE
KRASHANGG
POLICE


EVERY-ONE OUT OF THE WAY!
PLEASE, INSPECTOR! LET US RUN A FIBER-CAM IN BEHIND THE DOOR BEFORE YOU--
YOU STUPID AIRHEAD! I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDA STAYED PUT! NOW YOU GOT US CAUGHT!
ME? ME?! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO JUST HAD TO STAY AND WATCH!! WE SHOULD'VE BEEN LONG GONE!
POLICE

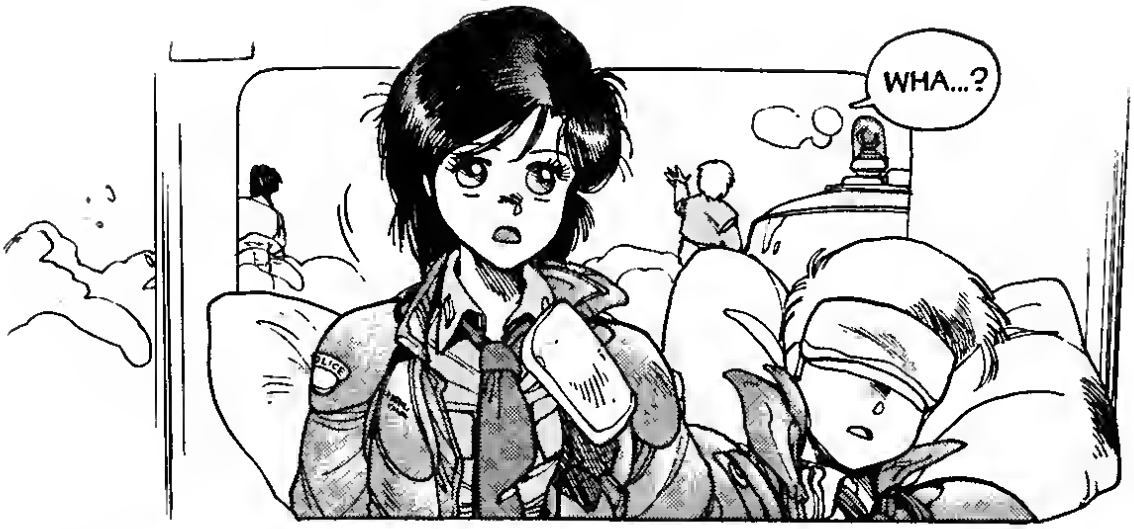

FIRE!
BKOOM!

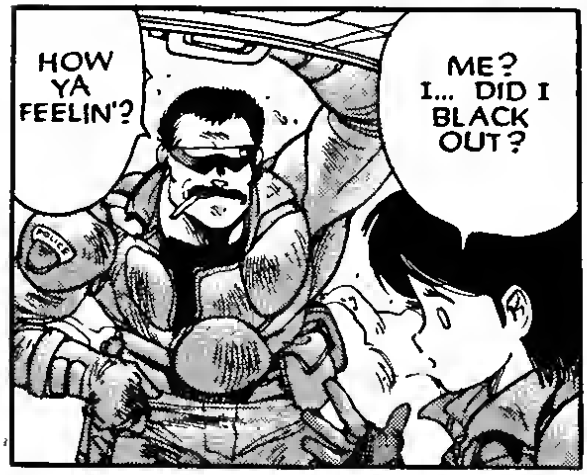

GUESS I BETTER RUN THESE THREE DOWN-TOWN BEFORE THE RUSH, huh?
Huh? OH, YEAH... SURE.

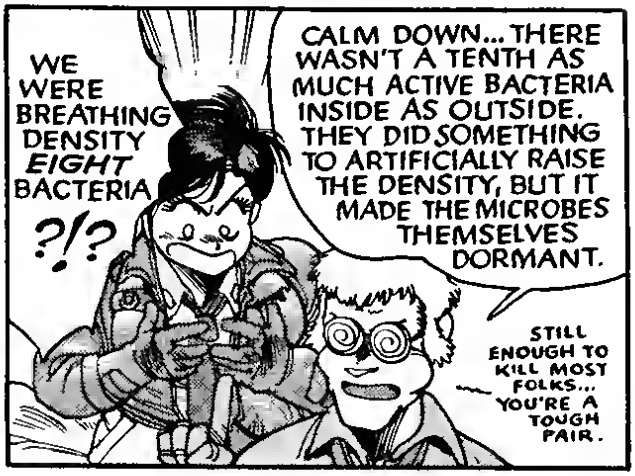

WEEOOWU
WEEOOWU
POLICE

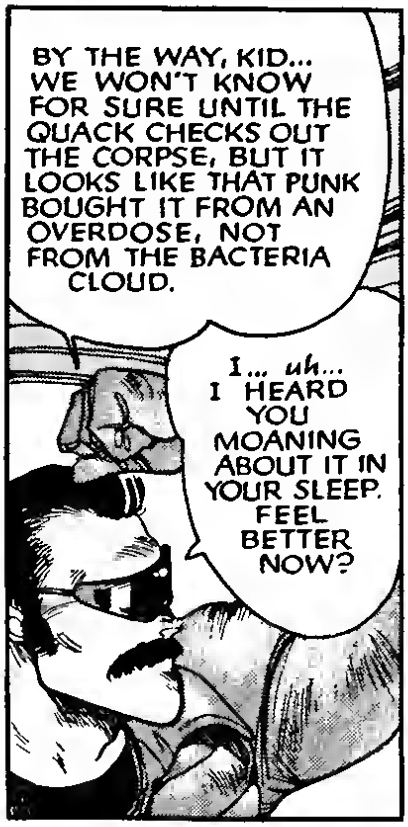
YOU DUMB BROADS!

WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU PLAYIN' AT, huh?!
BUAKU !!
AW, GEEZ, SIR, WE WERE JUST--
-- JUST... er, LIKE, TRYIN' TO KEEP THE COPS LOOKIN' SOMEWHERE ELSE UNTIL THE NEXT OP...
CAN YOU OPEN THE SUN-ROOF?
YEAH... WE JUST KINDA THOUGHT, Y'KNOW ...
SMAK!
OW!! Ooohhh, NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! OUT OF THE WAY, GREEN-PEACE! I'LL--
SHADDAP, BOTH OF YA!!
I DIDN'T WANNA DO IT, BUT ANNA... SHE WAS LIKE PUSHIN' ME ... "GONNA BE ALL RIGHT," SHE SAYS...
WHAT ?!
Oh, FOR SURE, UNI!! I SUPPOSE I HAD TO TIE YOU UP AND DRAG YOU ALONG, huh? LIAR!
Oh, YEAH?! YOU MAKE ME SOUND LIKE SOME KINDA PERVERT OR SOMETHIN'! THAT'S WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE, BITCH!
OUCH!
BITCH? YOU CALLIN' ME A BITCH?! WELL, I HEAR YOU LIKE BEIN' TIED UP, LONG-EARS!


WHA...?


HOW YA FEELIN'?
ME? I... DID I BLACK OUT?


WE WERE BREATHING DENSITY *EIGHT* BACTERIA
?!?
CALM DOWN... THERE WASN'T A TENTH AS MUCH ACTIVE BACTERIA INSIDE AS OUTSIDE. THEY DID SOMETHING TO ARTIFICIALLY RAISE THE DENSITY, BUT IT MADE THE MICROBES THEMSELVES DORMANT.
STILL ENOUGH TO KILL MOST FOLKS... YOU'RE A TOUGH PAIR.


BY THE WAY, KID... WE WON'T KNOW FOR SURE UNTIL THE QUACK CHECKS OUT THE CORPSE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THAT PUNK BOUGHT IT FROM AN OVERDOSE, NOT FROM THE BACTERIA CLOUD.
I... *uh*... I HEARD YOU MOANING ABOUT IT IN YOUR SLEEP. FEEL BETTER NOW?

Uhmm... I DIDN'T SAY ANY-THING TOO EMBAR-RASSING, DID I...? I MEAN... WELL, YOU KNOW.

HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR *ECO-SPHERE* BOUGHT IT, TOO.
Huh... GUESS THAT ONE FISH THERE ATE TOO MUCH AND THREW THE WHOLE SYSTEM OUT OF BALANCE. SILLY BUGGER, ACTING LIKE A HUMAN...
COULD YOU HIDE IT SOME-WHERE, BEFORE AL WAKES UP? THANKS...
TANK POLICE

LOOK AT THESE FILTERS... BONA-PARTE'S IN BAD SHAPE...
BY THE WAY, LEONA--YOU OWE AL A *BIG* THANK-YOU. HE FED THE LAST OF HIS OXYGEN INTO YOUR MASK AFTER YOU PASSED OUT.
A TRUE "GOOD SAMARI-TAN"...!
WE'LL HAUL THE TANK BACK OUR-SELVES.
YOU TWO BETTER HUSTLE OFF TO THE HOSPITAL AND GET CHECKED OUT. LET ME KNOW HOW IT GOES, OKAY?
GEE...
AL DID *THAT* FOR ME?
I HOPE HE WAKES UP SOON...
LOVEABLE GOOF...!
THEY *WHAT?!* THEY DISAPPEARED ON THEIR WAY BACK TO *HEAD-QUARTERS* ?!
ALONG WITH A *PATROL CAR?!*
EEE heehee HYA HAHA!
KRAK

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE MINI TANK!

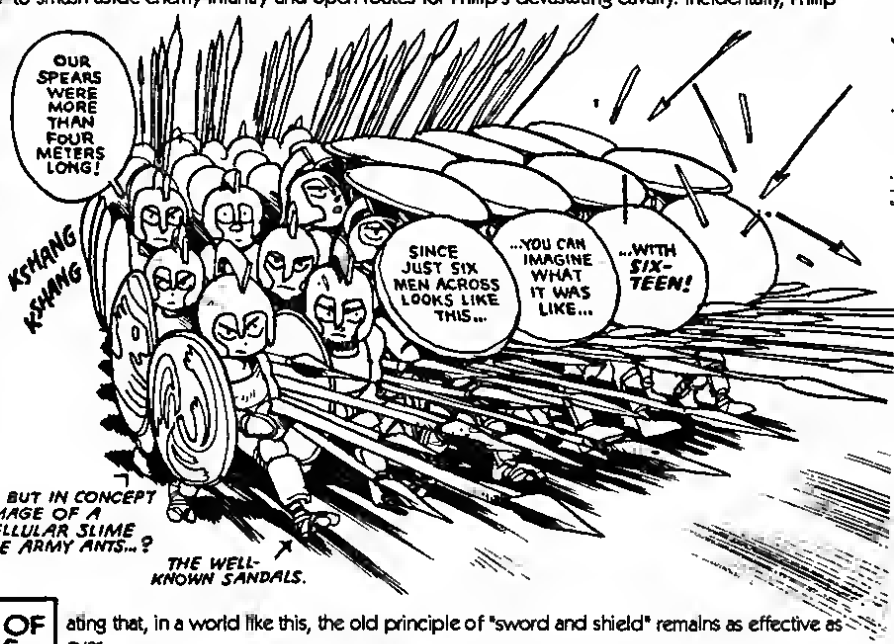
by SHIROW MASAMUNE
(ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY TOREN SMITH)
continued from Dominion #3

People who know their tanks usually count Leonardo DaVinci's armored landship as the first of the breed, but the first tank used in combat was an armored horse-drawn wagon deployed during a Protestant rebellion in Bohemia. Apparently, this tank closely resembled the Roman chariots made famous in the film *Ben Hur*. Though it was little more than an armor-plated farm wagon, its performance in battle was spectacular. Tanks were also described in the works of Jules Verne and H.G. Wells, but the first modern tanks did not appear until September 15, 1916, when they joined the arsenals stalemated on the Western Front in World War I.

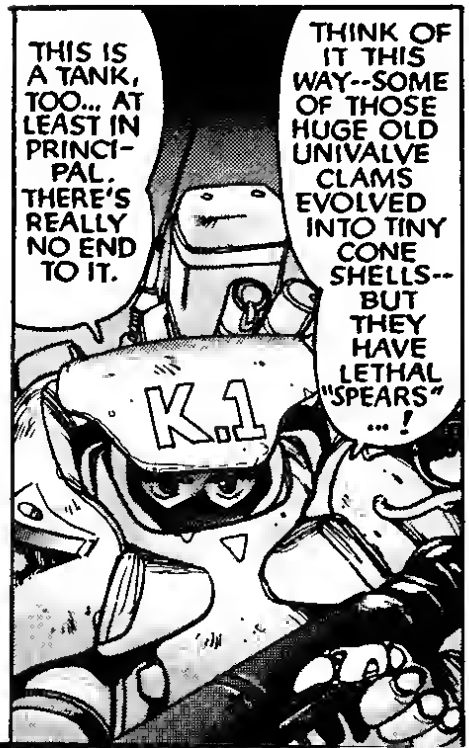
That morning dawned foggy in the Somme region of France, where the Allied advance had been halted essentially from its beginning more than two months earlier. The British had hoped to launch the assault with more than 100 armored vehicles—"tank" had been stencilled on each shipping crates to assure secrecy—but only 32 problem-plagued tanks were available to cross enemy lines and fire the first shots from mobile armor. Primitive, slow, and awkward, the first tanks were a veritable Hell for the eight or so men inside. Squeezed in next to an exposed diesel engine, they found the noise deafening, the heat oppressive. Engine exhaust mixed with the choking stench of cordite from discharged shell casings rolling about underfoot—and the crew struggled all the more to keep their footing in the jolting, suspensionless hulks.

Still, how the excitement and joy of victory must have welled among the troops of the Allied armies as those metal demons crunched over the trenches, through the barbed wire and machine gun nests that had paralyzed their advance. And what terror must have gripped the Kaiser's soldiers. Yet the ultimate impact of this early armor (other than breaking the static front) was not at all profound. The early machines were plagued by breakdowns, blasted apart by artillery, bogged down in craters. One also hears stories of major tank battles on the Marne and elsewhere, but apparently there, too, armor's performance was disappointing. Records from earlier wars also indicate the desire for heavy yet mobile armor. For example, during the Boer War in southern Africa (late 1800s), the British War Ministry commissioned an armored steam locomotive.

This may be a little off the track, but talk of tanks always brings to my mind another set of images: the phalanxes of Philip II of Macedonia. Philip's army was specially trained to fight in unusual box formations, 16 hoplites (infantrymen) to a side. Each square of 256 soldiers comprised a single unit, and the army would advance in checkerboard formations composed of thousands of men. The front rank of troops in the square held their spears outward at waist level, and carried shields as protection against enemy arrows. Not just this impenetrable visage reminds me of the tank, for the *purpose* of these formations was the same: to smash aside enemy infantry and open routes for Philip's devastating cavalry. Incidentally, Philip reportedly supported this army with a gold mine in Thrace. And he needed it: the army cost more than 1,000 gold Talents a year (about $20 to $25 million today). Philip's tactical strategies, and abilities, passed to his son—none other than that "shrewd monster" Alexander the Great.


OUR SPEARS WERE MORE THAN FOUR METERS LONG!
KSHANG KSHANG
SINCE JUST SIX MEN ACROSS LOOKS LIKE THIS...
...YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS LIKE...
...WITH SIX-TEEN!
NOT A VEHICLE, BUT IN CONCEPT THE SPITTING IMAGE OF A TANK. LIKE A CELLULAR SLIME MOLD, OR MAYBE ARMY ANTS...?
THE WELL-KNOWN SANDALS.

Nowadays, war is no longer simply a killing affair; we rate weapons in terms of combat strength indicators, replacement costs, and such. As a result, we civilians now have the good fortune of participating in the new, improved model of war. In an age of economic conflict and ultra-direct trade—even of drug wars for some people—we are all participants in a global Cold War that sometimes drives people to their deaths without shedding a drop of blood. We have become combatants simply by virtue of being born. Yet it's fascinating that, in a world like this, the old principle of "sword and shield" remains as effective as ever.


THIS IS A TANK, TOO... AT LEAST IN PRINCIPAL. THERE'S REALLY NO END TO IT.
THINK OF IT THIS WAY--SOME OF THOSE HUGE OLD UNIVALVE CLAMS EVOLVED INTO TINY CONE SHELLS--BUT THEY HAVE LETHAL "SPEARS" ...!
K.1

Speaking of spears and shields, it's time we address a subject that brings tears to the eyes of any true tank lover: the anti-tank missle. It's absolutely infuriating to think that one of those inexpensive little weapons can so easily turn a million-dollar tank into shredded scrap. And (as if that wasn't enough) anti-tank helicopters, and airplanes like the Fairchild A10 "Thunderbolt," make the modern battlefield dangerous even for armor. Aside from its complement of "Maverick" anti-tank missiles, the A10 carries a 30mm Gatling-type cannon called the GAU-8 "Avenger." This awesome weapon fires a mixture of high-explosive and depleted-uranium shells the size of milk bottles at a rate of 4,200/minute. A tank struck by an Avenger burst simply disintegrates like a cardboard box. Anti-tank missiles use H.E.A.T. (High Explosive Anti-Tank) warheads to defeat armor. These detonate about a foot from the armor, and a conical depression in their front channels the explosion into a high-speed jet (moving at about six miles/second). The cavity usually has a copper liner to add mass to the jet. A typical weapon can penetrate up to 14 inches of armor plating. Some missiles, like the Bofors "Bill," overfly their target tank by a couple of feet, and fire their shaped-charges downward at about 30 degrees. Thus, such missiles target the thinner armor of the turret.

Tanks attack each other with HEAT rounds, and H.E.S.H. (High Explosive Squash Heads) and A.P.F.S.D.S. (Armor-Piercing, Fin-Stabilized Discarding Sabot) shells. HESH rounds consist of high explosive in a thin steel casing. Upon impact, the HE spreads into a pancake and detonates. Though this won't penetrate the armor, a shock waves travels through the tank and blasts into its interior a large "scab" of metal, which then ricochets about doing considerable damage. APFSDS rounds consist of a thin "kinetic penetrator" (resembling a dart) covered with a sabot that stabilizes it inside its delivering cannon barrel. When the round is fired, the sabots fall away and the penetrator rod, usually made of tungsten or depleted uranium, simply punches through the armor because of its great speed and weight, and its small nose.

Simply adding armor and increasing size until your tank is a virtual land-going battleship does not work. Hitler's experimental "Maus" tank, built in the closing days of WWII, proved that particular point. The Maus weighed 180 tons, towered six meters high, and had frontal armor a foot thick. But it had a top speed of only 20kph (compared to 80kph for a modern Abrams M1), and was so heavy that merely driving it down a street was enough to crush pavement and topple buildings. This monster was designed by none other than Herr Doktor Porsche. Now, it might be interesting to try building tanks as big as ocean-going ships, and using them as moving bases; I'd love to see a real "Buaku No. 1" in action... Oh, well. Not much chance of that.

So instead we move to the opposite extreme, and produce the Mini-Tank, able to use every building and wall in the city as extra armor. These are the tactics of the mini-tank, and they could have come straight from a SWAT handbook:

- The minute you show yourself is the minute you get shot.
- Always have someone covering you.
- Move only when the enemy can't attack.
- So long as you're under fire, stay in the shelter of the closest bit of effective cover.

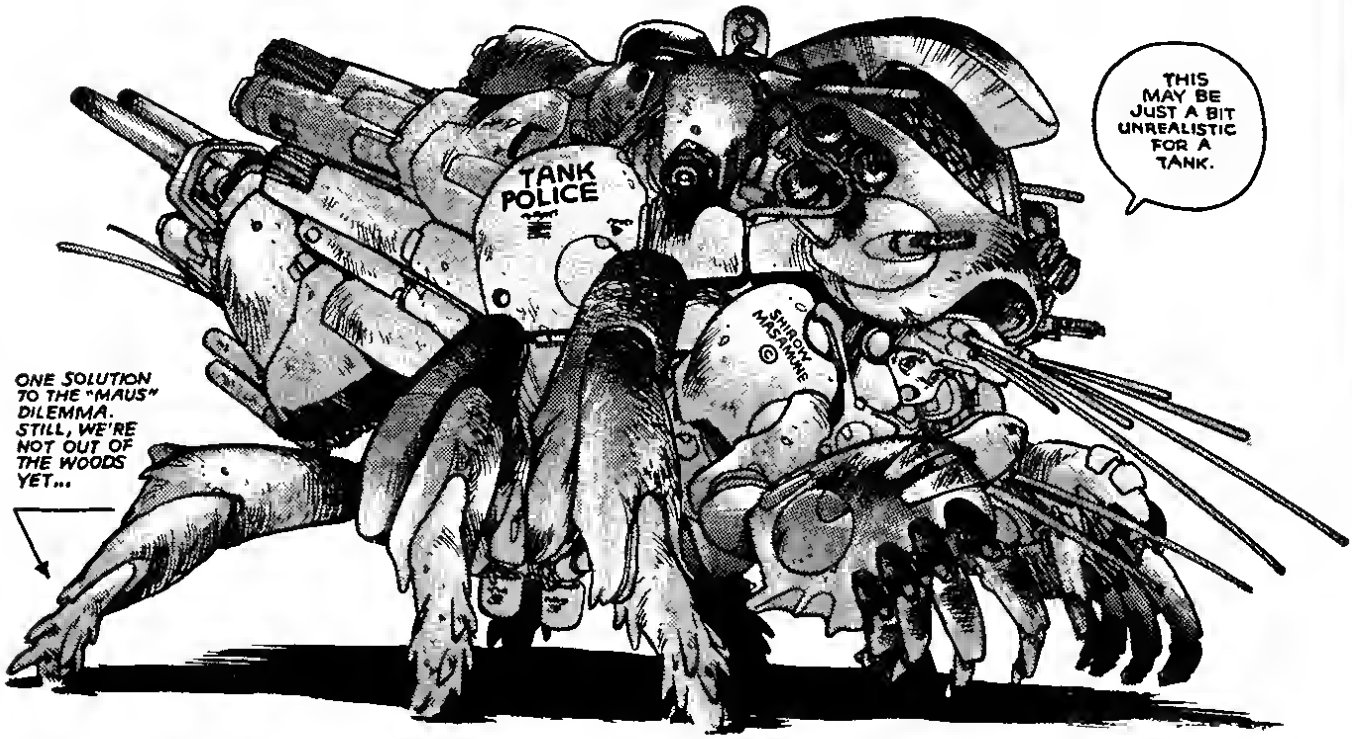
That's the way the mini-tanks in *Dominion* are designed to fight. In fact, a kind of combat vehicle that springs from the same concept— the combination of a light vehicle and heavy firepower—is already in use today: put a missle launcher on a jeep, have it pop in and out like a gopher. And if it gets blown away, no big loss—it's cheap.

Think back to WWII—at sea, this time: the escalation toward ever more mammoth warships, and the flights of tiny aircraft that wielded such power over them—and the failure of the Japanese Navy, catching on to the changing times too late. The same process, though admittedly on a smaller scale, is happening with our landships. There are practical limits on the penetration power of missiles (the designed attack capability of the weapon, factoring in the enemy's own firing range and ability to inflict punishment). At the same time, it seems the armor of landships has evolved about as far as it can. Reactive armor is one of the latest developments—a number of explosive plates covering especially vulnerable areas of the tank. When hit, this armor explodes outward, disrupting the anti-tank weapon's functions. First developed by the Israelis, such armor is now employed around the world. British "Chobham" armor has also proven effective against a variety of threats. While its exact composition is a closely guarded secret, Chobham armor is believed to consist of several layers of spaced metallic and organic materials. The Soviets have recently fielded ceramic composite armor on their T-80 tanks.

Anti-tank helicopters provide perhaps the ideal launch platform for ATM, and we hardly need mention such well-known aircraft as the "Apache" or the MiL-24 "Hind." The destructiveness of these "flying tanks" will certainly change the very shape of modern armor—perhaps we'll see tanks resembling long-legged crabs, or some other still unimaginable machine with greater mobility than even its airborne stalkers. It may even be possible to apply the air-defense systems of modern navies to the landship. Of course, that would mean more weight, and an inevitable collision with the "Maus" dilemma. Yet even so, if you're going to build a land battleship, I sincerely hope you equip it with a point-defense system. The current primary system for anti-missile defense is the 30mm cannon (like the "Phalanx"). These computer-controlled Gatling guns track incoming missiles with radar and open fire with 80 two-pound shells per second—the intent being to detonate the warheads at a safe distance. Maybe the best strategy is laying down a curtain of steel in the path of incoming missiles like the "Phalanx." Or perhaps the answer lies in anti-anti-tank helicopters? In any case, we can only hope this bogged-down arms race stays a race, without ever being called upon to produce a winner.

I don't like bloodshed. With the incredible destructive capabilities of modern offensive weaponry, the best defense is never getting hit in the first place. If opponents are equipped with the same sensory array and the same range (maybe anti-tank helicopters are the tank of the future?), then the smaller the tank, the harder it is to hit and the easier to conceal. Which lets me drag the discussion, kicking and screaming, to the subject of landmates (now, don't laugh just yet)... But perhaps that's best left to next issue. Stay well till then.

—Masamune Shirow


TANK POLICE
SHIROW MASAMUNE ©
THIS MAY BE JUST A BIT UNREALISTIC FOR A TANK.
ONE SOLUTION TO THE "MAUS" DILEMMA. STILL, WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET...

DOMINION OPINIONS

WRITE DOMINION OPINIONS C/O ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL, P.O. BOX 1099, FORESTVILLE, CA 95436

Well, Dominion *certainly hasn't approached* Appleseed *for volume of mail—the last month brought two for the former and almost two dozen! for the latter. Perhaps this first letter will shed some light ..*

Dear Mr. Burke:

Well, it's finally happened. After three years of 100 percent good luck with every Japanese title brought to my attention by an American publisher—either yourselves or Viz or one of the other companies—there has at last come a Japanese title that I just don't care enough for to want to collect it. Sadly, that one exception to the rule turns out to be your newest title, *Dominion.*

On reflection, I find I'm more irritated than anything else. I feel I should be able to get something out of this book, since I do collect and enjoy *Appleseed,* Shirow's other book for you folks. Theoretically, the same things I enjoy in *Appleseed* I should also be able to find in *Dominion.* Yet I don't.

In comparing the two, I begin to see what the problem is. My biggest complaint with *Dominion* is that it's entirely too hard to follow. This is sometimes a problem with *Appleseed,* although not nearly to the same extent. If I were willing to devote the extra time to it, I feel certain that I could come to understand everything that's going on in *Dominion* and thus get enough out of it that I might change my mind about collecting it, but I just don't feel like putting out the extra effort. Maybe it's just that this has been a bad week for me or something, but I really don't feel I should have to. If Shirow feels he has to drop everyone into the middle of everything with no exposition at all, and progress at breakneck speed from there, then I guess that's his business, but this time he'll be doing it without me. My feeling is that I've come here to be entertained, and it's his job to do whatever's necessary to assure I will be; I should not have to work at having a good time with his stuff.

While we're on the subject, it brings to mind a particular beef I have with you folks and the others who bring us these Japanese offerings: namely, that a recap page would often be nice. Given the fact that some of these books don't follow as predictable a schedule as we'd like, and that many of us fans do pick up more than one comic per month, it would be really helpful if on the inside front cover you could spare a few lines to remind us all of where the fershlugginer storyline is at. First Comics does it with virtually all of their books. Marvel does it with their own Japanese book, *Akira.* I see no reason why you can't be bothered to do the same.

In fact, this would have made reading the first issue of *Dominion* much easier for me., A few lines explaining what the basic setting of the series is would have lessened that dropped-in-the-middle feeling considerably, and rather than spending the bulk of my time trying to figure out who's who and what's what, I could have devoted myself to enjoying how the story was told and appreciating *Dominion* for what it is. I think it's a great shame for all concerned that Eclipse doesn't seem to believe in recaps; maybe now that someone has complained, you guys can give it some hard thought. Cat's editorials don't have to be in *every* book you publish, y'know, at least, not on the inside front cover. Perhaps you could find room for it later in the book, somewhere in the back.

At any rate, there it is. It saddens me that I'm not able to get any more out of *Dominion* than I did, and that I have to write such a whiny, half-hearted letter in response to it instead of the well-thought-out, insightful praise I prefer to send. More, it saddens—and even *galls*—me that a series that obviously has a number of fans across the sea can hold so little for me personally; it makes me feel that I'm somehow culturally deficient. But I know better than to try to con myself, and the simple truth is that I just don't enjoy this book.

The true strength of rulers and empires lies not in armies or emotion, but in the belief of men that they are inflexibly open and truthful and legal...

Depressing as this is, however, I urge you not to lose heart. You folks still have a batting average of at least .900, and that's nothing to be ashamed of.

Better luck next time,
David Peattie
4517 Birch Bark Rd.
Concord, CA 94521

Hmm. Guess it was a good thing we instituted recaps with last issue (wanted to do it in #2, but had no room as the story took up the entire issue)!

That aside, I'm sorry you didn't get more from Dominion *than confusion. I won't go over each of your points, but will ask that you keep in mind that this story came between* Appleseed *episodes, and was a lighthearted "clearing of the brain" for Shirow. Further, I think closer examination would reveal to you that* Dominion *complements*

Appleseed quite well. *That "dropped-in-the-middle" effect is common to all of Shirow's stories*—Black Magic *as well as the two we discuss here. While that can be frustrating at first scan, I personally have found it to be engrossing, and challenging.* Appleseed *compels because, among other things, it opens with so much accomplished, so much for the reader to "catch up" to, so much for the reader to discern through careful reading. Some readers, in fact, hate having such demands made on them. Others enjoy the mystery of deciphering the complex intrigues initially hinted at and increasingly revealed with further "hints." This unfolding of the plot, rather than its forthright explication, can add to the mystery, and the dramatic tension. If you have the patience.*

Only have one other thing to add, then I'll shut up. Yes, David, the artist has a responsibility to the readership, but I'm not sure your assessment of it is appropriate. Without getting into some treatise on art and its role, not to mention that of the artist, I do think the artist owes his readership clarity and consistency, though neither must necessarily be immediately evident (provided the artist can sustain the story without full disclosure up front). In fact, most great stories avoid immediate explication, but build to their revelations. You may be here to be entertained, David, and that is, without question, our main purpose. But Shirow's first obligation is to himself: to tell the story he wants to tell, and to tell it in such a way that his interest is maintained. Imagine a story (and I know you can think of several!) told by a bored or uninterested writer and/or artist. Shirow's job is to tell his stories in a proficient manner, and hope to entertain you. How can he do "whatever is necessary to assure [his millions of fans are] entertained"? One's sensibilities differ from another's from another's from another's, sometimes by fractions, sometimes by chasms. No: Shirow must remain true to himself; he must be the arbiter of his technique. He hopes his inherent talent, his practiced craft, his honed skill, will attract and keep you. If not, we're sorry to lose you, but wish you the best.

For myself, I hope you really won't give up on Dominion *(I mean, you wanna see if your letter was printed, right..?), because it really gets swinging around issues 3 and 4 (hey! that's this one!). I mean, gee: I liked* Dominion's Hill Street Blues *you're-here-and-we're-already-moving-c'mon approach,. But that's just my sensibility...*

Hey, People:

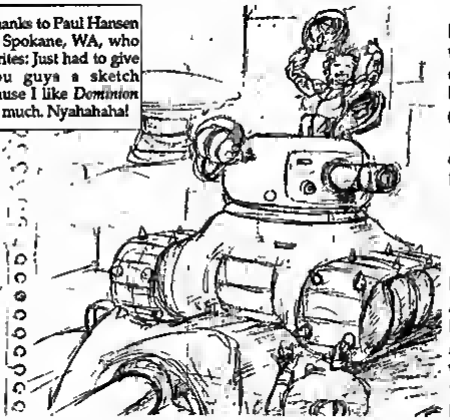
I just finished reading *Dominion* #2. Having been lucky enough to get copies of the *animé*, I wondered how the prestigious staffs (staves?) of Studio Proteus and Eclipse would handle the translation of the latest Shirow epic. Well, I'm very, very, very, extremely pleased. In the tradition of *Appleseed*, the script flows smoothly, the touch-ups are unnoticeable, and the different lettering is superb. In a way, the comic is better than the *animé* since I am able to pick up not only the sight gags but on the verbal jokes as well (I, unfortunately, do not know two words of Japanese). It seems as if the events of this comic are a sequel to the *animé*; I kind of wish the *animé* could be put into a comic form as well—or maybe this comic story could be animated! Yeah! Wahoo!

Now, on to Shirow's work. He once again shows his mastery of the fluid action scene (#2, pages 10, 19, 20, and 21 being good examples). The artwork in general was beautiful (I especially appreciate good art, as I cannot even draw stickmen corectly). The sight gags were priceless (best ones: page 2, top panel insert—unspoken caption, "Uh oh..."; page 15, panel 4—ouch!; and, the best one, page 18, panel 1—Leona dragging an unresponsive (as usual) Greenpeace out the door by the wings. Great stuff! Greenpeace shutting herself down in the absence of sunlight (bottom page 18) was great as well.

Oh, heck—while I'm on a roll, I want to comment on *Dominion* #1. The first 12 pages: beautiful, beautifull Flowing, dynamic, funny—great! Page 21: moody, moody, moody! I love it! Nyahaha ha ha! Oh! ~Ahem. Excuse me. Sight gags: all of page 14 (arf, arf, arf); page 28, panels 2 and 3—Al... Al... why are you blushing, dear chap? Fake flowers? Tacky, tacky, tacky!

Back to #2: The T-4 tank—no coincidence it exactly resembles a T-4 phage virus. The last panel: Shirow's typically funny closer.

Thanks to Paul Hansen of Spokane, WA, who writes: Just had to give you guys a sketch 'cause I like *Dominion* so much. Nyahahaha!



All in all, a stellar job. Kudos to all involved—it was worth the two-month delay. Maybe you can ship bi-weekly to make up for it (hint, hint)?

Anyway, I've taken enough of you time. Keep up the fantastic work...

Sincerely,
Jeff "Wolfgang" Lilly
235 Shagbark Drive
Rochester Hills, MI 48309

P.S. I hope Leona is nicer to Al in the future.

P.P.S. The Puma sisters! Yay! More! More! more! (They were sorely missed in the first issue.)

P.P.P.S. First, a high-tech police drama. Now, a high-tech police comedy. Soon, a magical-tech adventure. What's next? How does Shirow produce the volume of work he does?

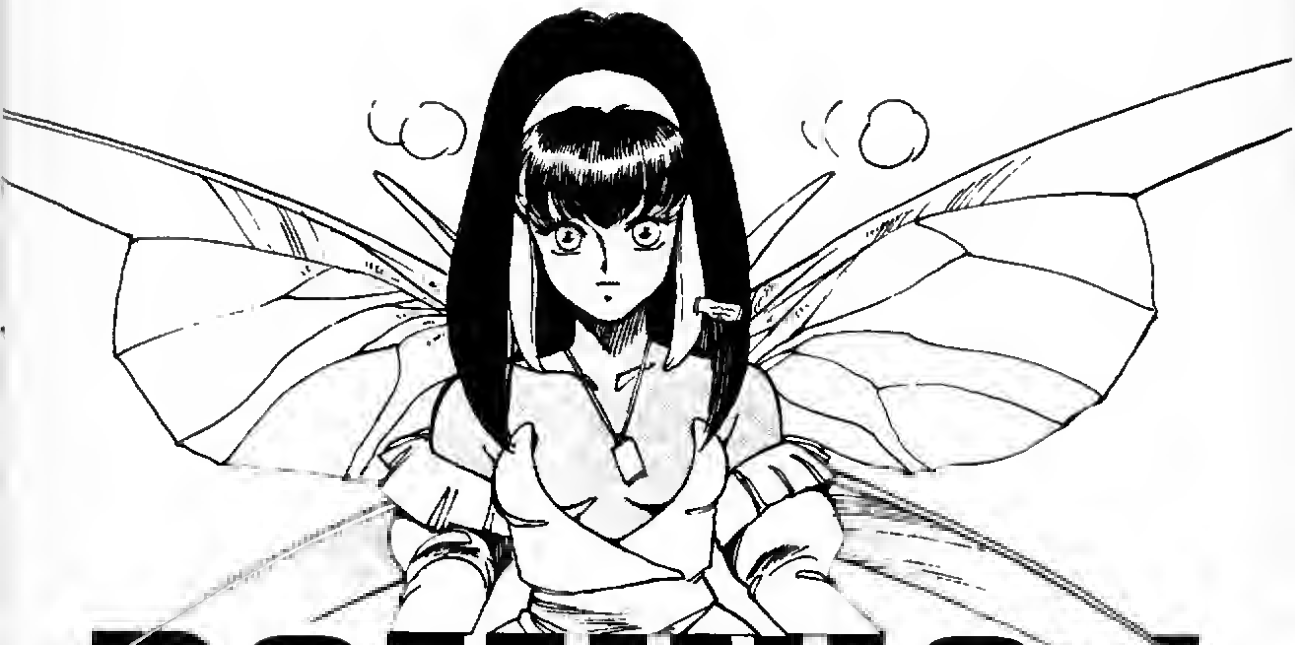
P.P.P.P.S Please excuse my lousy penmanship.

Wolfgang Lilly of Shagbark Drive!?! Farm out! Right arm!

The staves of SP/EI thank you for such enthusiastic appreciation, Wolf. As develops this issue, Al may be in for reassessment from Leona—but what will happen in the two issues remaining?! Hope you liked the Puma Sisters covers to this and last issue. As to what's next from Shirow, we'll be following this Spring's Black Magic *with* Appleseed *Book 4, and probably some new* Appleseed *posters (we've also discussed* Dominion *and* Dirty Pair *posters—the latter is all but definite, but response to* Dominion *may not warrant the former). No timing as yet on the release of the collected* Appleseed *Book 2... We have several other* manga *projects in the works, but courtesy and prudence precludes elaboration here— but stay tuned! Lousy penmanship? We didn't even notice, did we, gang?*

Until next time—and probably even then—I ask you to think, teach, and have PEACE, and remain...

—GSB



DOMINION™

BY MASAMUNE SHIROW

TRANSLATION BY DANA LEWIS AND TOREN SMITH

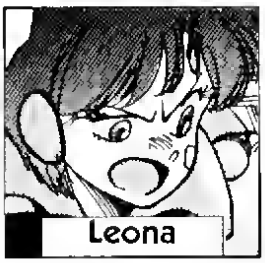
LETTERING AND RETOUCH BY TOM ORZECHOWSKI

EDITED BY GREG S. BAISDEN

PRODUCED BY STUDIO PROTEUS
FOR ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL

ORIGINAL JAPANESE VERSION PUBLISHED
BY HAKUSENSHA K. K.

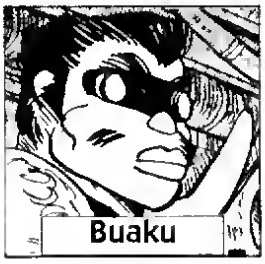
DOMINION *Personae*



▲The entirely gung-ho ace of the Tank Police, obsessively proud and protective of Bonaparte—her tank.

▲Leona's easy-going, by-the-book, long-suffering partner, pilot of Bonaparte.

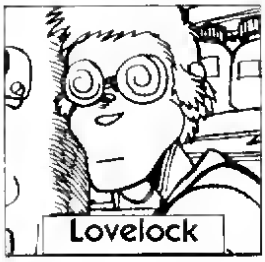
▲The hard-boiled Tank Police Squad Leader who rides Leona—his ace and chief rival—mercilessly.



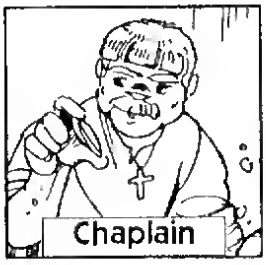
▲Mischievous "Super Criminal" the Tank Police was formed to capture.

▼Fearless, frustrated Tank Police Commander.

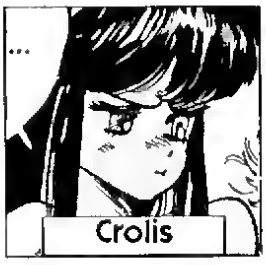
▼The TP's resident scientific expert—a refugee from the Critical Science Development Agency.



▼Transferred to the TP after taking pity on a hood and letting him go—only to have him shoot his partner!



▼A mysterious humanoid with the power to cleanse the air around her.



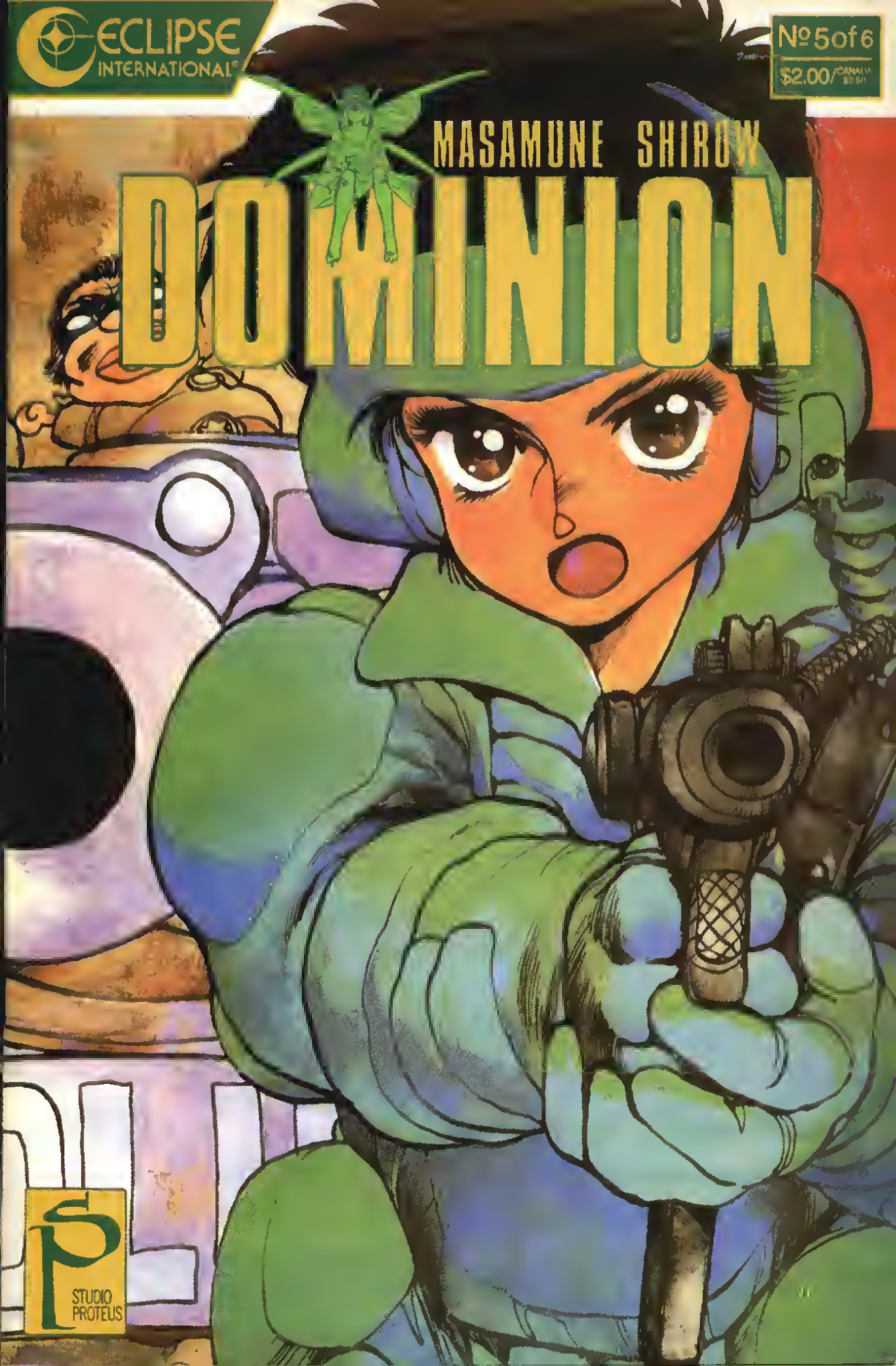
THUS FAR...

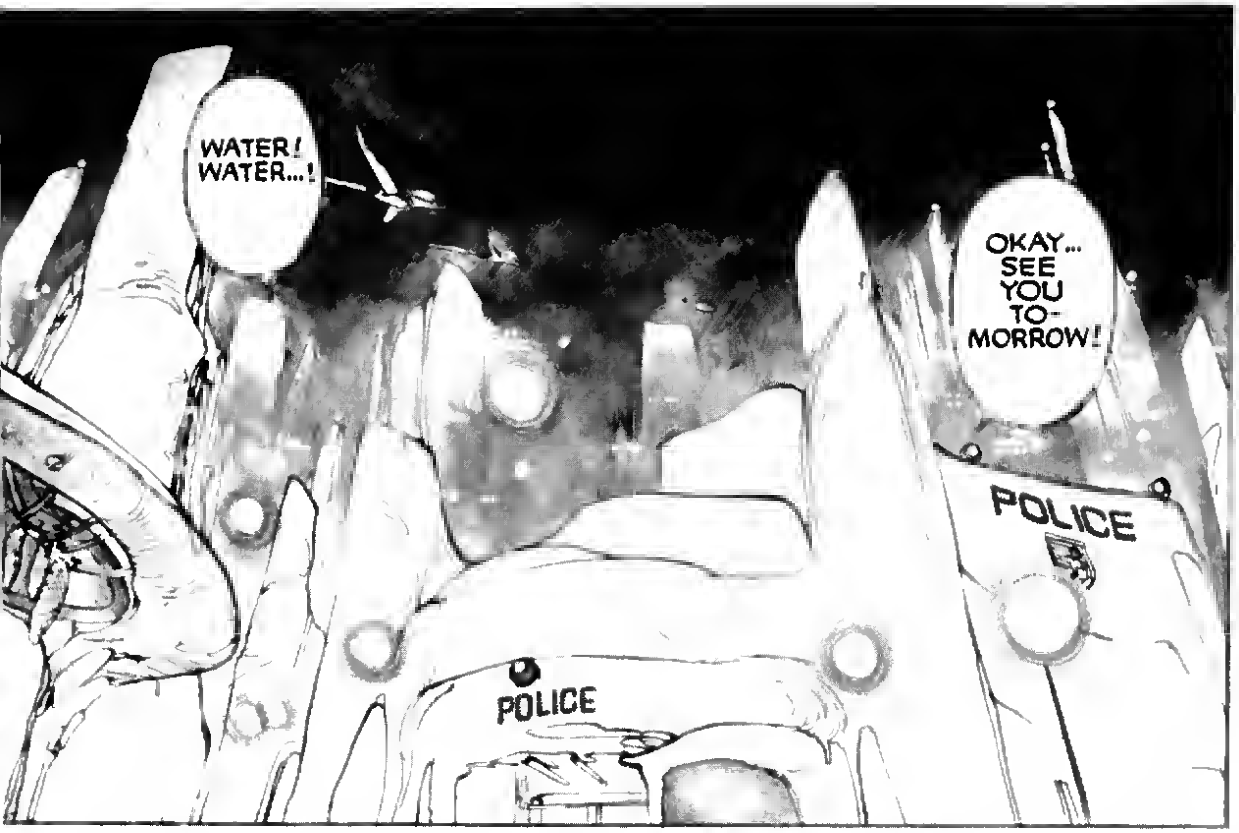
• ***Dominion* 1 of 6.** Terra: a future in which the air is so foul citizens must wear oxygen masks to walk outside. Nonetheless, internal combustion engines are still used—most notably by the **Tank Police**, a special force organized specifically for pursuit of **Buaku**, a mischievous "super criminal." During a late-night raid on one of Buaku's hideouts, **Leona** and **Al** find a catatonic, green-skinned, winged "girl," to whom an agent of the **Critical Science Development Agency** claims custody. **Brenten** wards off the official, giving **Lovelock** time to examine the being (**Crolis**, codenamed **"Greenpeace"**) and find that she is literally "a living air cleaner."

• ***Dominion* 2 of 6.** Leona, Al, and Crolis wake to find TP HQ visited by angry representatives of **C**itizens **A**gainst **D**estructive **P**olice who insist the TP adopt their **T4-F** tank to assure public safety. While inspecting a T4-F prototype, Leona falls asleep. But the tank is occupied by Buaku and his henchmen, who quietly invade TP HQ for ammunition, weapons—and Crolis! Buaku's crony **Unipuma** shoots **Chaplain**, inadvertently alerting the TP. But Buaku escapes in the T4-F, soon discovering Leona and incarcerating her—but not before revealing the **"Greenpeace Plan"** to solve the pollution problem by making Crolises of the citizenry! Leona jumps ship, and a desperate battle culminates in Buaku's arrest. Victory at last!—though it means the TP's end. But wait! The Buaku gang escapes! The TP isn't through yet!

• ***Dominion* 3 of 6.** On routine patrol, Leona and Al encounter local police engaged in a hostage situation—and rush in to resolve it in typically destructive (albeit successful) style. Though the public and press flood TP HQ, the **Chief** commends the pair, who return to patrol and encounter motorcycle jockies Unipuma and **Annapuma** of the Buaku gang. The twins ride circles around Leona, Al, and assisting police. Meanwhile, Lovelock rejoins the TP, having quit the unscrupulous CSDA after only a few weeks...

• ***Dominion* 4 of 6.** Leona and Al return to patrol, espied by the scheming 'Puma sisters, who devise a clever, near-fatal trap for our heroes. The duo are rescued at the last minute by Brenten, who also manages to capture the 'Pumas (and their captive, Crolis). Nonetheless, the brilliant Buaku is always near, and he manages to free the girls...


ECLIPSE
INTERNATIONAL
№5of6
$2.00/
MASAMUNE SHIROW
DOMINION
STUDIO
PROTEUS


WATER! WATER...!
OKAY... SEE YOU TO-MORROW!
POLICE
POLICE

HELLO. POLICE. Oh. IT'S YOU AGAIN... THE PROPHET OF DOOM.
RRiiNNGG tak tak
NO. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN-- HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF SEXUAL COMPLEX...
I TELL YA, IT WAS BRUTAL... GUTS ALL OVER THE PLACE... HIS HEAD WAS SQUASHED LIKE A GRAPE. GREAT STUFF!
HEY, YOU GONNA KILL ME? YOU'RE GONNA KILL ME, RIGHT?!
WISH I COULD, PAL!
I'M GONNA SUE THAT IDIOT PSYCHIA-TRIC EVALUA-TOR !!

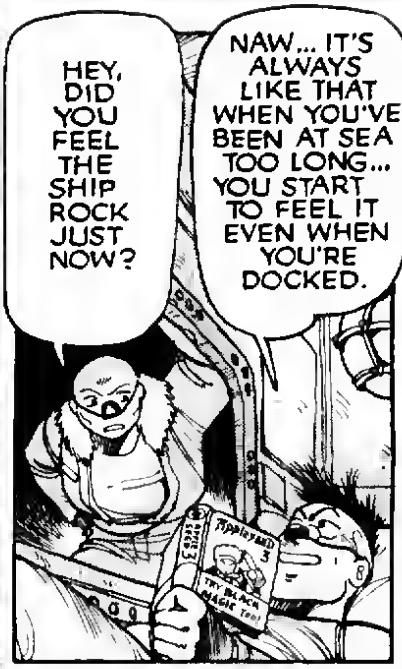
THAT KID WAS JUST SIXTEEN... TIES TWENTY LOADED SHOTGUNS TO HIS CAR! HOOKS THEM UP TO AN ELECTRIC TRIGGERING DEVICE...
takka tak tak
RRiiNNGG
...I MEAN, JUST WHAT WAS HE THINKING ?!
SOME KIND OF WARPED JOKE?
YOU SHOOT THE SON OF A BITCH ...?!
THE WHOLE DAMN THING WENT OFF! RIGHT IN A RESIDENTIAL AREA, TOO... TWENTY-TWO PEOPLE DEAD, PLUS ONE CAT!
BANG!
JUST LIKE THAT!

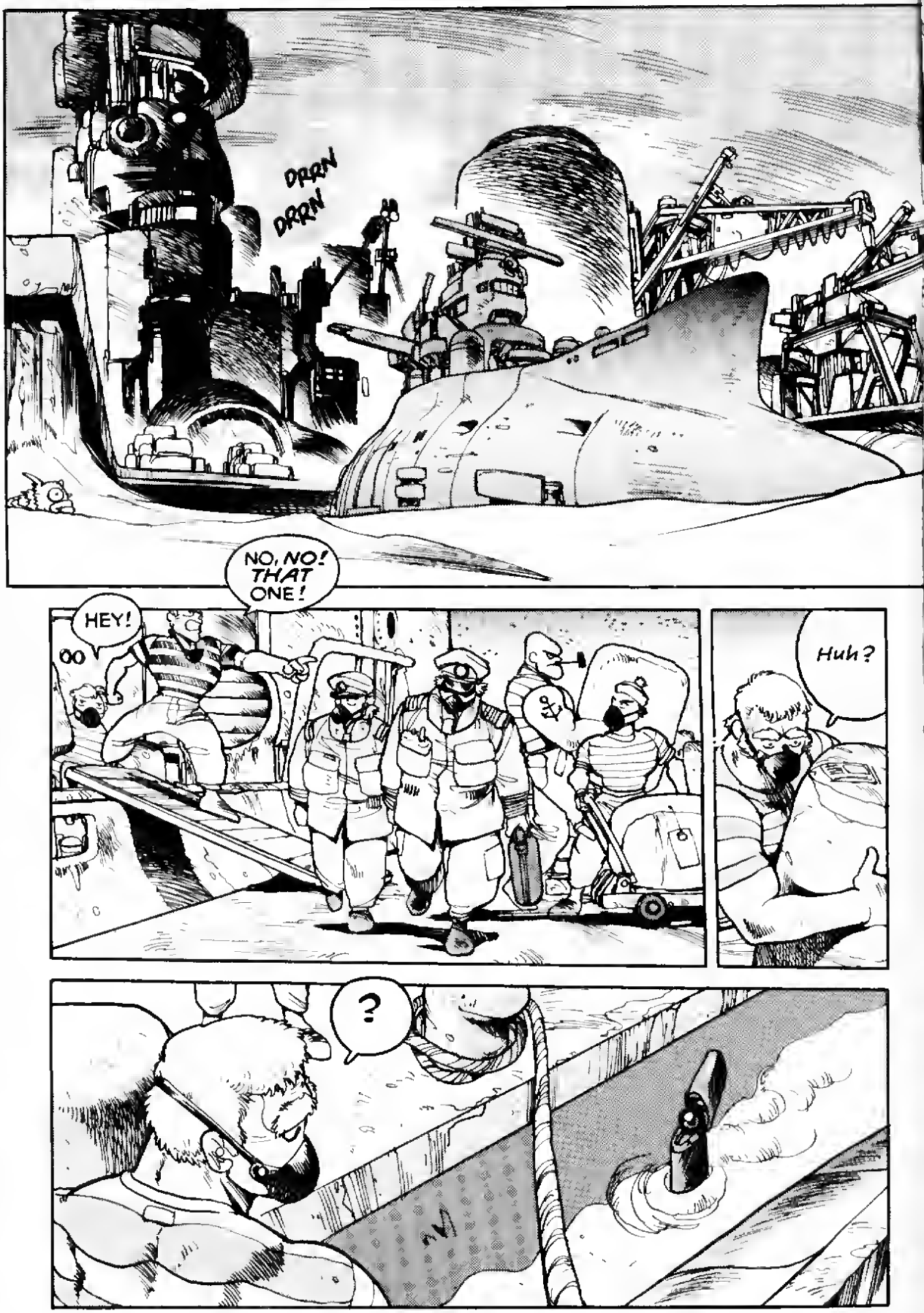
DRRN
DRRN
DRRN
DRRN
DRRN
BUAKU... MESSAGE HERE FROM THE BIG BOSS: "OPERATION GO. PRAYING FOR YOUR SUCCESS."
RIGHT!
HELM! ALL AHEAD, ONE-THIRD!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
I'LL WARM UP THE KREECHIKA FOR YOU, 'KAY?
DRRN
DRRN
DRRR
CLOSE THE HATCH! WE'RE DIVING!
I JUST HATE THOSE DUMB ATTACK HELI-COPTERS, ANNA!
YEAH, BUT BUAKU GOT 'EM FROM THE BIG BOSS, RIGHT? I MEAN, THEY'RE MADE JUST FOR US!
DRRN
DRRN
YOU KNOW... I WISH BUAKU AN' HIS GANG WERE ON THEIR WAY ALREADY, AND THE BOSS'D PICK US UP. I'M TIRED OF THIS...

DRRN DRRN
DRRN DRRN
WELCOME TO "SAND PORT"...!

DRRN DRRN

DRRN DRRN

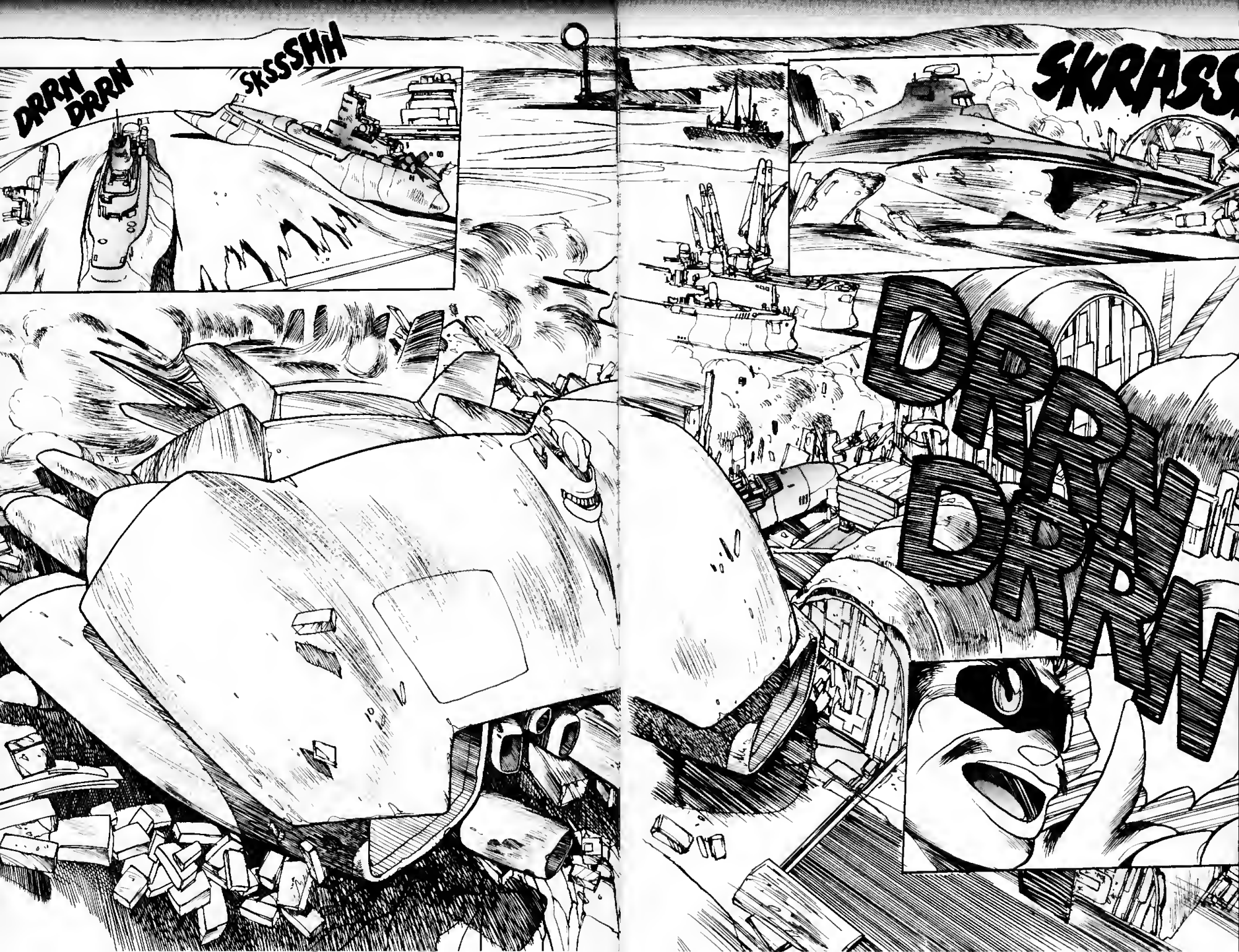

HEY, DID YOU FEEL THE SHIP ROCK JUST NOW?
NAW... IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT WHEN YOU'VE BEEN AT SEA TOO LONG... YOU START TO FEEL IT EVEN WHEN YOU'RE DOCKED.


DRRN
DRRN
NO, NO! THAT ONE!
HEY!
Huh?
?

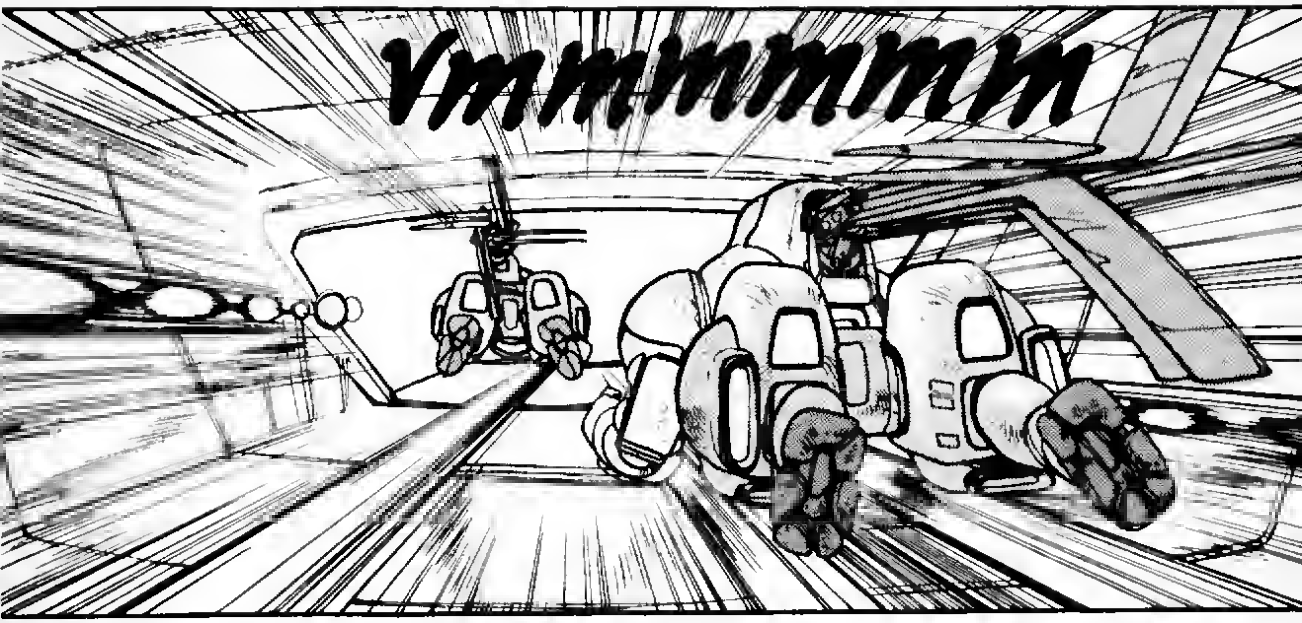
??
HEY! WHA--
AW, NO FAIR!
WHAK
KRAK
FWMP
THUD
YOUR BOAT'S IN THE WAY, HONEY. FIGURE YOU WOULDN'T MIND, LIKE, MOVING IT, huh?

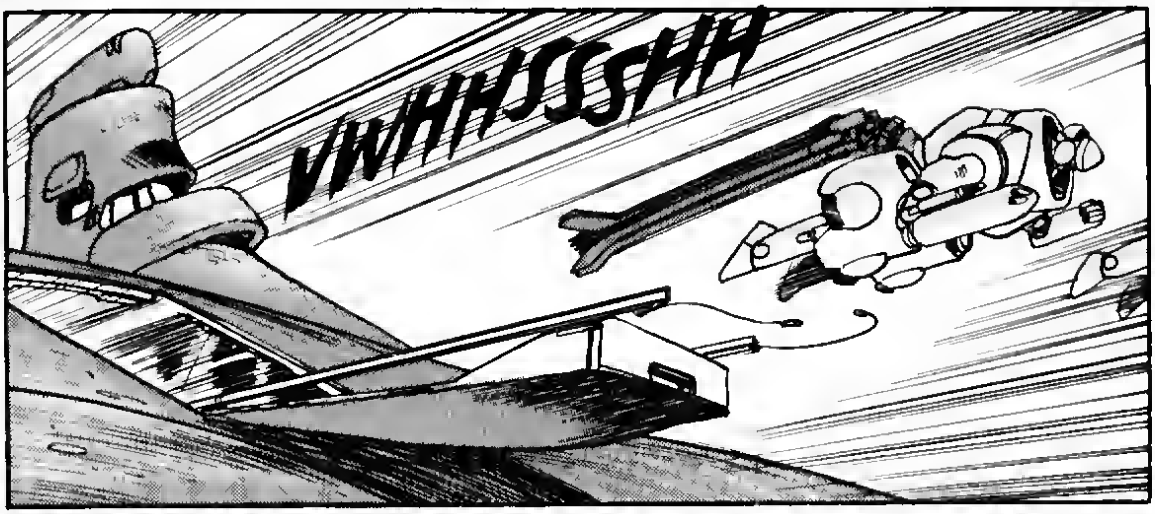
Heh, heh...
DRRW
DRRW
DRRW
DRRW
ALL RIGHT, THEN... SHALL WE PUT ASHORE?
RIG PLANES FOR SURFACING!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
UNIPUMA'S BACK ALREADY... WHEN WE GONNA STOP SCREWIN' AROUND AND *SHOOT SOMETHIN'*, BUAKU ?!
GUNNERY ROOM! AS SOON AS WE SURFACE, SHELL THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGES, THEN HIT THE MAIN HIGHWAYS!

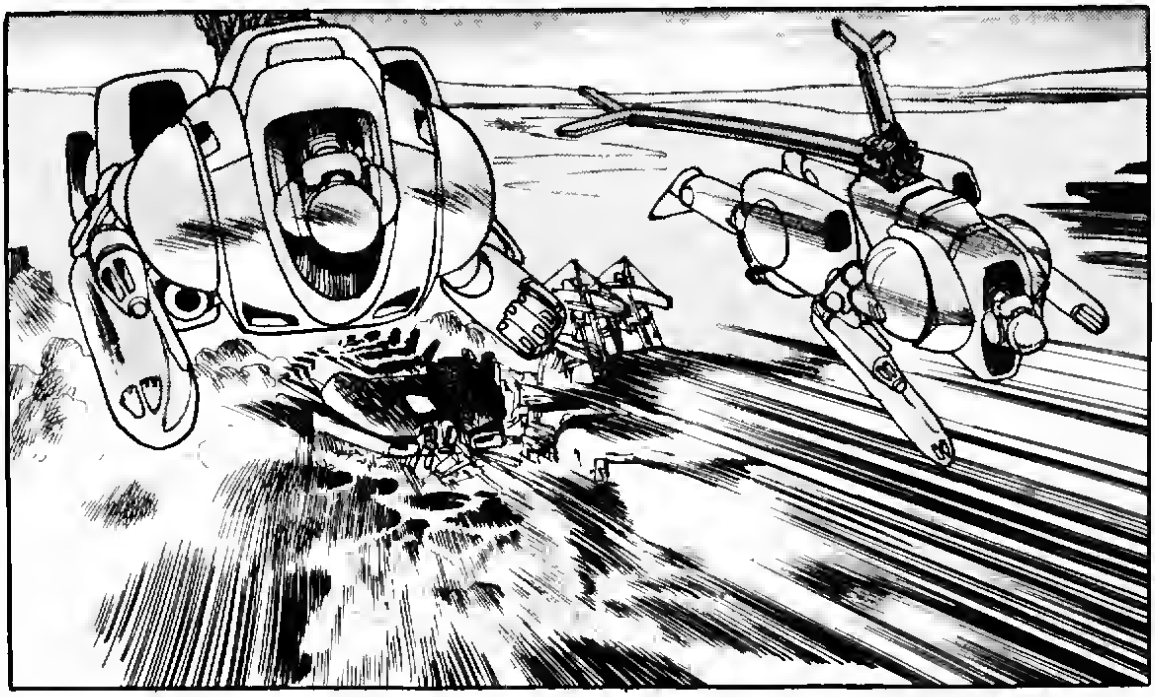
BUAKU! WOULD YOU LAUNCH US, ALREADY?! MY SHOULDERS ARE ACHING AND MY BUTT'S ASLEEP!
(KSHH)
(KSHH)
(KSHH)
YOU TWO READING ME? ONCE YOU'VE RUSTLED UP SOME HOSTAGES AT THE HOSPITAL...
...IT'S ALL RIGHT TO HAVE A BIT OF FUN. MAKE THE COPS DIVIDE THEIR FORCES, eh?
ALL RIGHT!
GOTCHA!
YOU REALLY KNOW WHAT A GIRL LIKES, BUAKU!
OKAY! LET'S GO!!
START THE OPERATION!!


DRRN DRRN
SKSSSHH
SKRASS
DRRN DRRN

SKRASSH
SSSSSSS
SSSSSSS
SSSSSSS
DRRN DRRN
VRRRRRRRRR
WE'RE USING THE CATAPULTS! PREPARE FOR A BRIEF BLACKOUT!
Aw, GEEZ...! DEAR GOD, PLEASE KEEP MY ROTORS FROM DISINTEGRATING IN MID-AIR!
UNI, YOU DUMMY! DON'T EVEN LET HIM KNOW YOU EXIST, OR HE MIGHT INVITE YOU UP TO HEAVEN FOR A PERMANENT PARTY!
KCHAK!


Vmmmmmmm

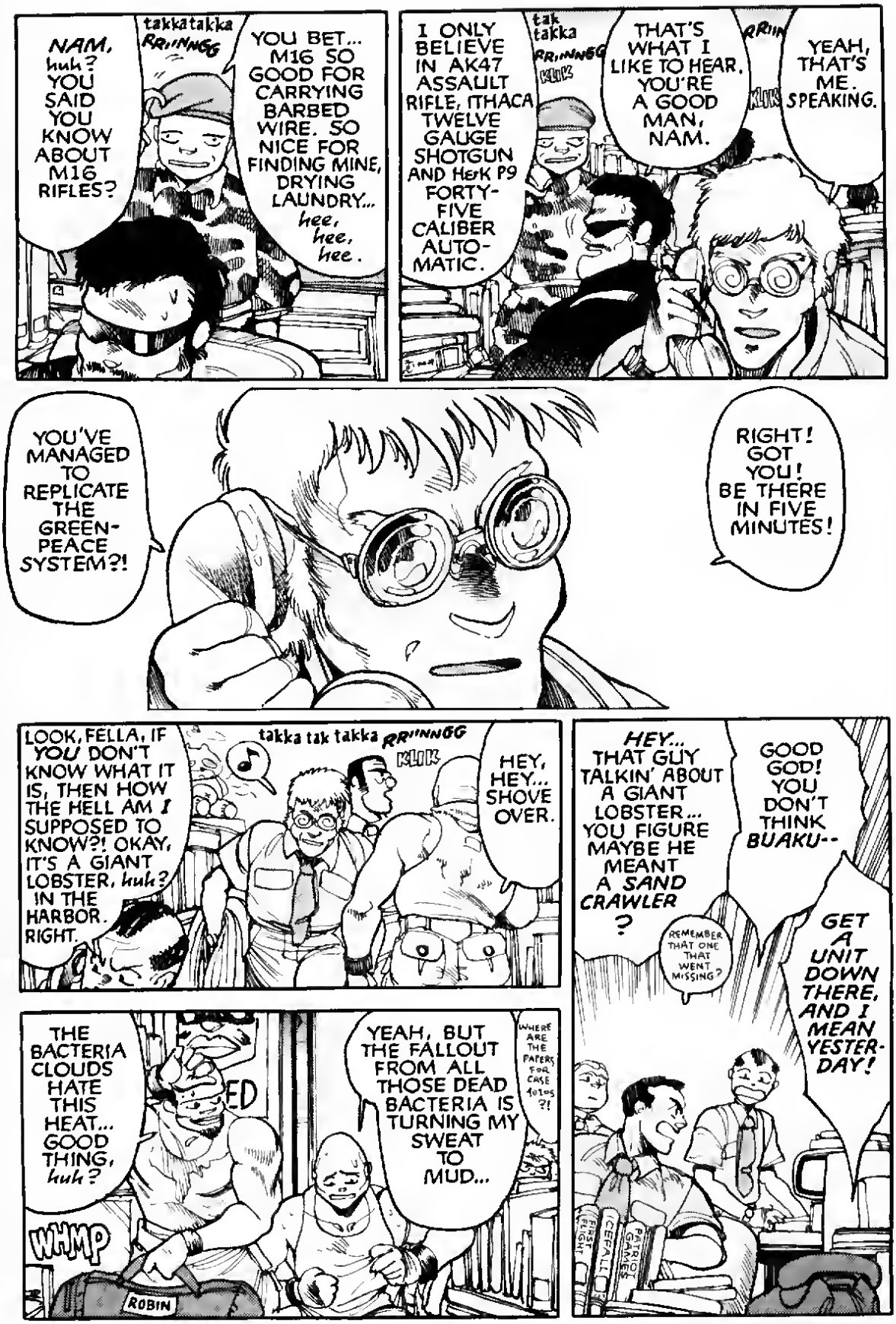

VWHHSSHH



WHKOOM
AHEE!
WHA-WHA-WHAT THE HELL?!
KCHAK KCHAK
AIM FOR THE HIGH-RISES AND SLUMS! THE MORE INJURIES, THE BETTER!
REMEMBER, YOU KILL SOMEONE AND THAT'S IT! INJURE SOMEONE AND YOU TIE UP THREE PEOPLE TAKING CARE OF HIM!
NO PROB, BOSS! Heh, heh, heh!
KEEP LOBBING SHELLS UNTIL ANNA AND UNI HAVE THE HOSTAGES AND WE'RE HEADING OUT TO SEA. KEEP THE COPS LOOKING THIS WAY!
YUP YUP YUP
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THIS FAIL!
CROLIS! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
WHPK

THERE'S NO LIGHT IN HERE...
HAVE A LITTLE PATIENCE, GIRL. JUST PUT UP WITH IT A LITTLE LONGER, OKAY?
EVERYONE ELSE IS BUSY PACKING, SO WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THEM A HAND, eh?
IF THIS OPERATION WORKS, THEN YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE SUN TO YOURSELF!
ANY-TIME YOU WANT, FOR AS LONG AS YOU WANT!
WE'LL TRADE THE HOSTAGES FOR A SPACE SHUTTLE AND STARSHIP!
IT'S GOODBYE AND GOOD RIDDANCE TO THIS DYING LUMP OF DIRT!
DRRN DRRN DRRN
SKRA-SH

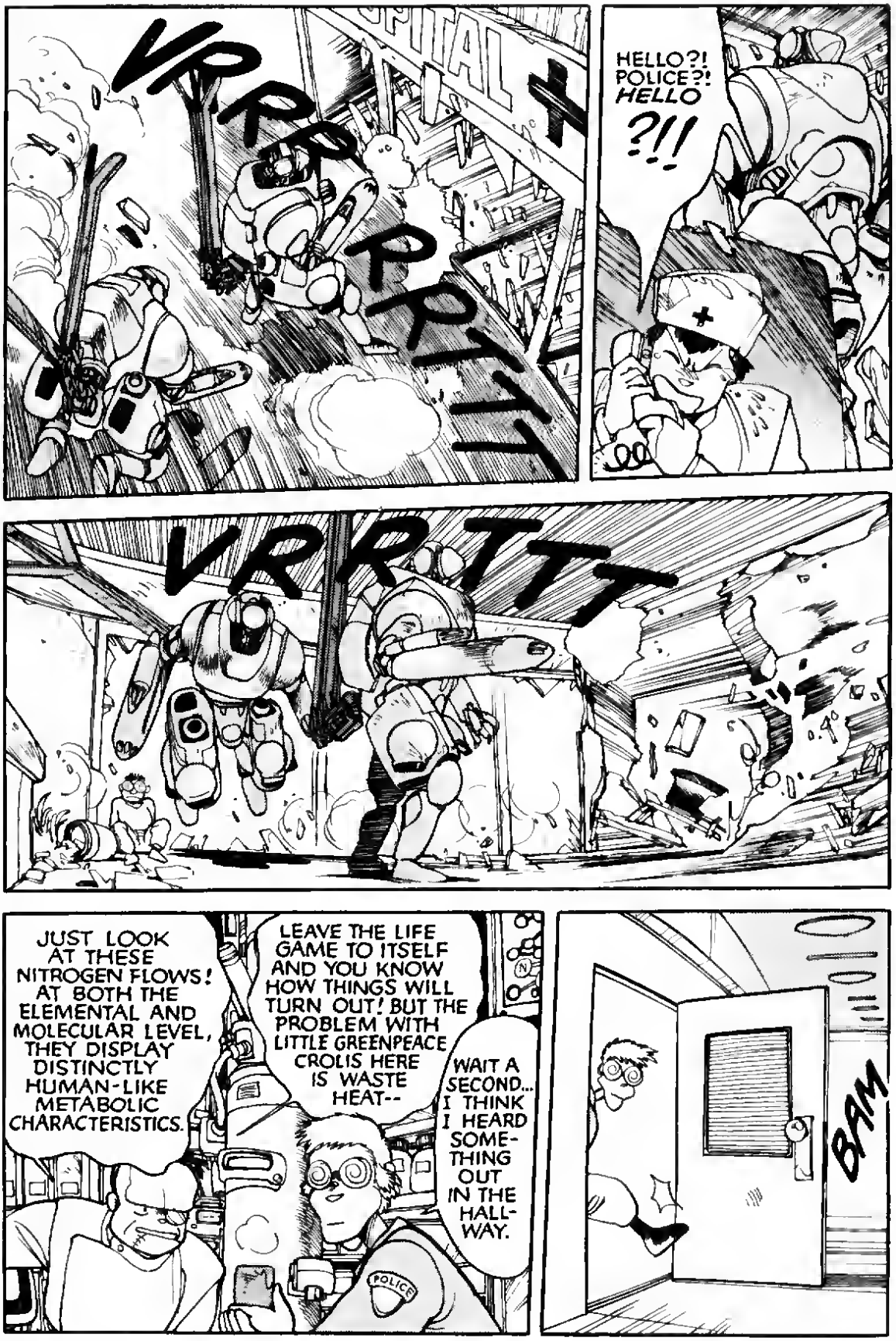
RRIINGG!
?!
ARF
CONF
MUTE
HELLO, POLICE HERE. GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS AND THEN STATE YOUR PROBLEM ...
Huh? YOU'RE SEEING BALLS OF FIRE? YEAH, SURE YOU ARE. CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, LADY.
SMAK
MNCH MNCH
HELLO, POLICE HERE. HELLO...? HELLO?
RRIINGG
BUT I'M SO BEAUTIFUL! HOW CAN THEY POSSIBLY SPOT ME AS A GUY?!
BALLS OF FIRE? UFOs? CALL THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT, FELLA.
TERRORIST BOMBINGS IN THE SLUMS?
THEY BLEW UP A RESI-DENTIAL HOTEL?
FUNNY NO ONE'S TAKING CREDIT...
KLIK
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?! TOO GODDAMN EARLY IN THE SUMMER FOR FIRE-WORKS...
HEY! RAFE JUST KILLED HIS FIRST GUY! HE'S IN SHOCK DOWNSTAIRS-- TIME FOR THE POLICE CHAPLAIN, MAYBE...?
takkatak
I'M ON MY WAY!
RRIINGG
CATCH 22
takka tak
WHERE'D LEONA GET TO?
RRIINGG
KLIK
DOWN WITH HER PET TANK, I'D IMAGINE.
CHARLES !
RRIINGG takka takka
?
POLICE
THIS IS CHARLIE NAM. HE'S JUST BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE TANK POLICE.
MY SPECIALTIES CLAYMORE MINE AND GRENADE LAUNCHER. ALSO M16A1, A2...
WEAR CITY CAMO WHEN YOU'RE IN THE CITY, FOOL.
JUST THE MAN WE NEED. FINISH FILLING OUT THESE AMMO INVOICES FOR ME, THEN LET'S TAKE A TRIP TO THE FIRING RANGE.

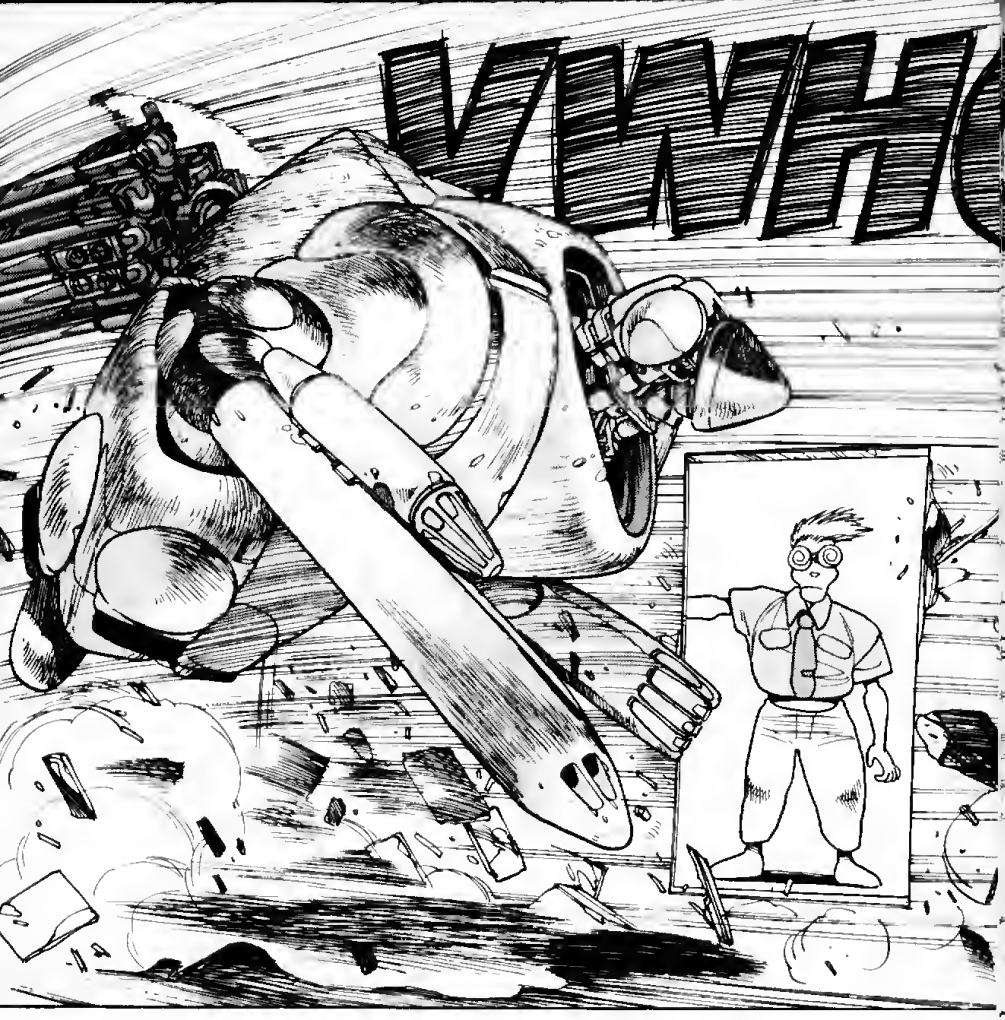

takkatakka RR'INNGG
NAM, huh? YOU SAID YOU KNOW ABOUT M16 RIFLES?
YOU BET... M16 SO GOOD FOR CARRYING BARBED WIRE. SO NICE FOR FINDING MINE, DRYING LAUNDRY... hee, hee, hee.
tak takka RR'INNGG KLIK
I ONLY BELIEVE IN AK47 ASSAULT RIFLE, ITHACA TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUN AND HeK P9 FORTY-FIVE CALIBER AUTO-MATIC.
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR. YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, NAM.
RRIIN KLIK
YEAH, THAT'S ME. SPEAKING.
YOU'VE MANAGED TO REPLICATE THE GREEN-PEACE SYSTEM?!
RIGHT! GOT YOU! BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES!
takka tak takka RR'INNGG KLIK
LOOK, FELLA, IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, THEN HOW THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW?! OKAY, IT'S A GIANT LOBSTER, huh? IN THE HARBOR. RIGHT.
HEY, HEY... SHOVE OVER.
HEY... THAT GUY TALKIN' ABOUT A GIANT LOBSTER... YOU FIGURE MAYBE HE MEANT A SAND CRAWLER ?
REMEMBER THAT ONE THAT WENT MISSING?
GOOD GOD! YOU DON'T THINK BUAKU--
GET A UNIT DOWN THERE, AND I MEAN YESTER-DAY!
PATRIOT GAMES
ICE FAT II
FIRST FIGHT
THE BACTERIA CLOUDS HATE THIS HEAT... GOOD THING, huh?
WHMP
ROBIN
YEAH, BUT THE FALLOUT FROM ALL THOSE DEAD BACTERIA IS TURNING MY SWEAT TO MUD...
WHERE ARE THE PAPERS FOR CASE 40105 ?!

T IS FOR TANK, AND T IS FOR TERROR... AND K IS THE K FOR KILLING IN ERROR...
POLICE
TANK POLICE
ALL THIS WORK AND I'M STILL NOT FINISHED!
Siiighh...
YOU LOOK BORED, AL...
ARE YOU MAKING GOOD USE OF YOUR PRECIOUS TIME?
THINK THIS WOULD MAKE A GOOD BEER COMMERCIAL?
-Jhirou
Y'KNOW... I LIKE THE LEONA THAT'S ALWAYS TAKING CARE OF BONAPARTE LIKE THAT...
...MORE THAN I LIKE THE LEONA I SEE WHEN WE'RE ALONE TO-GETHER.
WELL, NOW... I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHAT TO DO ABOUT THAT. DON'T REALLY THINK I CAN HELP YOU ON THAT ONE!
HA HA HA
BUT YOU KNOW... I WOULDN'T EXACTLY DISLIKE AN AL THAT STOPPED SAYING THINGS LIKE THAT.

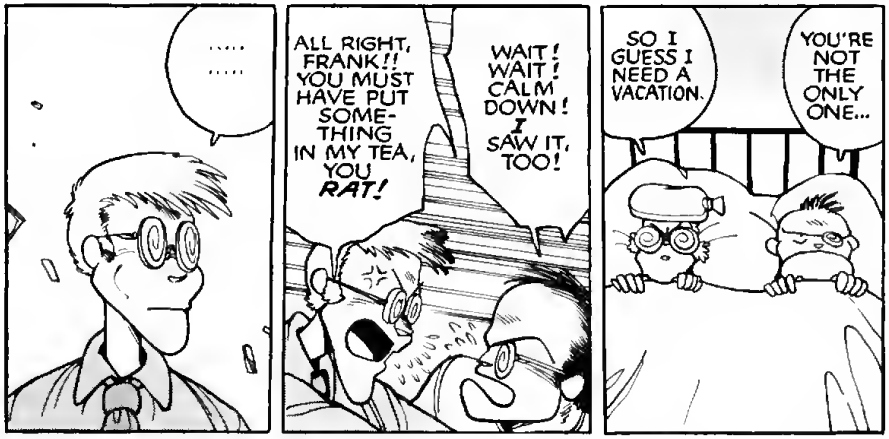
I'M ME. CAN'T ASK FOR MORE THAN THAT, hmmm ?
I MEAN, I'M NOT ASKING FOR MORE THAN THAT!
JUST SOMEONE WHO'S LEVEL-HEADED, HEALTHY, STUNNINGLY HANDSOME, NOT ACCIDENT-PRONE, INCREDIBLY RICH, CHEERFUL, ACTIVE, CRACKLING WITH ENERGY, SPORTS-LOVER, GENTLE, STRONG, WITH A STREAK OF GOOD LUCK...
PROFESSIONAL STREET-FIGHTER, A MYSTERIOUS ALIEN WITH SUPER-POWERS, A CORDON BLEU CHEF, LOVES KIDS, GREGARIOUS, FAITHFUL, AND TRUE...
NOW, THAT'S SOMEONE I COULD FALL IN LOVE WITH!!
I GIVE UP... ....
Aw, I DON'T REALLY MEAN THAT. RISING EXPECTATIONS ARE WHAT RUINED OLD JAPAN...
Whew!
THAT'S GOOD... YOU HAD ME WORRIED THERE.
WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
YOU'RE MY VERY, VERY IMPOR-TANT PARTNER ...
?!
ALL TANK POLICE PERSONNEL
weoo weoo weoo
TO DUTY STATIONS
HERE WE GO AGAIN... JUST LIKE ALWAYS...
AW, GEEZ...
I WONDER IF THIS IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO HER? SHE BEEN WATCHING TOO MANY ROMANTIC MOVIES...?
weoo weoo
SHE'S STILL YOUNG. HER BIO-CLOCK'S NOT TICKING YET!

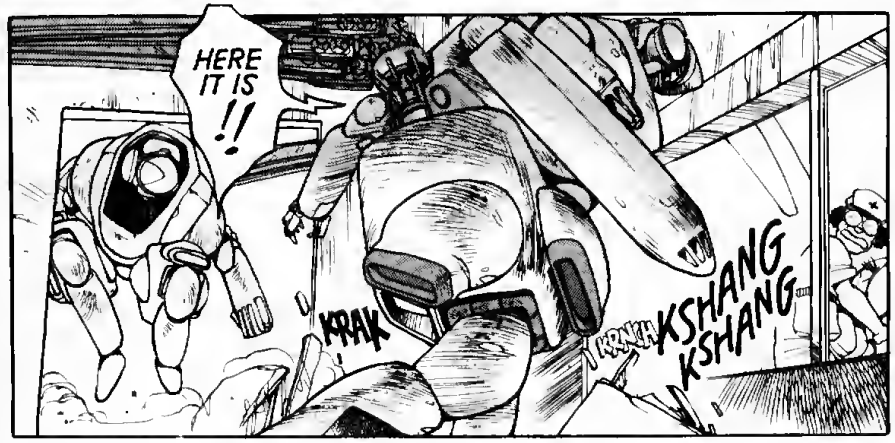
RANGG
SPRAK
WHDD
SKRASSH
OSPITAL
ANNA! FOLLOW ME TO THE NURSERY !!


VRRRRRTTT
HELLO?! POLICE?! HELLO ?!!
VRRTTT
JUST LOOK AT THESE NITROGEN FLOWS! AT BOTH THE ELEMENTAL AND MOLECULAR LEVEL, THEY DISPLAY DISTINCTLY HUMAN-LIKE METABOLIC CHARACTERISTICS.
LEAVE THE LIFE GAME TO ITSELF AND YOU KNOW HOW THINGS WILL TURN OUT! BUT THE PROBLEM WITH LITTLE GREENPEACE CROLIS HERE IS WASTE HEAT--
WAIT A SECOND... I THINK I HEARD SOMETHING OUT IN THE HALLWAY.
POLICE
BAM

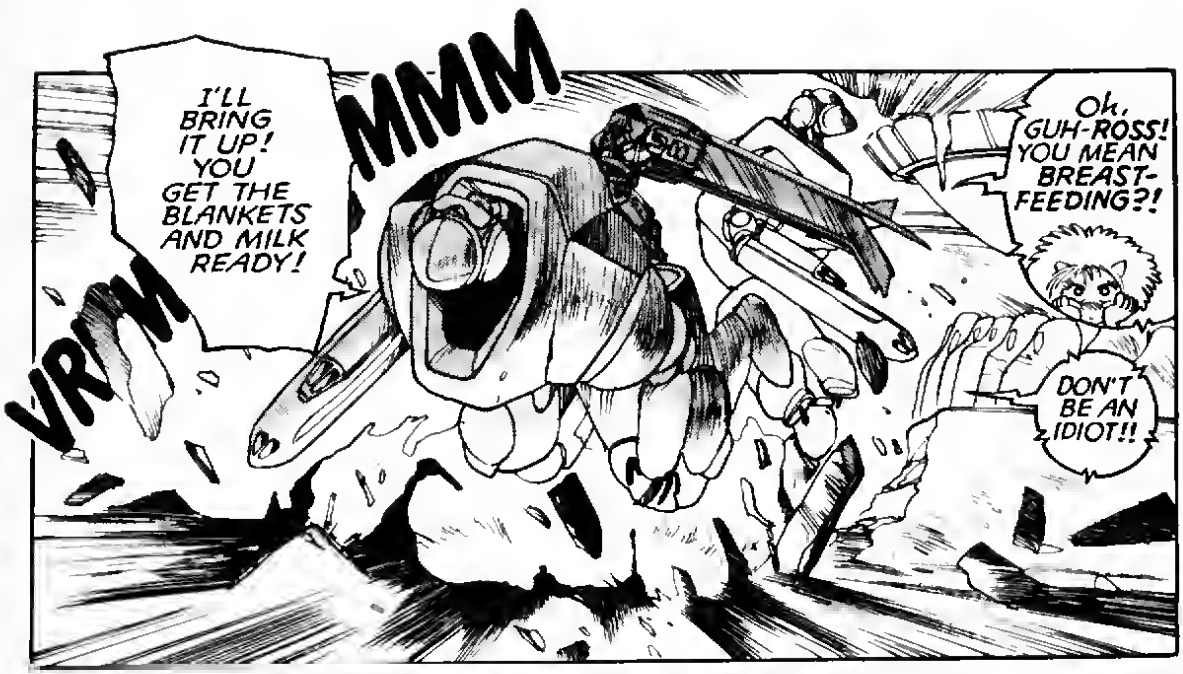

VWHOOSSH

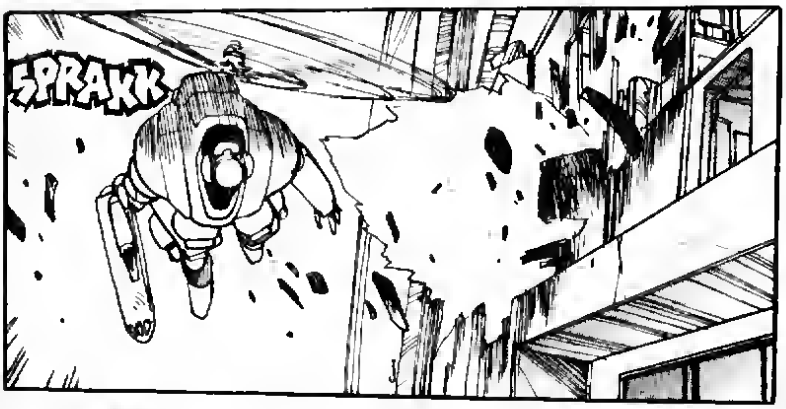
BTAM


.....
.....
ALL RIGHT, FRANK!! YOU MUST HAVE PUT SOME-THING IN MY TEA, YOU RAT!
WAIT! WAIT! CALM DOWN! I SAW IT, TOO!
SO I GUESS I NEED A VACATION.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE...

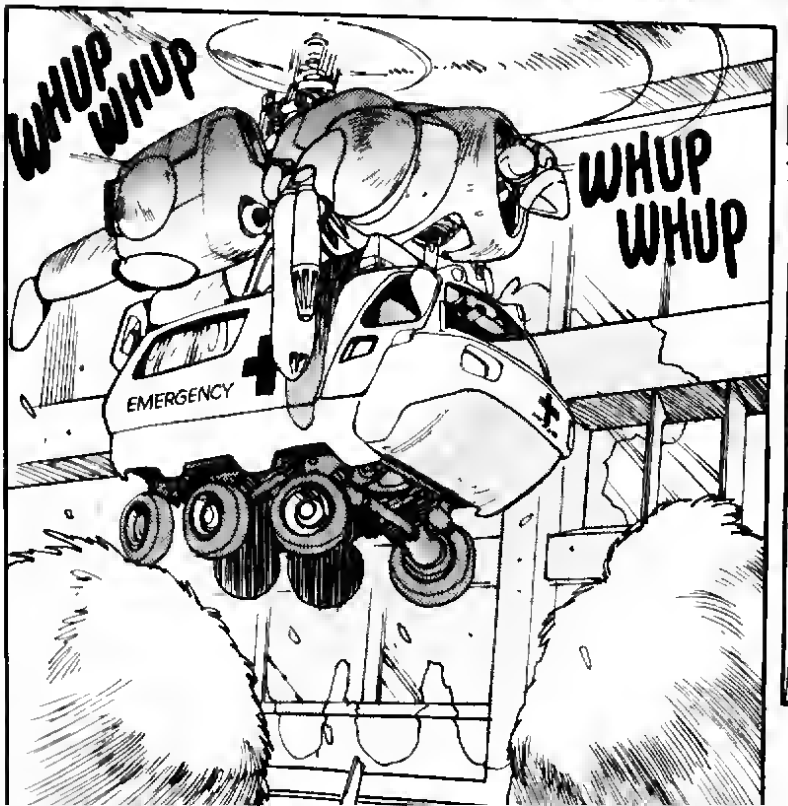

HERE IT IS !!
KRAK
KSHANG KSHANG

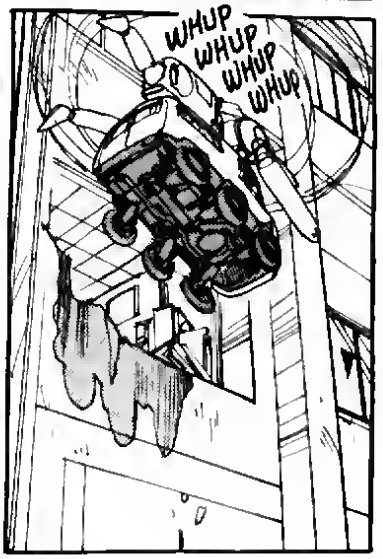
OH, WOW... ANNA, THEY'RE SO CUUUTE! ALL PACKED AND READY FOR STEALING! WHAT A HAUL!
THEY DON'T FIGHT BACK, THEY CAN'T RUN AWAY... COULDN'T ASK FOR BETTER HOSTAGES! AND THEY DON'T DIE EASILY, EITHER!
HYAAAAAA!
DON'T BE AN IDIOT!!
KANG KANG
GEE, UNI, CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?! I JUST CAN'T STAND SENILE OLD FARTS, BRATS, NERDS, AND MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN!
WA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!
KANG KANG
OOOH, YOU VILLAINS, YOU WICKED, WICKED VILLAINS!
YOU SAW THAT BIG AMBULANCE PARKED OUT FRONT?
IF WE, LIKE, USE THAT, WE CAN CARRY FIFTY OF THEM AT LEAST!


VRRM
MMM
I'LL BRING IT UP! YOU GET THE BLANKETS AND MILK READY!
Oh, GUH-ROSS! YOU MEAN BREAST-FEEDING?!
DON'T BE AN IDIOT!!

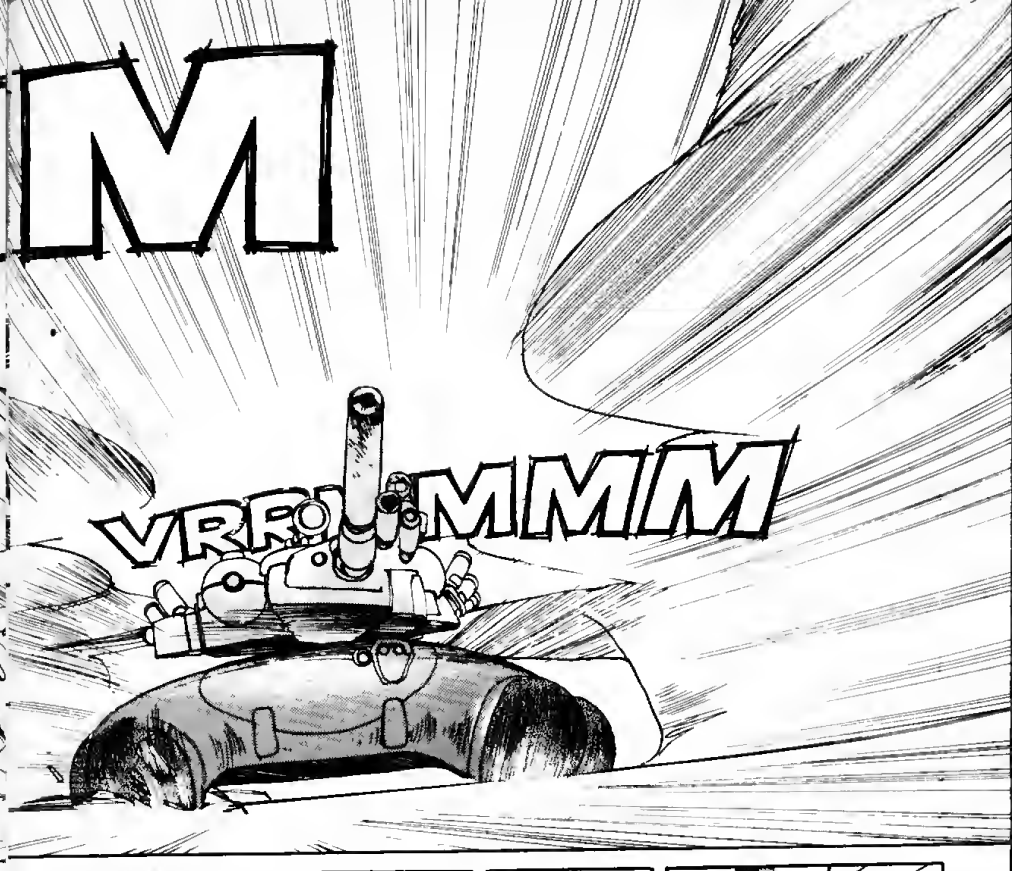

SPRAKK

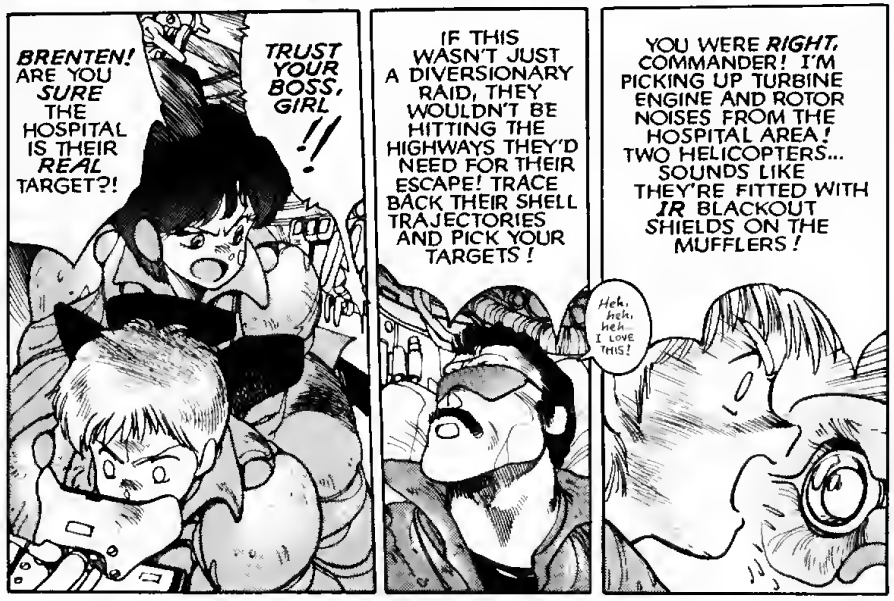
Oh, PITS! I MUST HAVE USED THE HOVERING JETS TOO MUCH...
MY FUEL'S ALMOST GONE !!

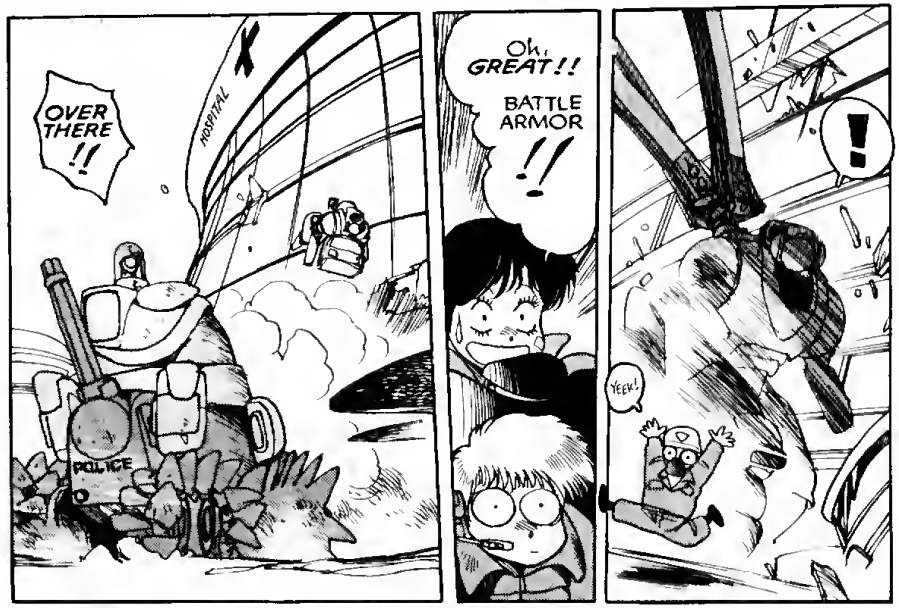

WHUP WHUP
WHUP WHUP
EMERGENCY

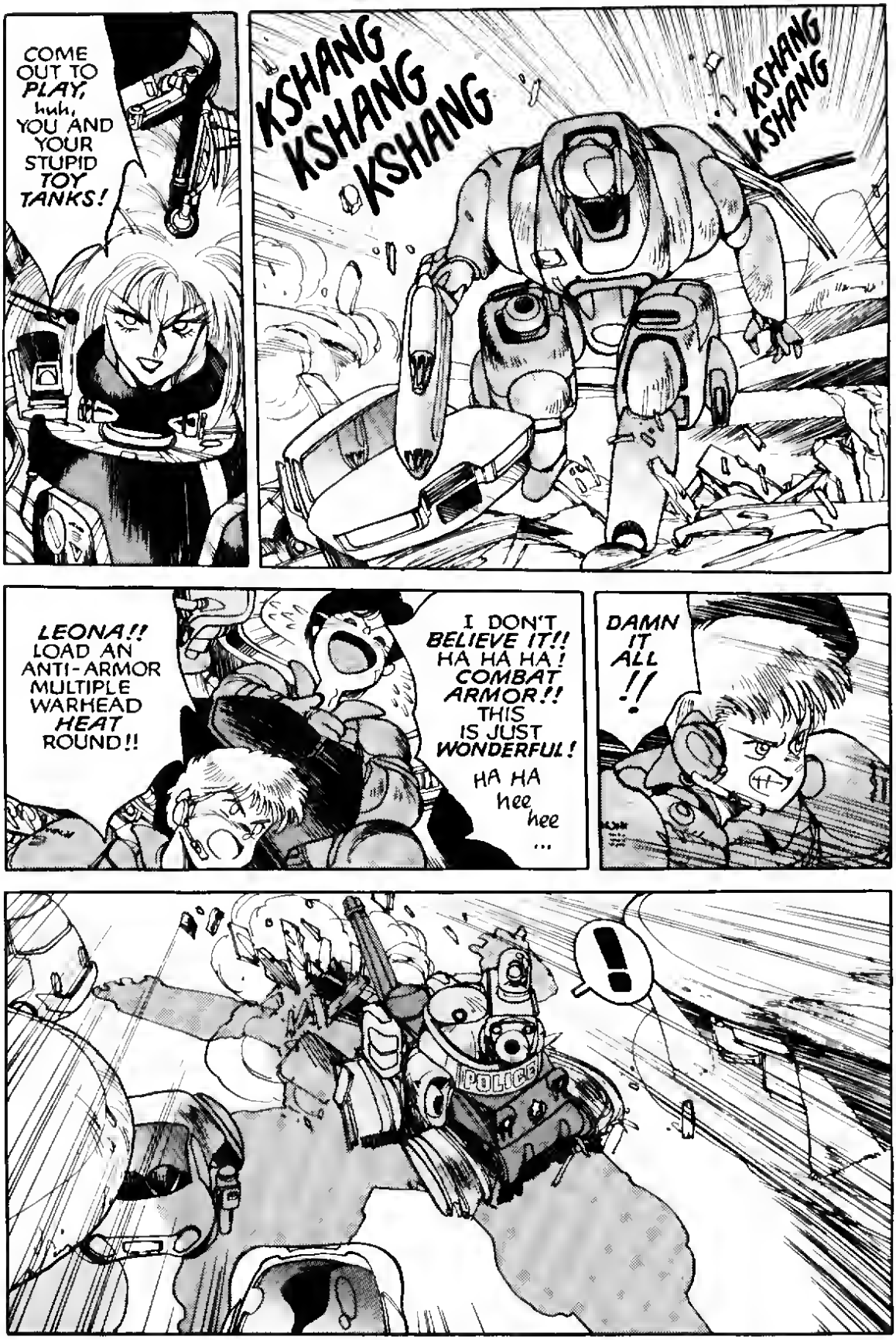

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

VRRUMMM
POLICE
TANK POLICE


VRRUMMM


BRENTEN! ARE YOU SURE THE HOSPITAL IS THEIR REAL TARGET?!
TRUST YOUR BOSS, GIRL!!
IF THIS WASN'T JUST A DIVERSIONARY RAID, THEY WOULDN'T BE HITTING THE HIGHWAYS THEY'D NEED FOR THEIR ESCAPE! TRACE BACK THEIR SHELL TRAJECTORIES AND PICK YOUR TARGETS!
Heh, heh, heh. I LOVE THIS!
YOU WERE RIGHT, COMMANDER! I'M PICKING UP TURBINE ENGINE AND ROTOR NOISES FROM THE HOSPITAL AREA! TWO HELICOPTERS... SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE FITTED WITH IR BLACKOUT SHIELDS ON THE MUFFLERS!


OVER THERE!!
HOSPITAL
POLICE
Oh, GREAT!! BATTLE ARMOR!!
YEEK!


COME OUT TO PLAY, huh, YOU AND YOUR STUPID TOY TANKS!
KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG
KSHANG KSHANG
LEONA!! LOAD AN ANTI-ARMOR MULTIPLE WARHEAD HEAT ROUND!!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! HA HA HA! COMBAT ARMOR!! THIS IS JUST WONDERFUL! HA HA hee hee ...
DAMN IT ALL !!
POLICE
!

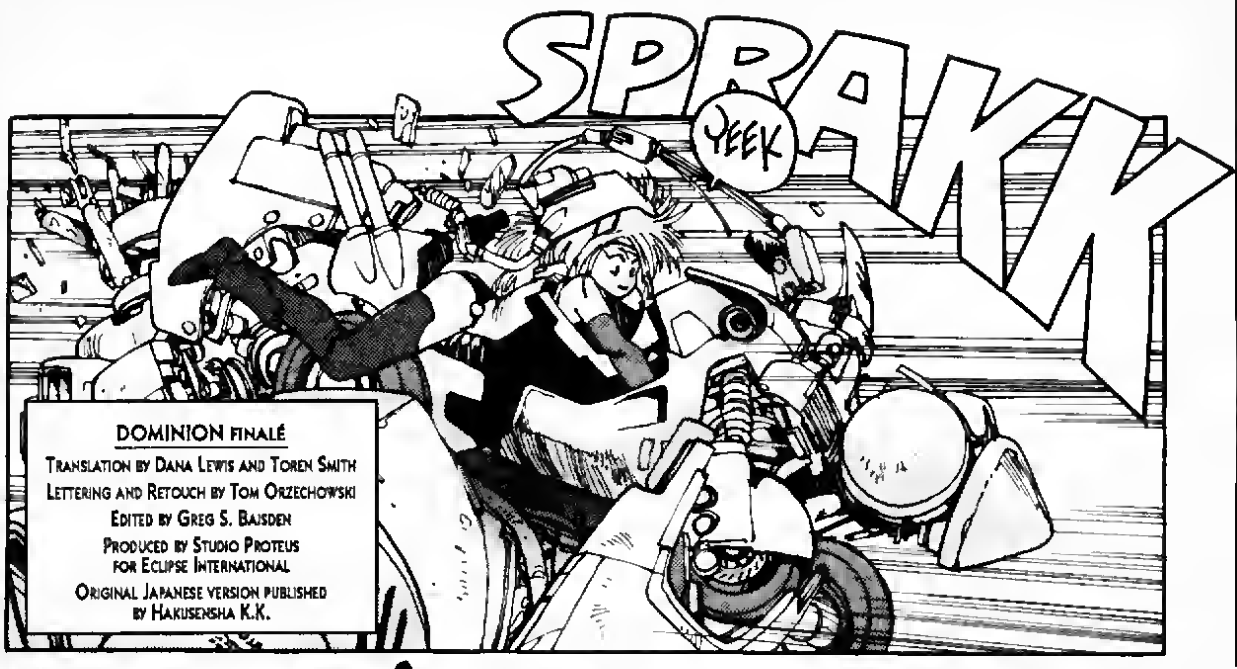
VRRTT
TTTT
POLICE
TANK POLICE
SKRAS
SSCHHH
HE
YOU REALLY THINK THOSE 12.7mm PEASHOOTERS WORK NOWADAYS?! Heh, heh, heh!
VRTTT
AIEEE!!!
SPANG
SPANG
SPANG

SPANG PASPANG SPANGALANG
VRMM
KSHAK
Oh, NO YOU DON'T !!
WHUP WHUP WHUP
WHEW! 30mm VULCANS! I THOUGHT POOR BONAPARTE WAS FINISHED!
HE WHO LAUGHS LAST !
VRTTT
AIEEE!!!
SPANG
SPANG

THE ATTACK HELICOPTER IS THE NATURAL PREDATOR OF LAND ARMOR
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! WE'RE COUNTER-ATTACKING!! RUN A FUEL CHECK, THEN PINPOINT THEIR POSITION-- THEY'RE DEAD MEAT!!
LEONA! THEY'RE ANTI-TANK HELICOPTERS! THOSE GUYS ARE TANK KILLERS!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT-- IF THEY GO FOR ALTITUDE, THEY'LL MAKE BETTER TARGETS. IF THEY FLY NAP OF THE EARTH, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SPOT US.
BESIDES, IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF HELI-COPTERS-- STAY OUT OF TANKS!
VRMMMM
POLICE
MEAT!
UH! WHAT'S WRONG?!
ANNA!
BELLE EPOCH
ANNA, THAT LITTLE MONSTER TOOK A OERLIKON 30mm ATTACK FULL ON, AND IT'S STILL ALIVE!
THEY MUST HAVE CHOBHAM/ FASCES COMPOSITE ARMOR! I WARNED YOU, DIDN'T I ?!
TRY TO AIM FOR THE WEAK SPOTS-- HATCHES, TREADS, THE GUN BARREL!

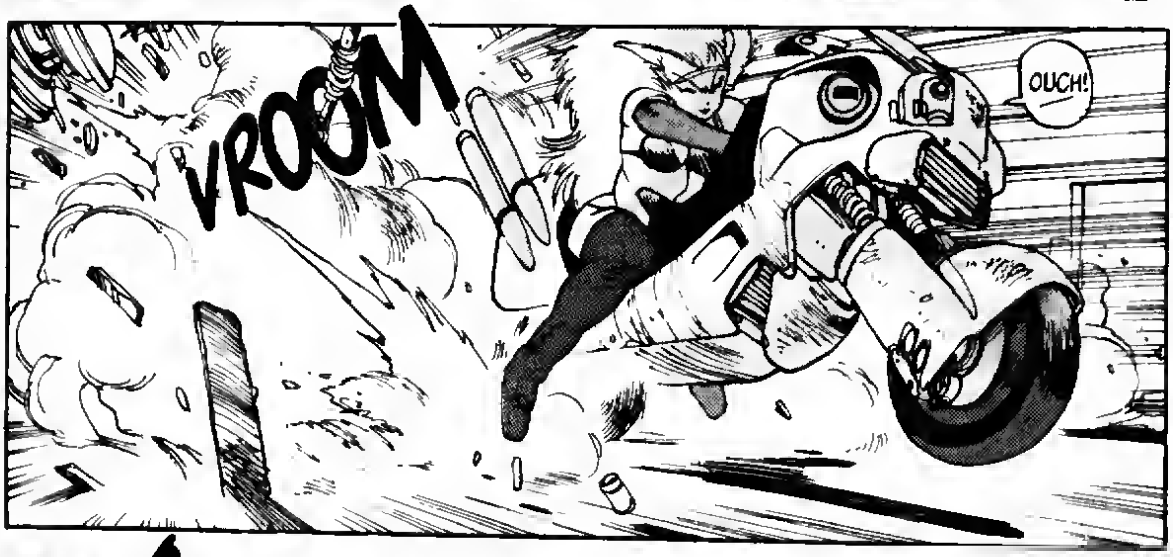
TO BE CONTINUED...!

ECLIPSE
INTERNATIONAL
№ 6 of 6
$2.00/CANADA $2.50
MASAMUNE SHIROW
DOMINION
™



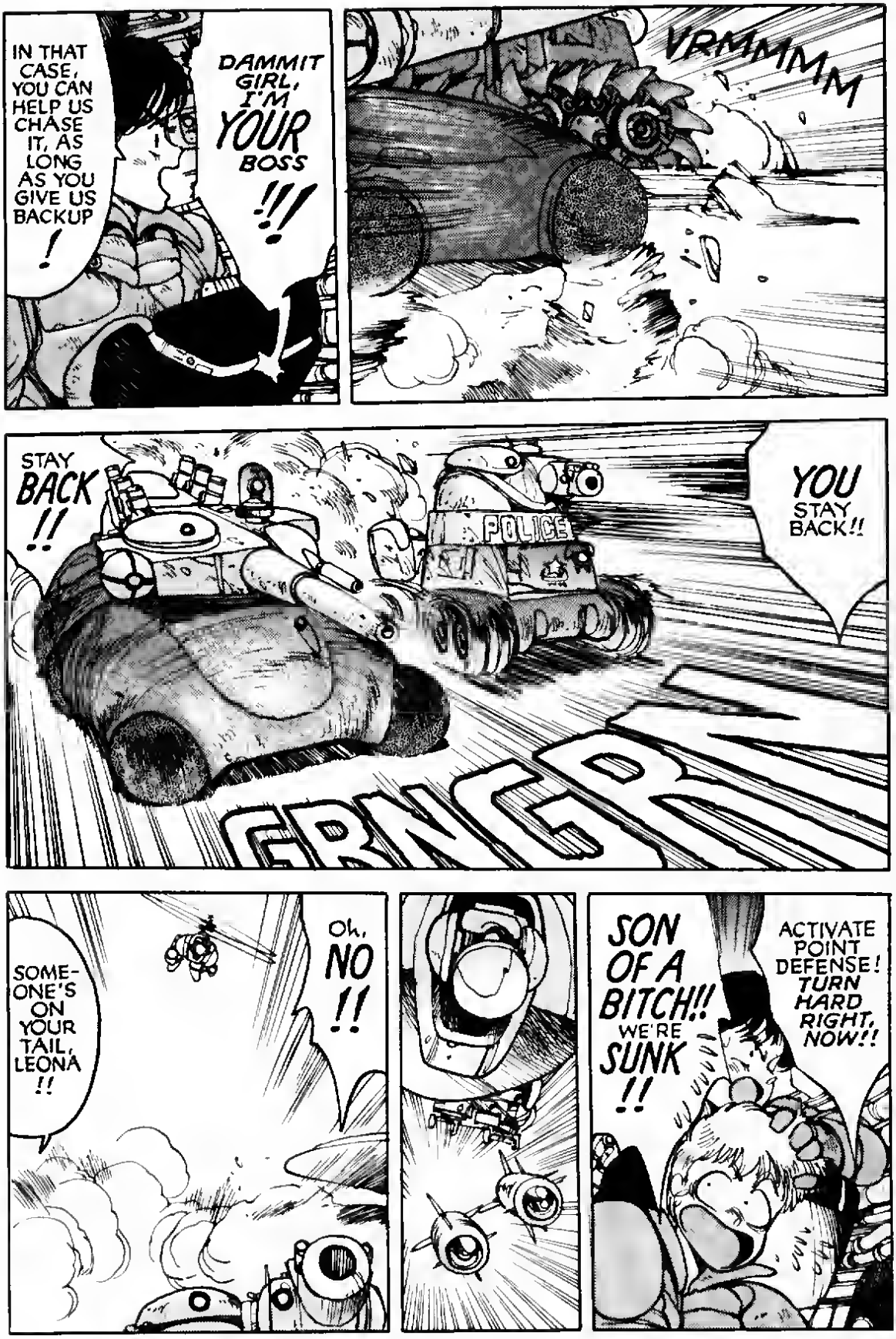
DOMINION FINALÉ

TRANSLATION BY DANA LEWIS AND TOREN SMITH
LETTERING AND RETOUCH BY TOM ORZECHOWSKI
EDITED BY GREG S. BAISDEN
PRODUCED BY STUDIO PROTEUS
FOR ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL
ORIGINAL JAPANESE VERSION PUBLISHED
BY HAKUSENSHA K.K.



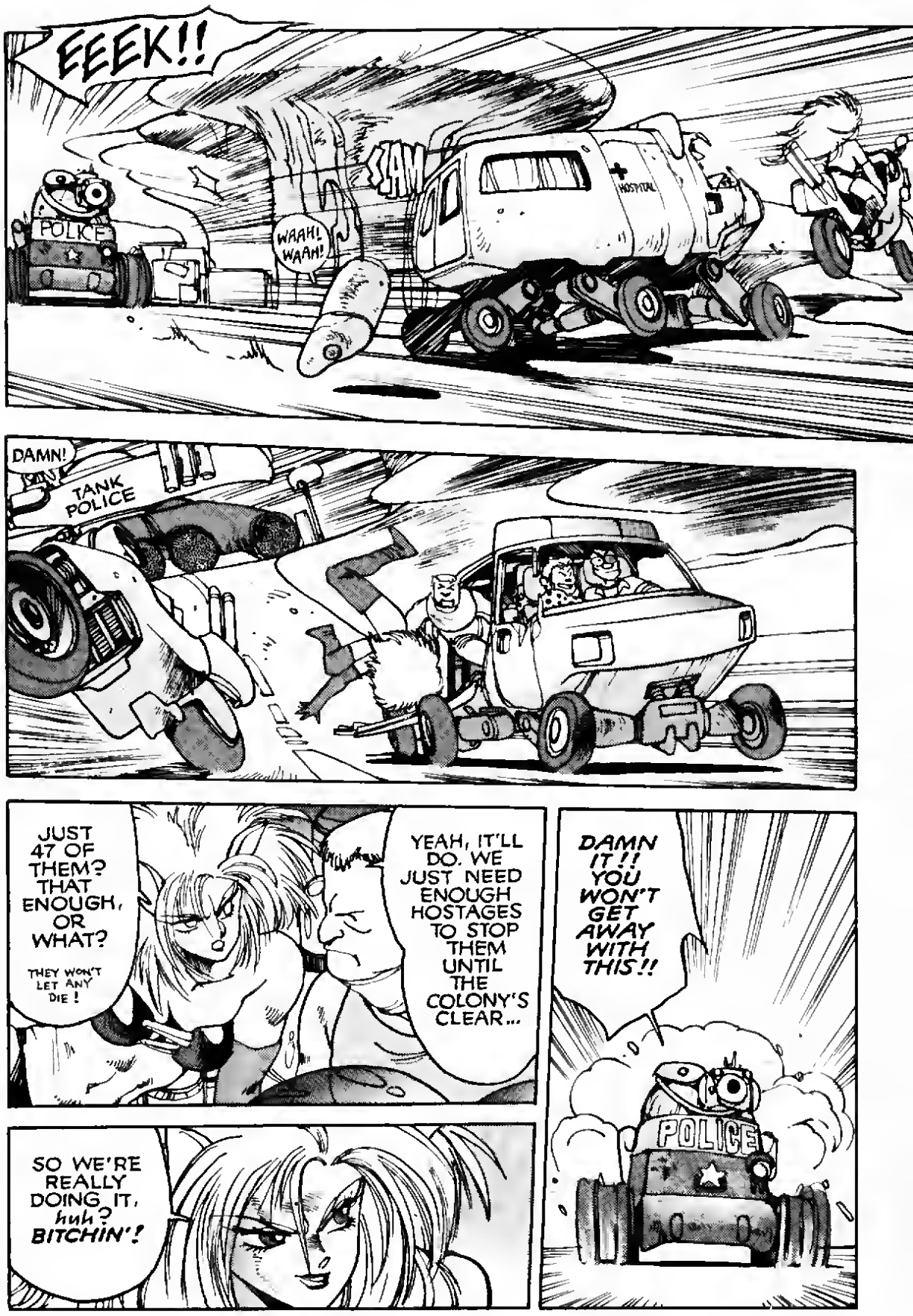
BRENTEN WANTS US TO HELP HIM OUT--THE HOSPITAL'S IN BAD SHAPE!
SHUT UP AND FOLLOW HER!
GRNGRNGRN
POLICE
ANY COMMUNI-CATIONS FROM THE REGULAR PATROL CARS?
THEY'RE PROBABLY ALL SCRAP BY NOW! BUAKU'S GOT US TOTALLY OUTCLASSED IN EQUIPMENT AND TACTICS!
YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THAT... WHERE DO THEY GET THOSE INCREDIBLE WEAPONS?
I MEAN, YOU CAN'T EVEN STEAL STUFF LIKE THAT! AND EVEN IF YOU COULD, NO CROOK WOULD USE THEM-- THEY'D JUST SELL THEM TO SOME ARMS MERCHANT.
SO JUST WHAT IS BUAKU UP TO? CAN'T BE AFTER MONEY... AND IF THEY MAKE TOO MUCH TROUBLE, SOMEONE'LL CALL OUT THE ARMY AND BYE-BYE BUAKU...
HE'S TOO DAMN SMART NOT TO KNOW THAT...
GRNGRNGRN

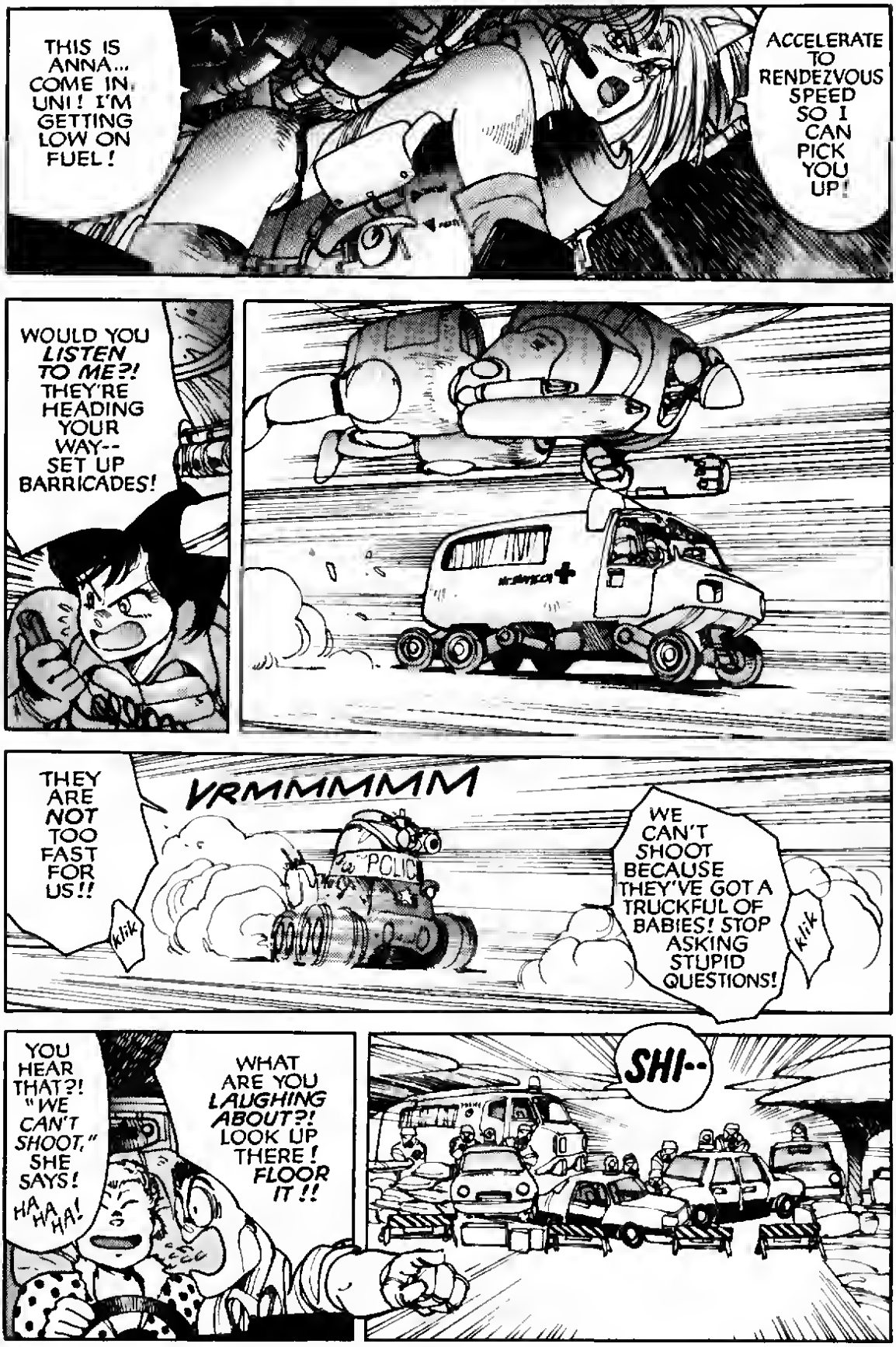
SKREEEECH!
BRENTEN!!
KANG
THEY'RE ESCAPING! WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU?!
GET OFF THE ROAD, YOU IDIOTS! THE AMBULANCE IS GETTING AWAY!!
?!

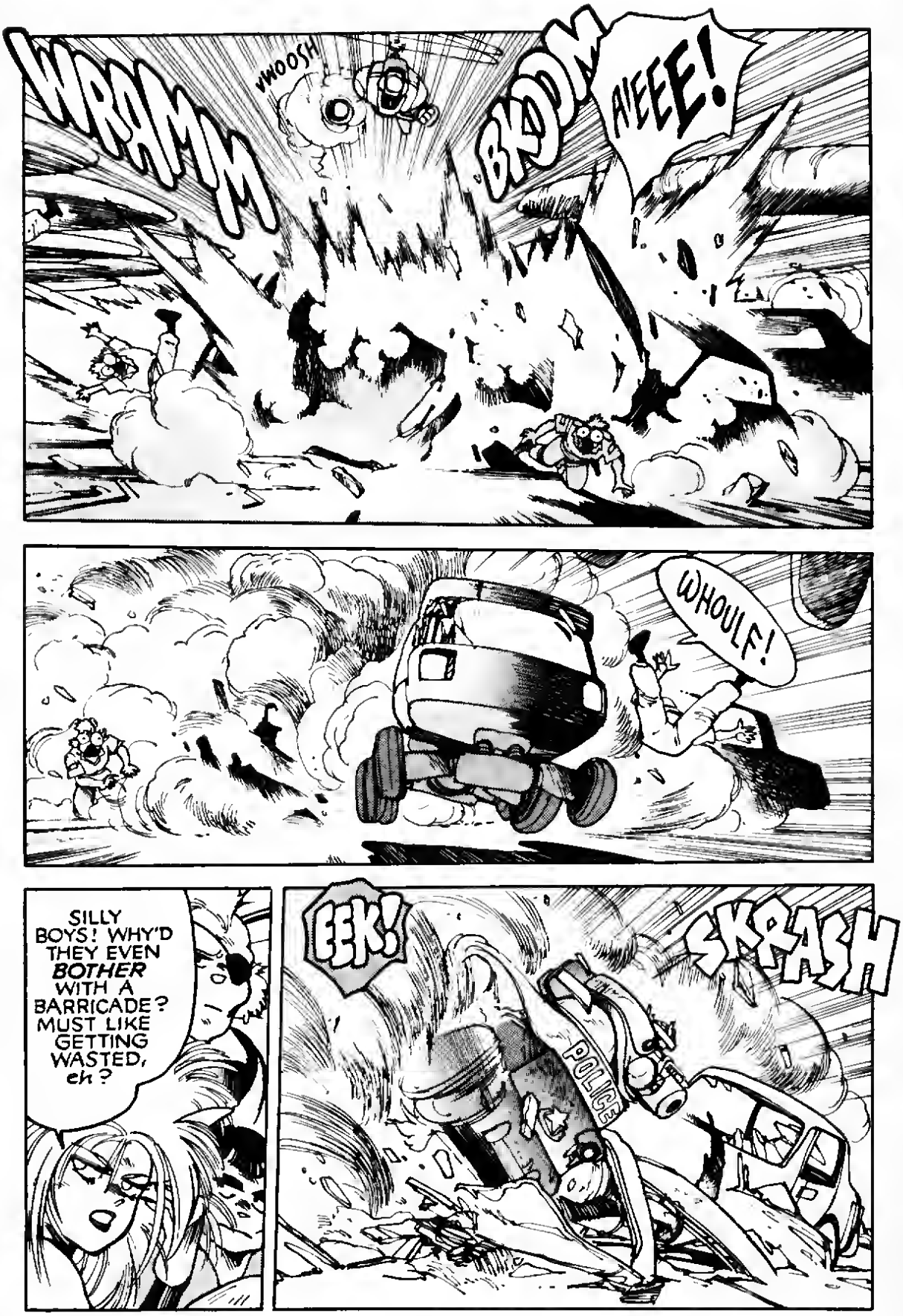

IN THAT CASE, YOU CAN HELP US CHASE IT, AS LONG AS YOU GIVE US BACKUP!
DAMMIT GIRL, I'M YOUR BOSS!!!
VRMMMMM
STAY BACK!!
POLICE
YOU STAY BACK!!
ERGRI
SOME-ONE'S ON YOUR TAIL, LEONA!!
Oh, NO!!
SON OF A BITCH!! WE'RE SUNK!!
ACTIVATE POINT DEFENSE! TURN HARD RIGHT, NOW!!

WHOOAM
OOF!
GRN GRN GRN
SKRASH

HALT OR WE'LL SHOOT!
POLICE
JUST TRY IT, COPPER!! THE BABIES DIE TOO!
BROOM
SCYEEEEE
KCHAK
HEH!
SPAK
YEEH!
POLICE
HEY, CHECK THESE OUT! EVERY ONE PACKED WITH A BABY!
HERE, CATCH!!
KRANGG


EEEK!!
POLICE
WAAH! WAAH!
SLAM
HOSPITAL
DAMN!
TANK POLICE
JUST 47 OF THEM? THAT ENOUGH, OR WHAT?
THEY WON'T LET ANY DIE!
YEAH, IT'LL DO. WE JUST NEED ENOUGH HOSTAGES TO STOP THEM UNTIL THE COLONY'S CLEAR...
SO WE'RE REALLY DOING IT, huh? BITCHIN'!
DAMN IT!! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!
POLICE

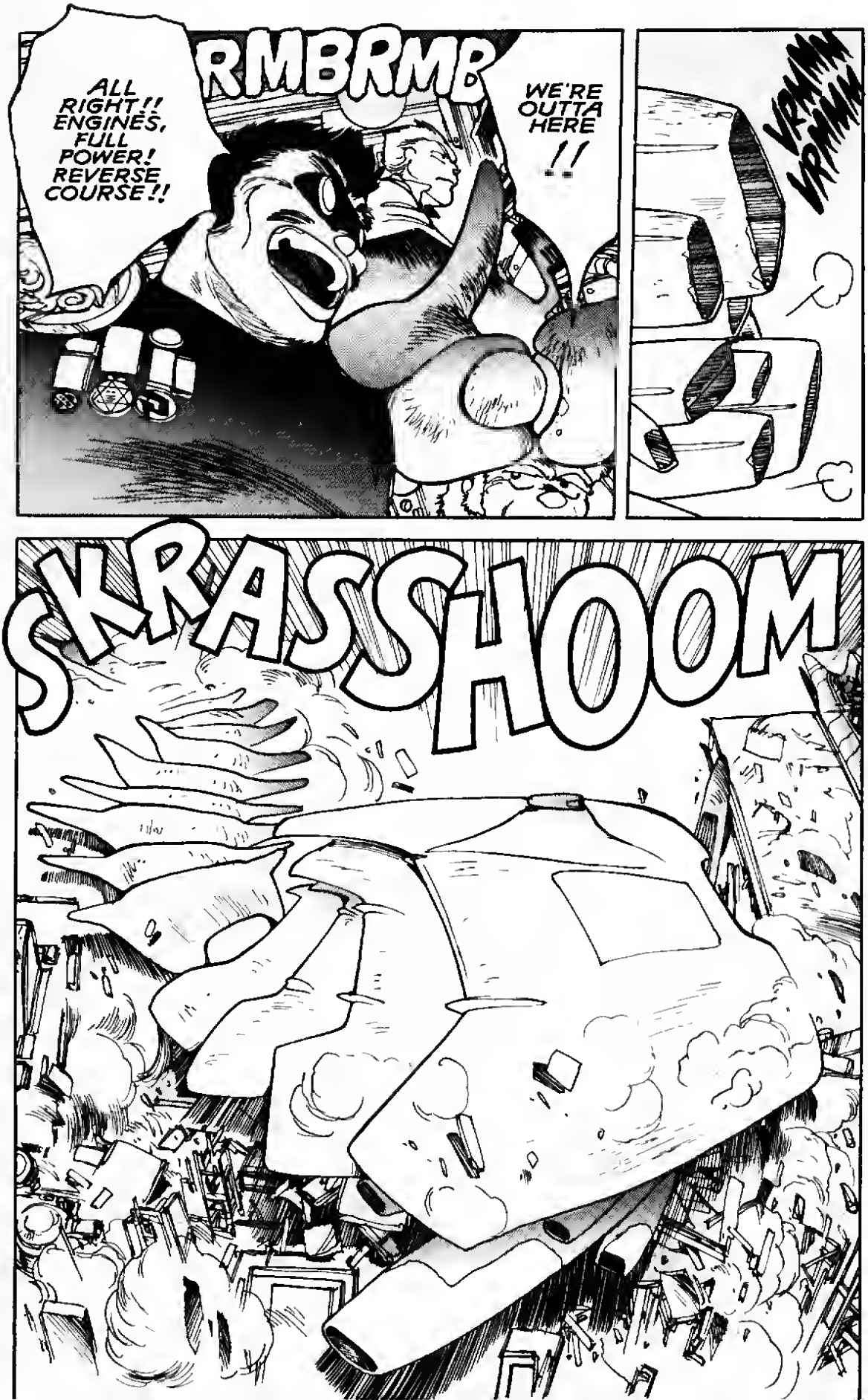

THIS IS ANNA... COME IN, UNI! I'M GETTING LOW ON FUEL!
ACCELERATE TO RENDEZVOUS SPEED SO I CAN PICK YOU UP!
WOULD YOU LISTEN TO ME?! THEY'RE HEADING YOUR WAY-- SET UP BARRICADES!
VRMMMMM
THEY ARE NOT TOO FAST FOR US!!
klik
WE CAN'T SHOOT BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT A TRUCKFUL OF BABIES! STOP ASKING STUPID QUESTIONS!
klik
YOU HEAR THAT?! "WE CAN'T SHOOT," SHE SAYS! HA HA HA!
WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT?! LOOK UP THERE! FLOOR IT!!
SHI--

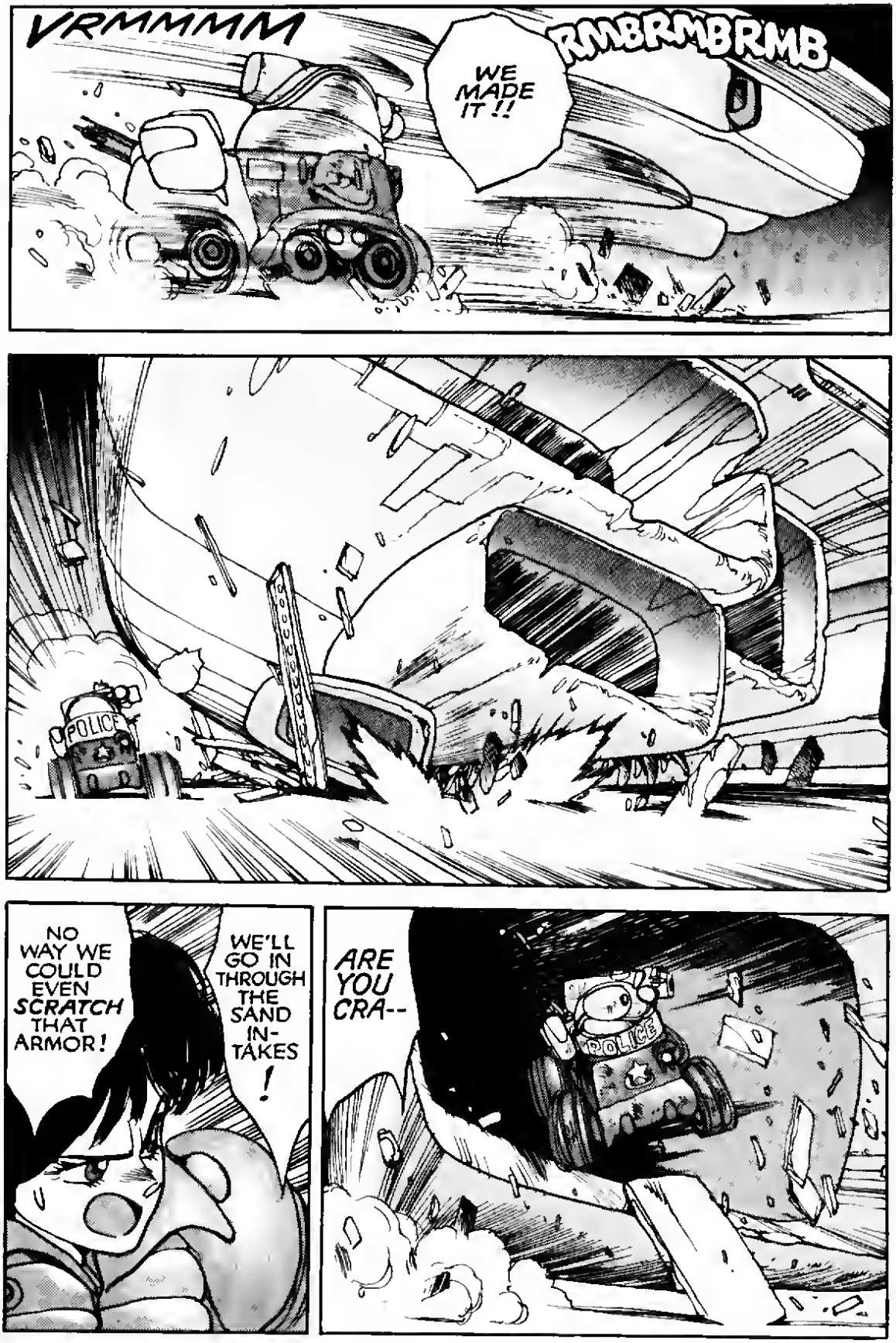

WRAMM
WWOOSH
BKOOM
AIEEE!
WHOULF!
SILLY BOYS! WHY'D THEY EVEN *BOTHER* WITH A BARRICADE? MUST LIKE GETTING WASTED, *eh?*
EEK!
POLICE
SKRASH

YA!EEE!
POLICE
WHAM
OH SHIT! WE'RE TRAPPED!
SHUT UP, YOU BIG BABY!
KLIK KLIK
VREEEEE VREEEE
Waaahh! WE REALLY CAN'T GET OUT!!
LEONA! STOP KICKING!
VREEEEEEEEEEEEE
POLICE
BYE, BYE!!
OXFAM SHOP

BABIES? THEY GOT BABIES FROM THE HOSPITAL ?!
MY ULCER...
CHIEF!
RRIINNGG
RRIIN
takka tak tak
SHORE PATROL REPORTS A BUAKU SHIP IN THE HARBOR !
WHAT THE HELL ARE THOSE TANK JOCKEYS UP TO?!
FWMP
3-3 EYES
RED LENSES
WHOOOM
UPSY DAISY!
POLICE
ALRIGHT! LET'S HEAD FOR THE HARBOR!
GRNGRNGRN
POLICE
WHOA!

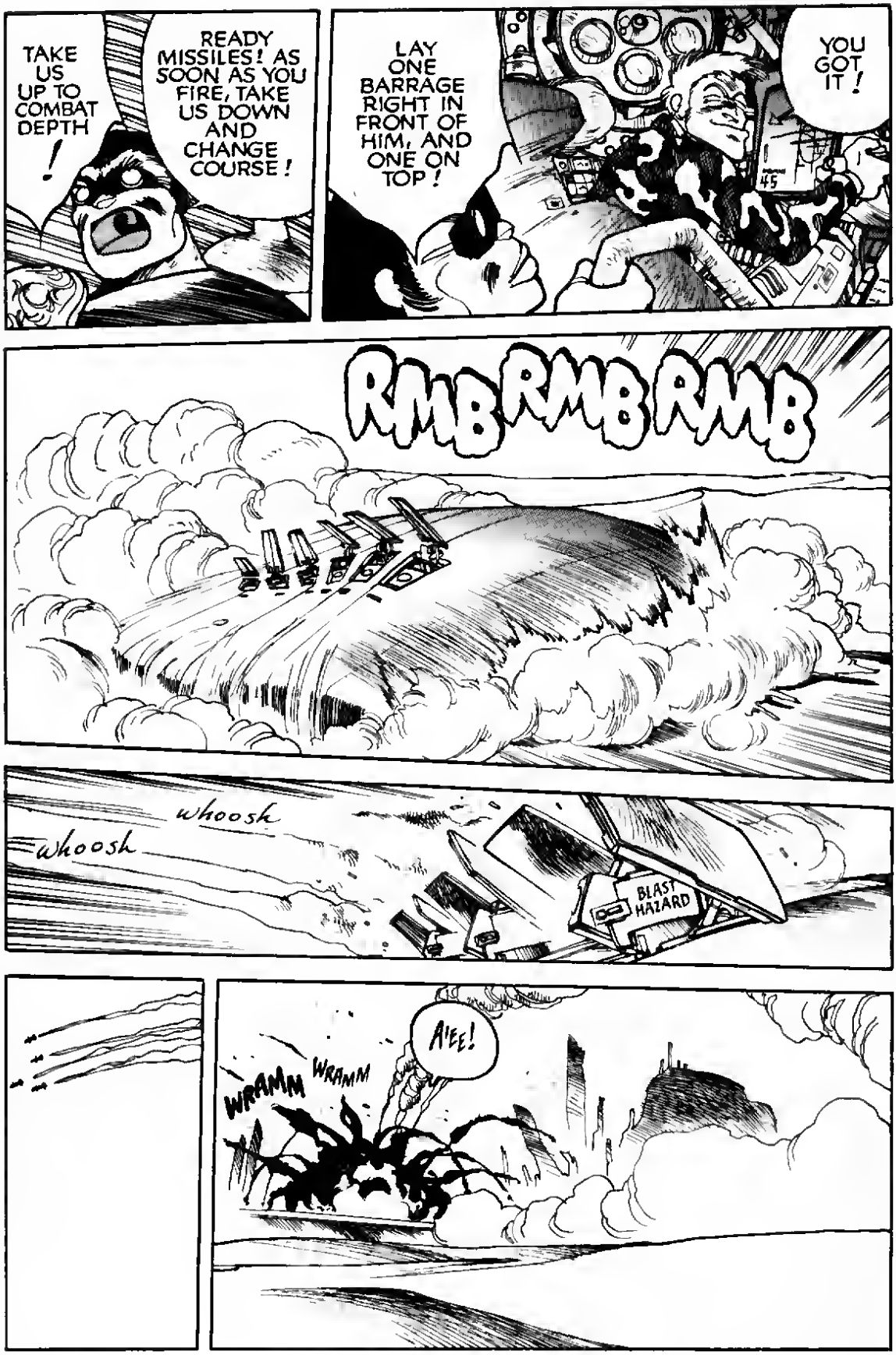
BUAKU'S DEMANDING WHAT?! HE WANTS TO TRADE THE BABIES FOR A SPACE SHUTTLE?!
IT GETS WORSE, CHIEF--HE ALSO WANTS US TO HAND OVER THE SPACE COLONY THEY'VE JUST FINISHED BUILDING... THE EMBRYO.
THIS IS GETTING TOO BIG FOR US, CHIEF! WE'VE GOT TO CALL IN HELP!
I CAN CONTACT THE ARMY FOR YOU...!
I'VE ALREADY CALLED THEM, TWICE. THEY SAY THEY'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO INTERFERE.
IT'S ALL BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE, NOW...
?
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BUAKU... NEVER!!
RMB RMB RMB RMB RMB RMB

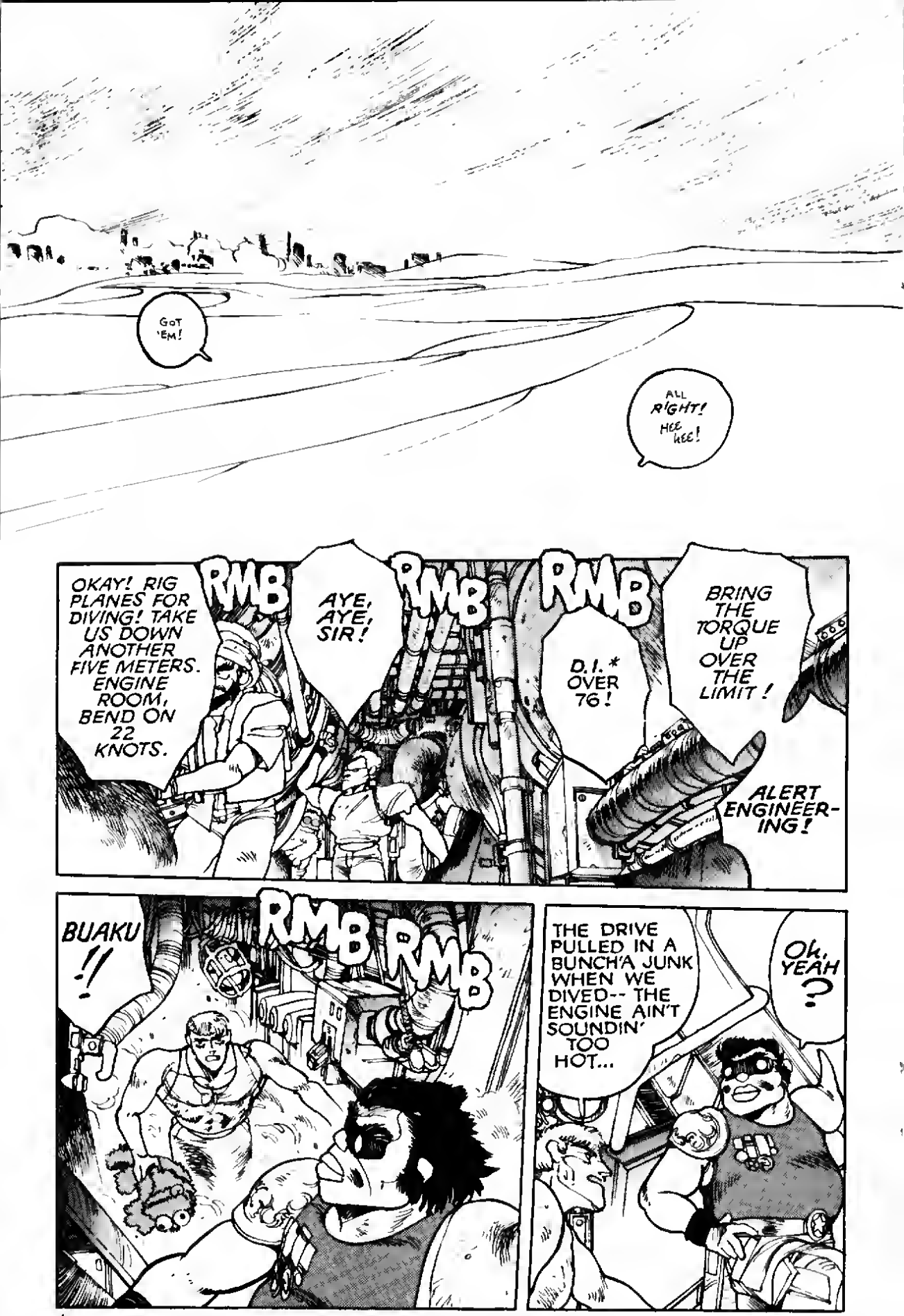

ALL RIGHT!! ENGINES, FULL POWER! REVERSE COURSE!!
RMBRMB
WE'RE OUTTA HERE!!
VRMMMMM
SKRASSHOOM


VRMMMM
WE MADE IT !!
RMBRMBRMB
POLICE
NO WAY WE COULD EVEN SCRATCH THAT ARMOR!
WE'LL GO IN THROUGH THE SAND IN-TAKES !
ARE YOU CRA--
POLICE

-ZZYYYY!!
VRAAAA
YEOW!! HELP!! YEOW!!
KRANGG
KANGG
KANGG
VREEE
MEE!!

RMBRMBRMB
POF POF POF POF
BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM
RMBRMBRMB
STEP ON IT!!
WE CAN'T GO ANY FASTER AT THIS DEPTH-- THE SAND PRESSURE WOULD CRUSH THE HULL. AND IF WE RUN SHALLOW, THEY STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF HITTING US!


TAKE US UP TO COMBAT DEPTH!
READY MISSILES! AS SOON AS YOU FIRE, TAKE US DOWN AND CHANGE COURSE!
LAY ONE BARRAGE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM, AND ONE ON TOP!
YOU GOT IT!
RMB RMB RMB
whoosh
whoosh
BLAST HAZARD
WRAMM
WRAMM
AIEE!


GOT 'EM!
ALL RIGHT! HEE HEE!
OKAY! RIG PLANES FOR DIVING! TAKE US DOWN ANOTHER FIVE METERS. ENGINE ROOM, BEND ON 22 KNOTS.
RMB
AYE, AYE, SIR!
RMB
D.I.* OVER 76!
RMB
BRING THE TORQUE UP OVER THE LIMIT!
ALERT ENGINEERING!
BUAKU!!
RMB RMB
THE DRIVE PULLED IN A BUNCH'A JUNK WHEN WE DIVED-- THE ENGINE AIN'T SOUNDIN' TOO HOT...
OH, YEAH?

*"DISCOMFORT INDEX." A D.I. OF 75 WOULD MEAN THE NOISE, HEAT, ETC., WOULD BE UNCOMFORTABLE TO HALF THE CREW. A D.I. OF 80 WOULD BE BAD FOR EVERYBODY.

GEE, ANNA, WHAT DO YOU THINK IT'S LIKE IN OUTER SPACE, huh?
HA HA HA HA
EXCEPT FOR STARS AN' NEBULAS AN' STUFF, IT'S JUST LIKE THE INSIDE OF YOUR HEAD! TOTALLY EMPTY!
WELL, Y'KNOW, THERE COULD BE ALL KINDS OF STUFF OUT THERE, ACTUALLY. OTHER PEOPLE, EVEN!
BY "STARS," ANNA MEANS PLANETS, ASTEROIDS, ETC. TALK ABOUT AN "EMPTY HEAD"..!
BOOM
WHAAT?!
SSSHHHH
POLICE
IT'S A VIRUS!!

VRMMM
GRNGRNGRN
POLICE
AIEEE!
GET AWAY!
GRNGRNGRN
POLICE
GRNGRNGRN
AIEEE!
WE'RE TRAPPED! TRAPPED LIKE RATS IN A KLEIN BOTTLE!
POLICE
WHAT THE HELL 91

Whew!
GRN GRN GRN
WE'LL TAKE OVER THE FUEL CELLS! TELL THEM WE'LL TRADE THEIR LIVES FOR THE HOSTAGES!
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING! WHAT IF THEY DON'T GO FOR IT?!
WE'VE GOTTA TRY-- WE'RE PUBLIC SERVANTS, RIGHT?!
POLICE
BUAKU! WE'VE GOT A HULL BREACH SIGNAL FROM C-DECK!
BEEP
BEEP
INTRUDERS...?
OOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOO
SOUNDS LIKE WE GOT A "VIRUS" ONBOARD. I'M WITH THE "VACCINE" SQUAD THIS WEEK, I GOTTA GO!
TRIM THE EDGES, OKAY?
USE A FORK TO POKE HOLES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CRUST. I'LL PERSONALLY STRANGLE YOU IF THE BOTTOMS RISE AND THEY OVER-FLOW!
N-NO.. MY CAKES'LL FALL!

YIKES!
VRRM
THE TANK'S CUTTING THROUGH THE "VENA CAVA," MOVING TOWARDS THE "RIGHT ATRIUM." IF WE DON'T STOP IT, THE "BRAIN" IS NEXT!
WHAT ARE THE "LEUKO-CYTES" DOING?
NOW I'M MAD!
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO FAIL NOW--ANY IDEAS?
WE GOT NO CHOICE, BOSS! WE GOTTA SET THE AUTO-BUGS ON THEM!
FORGET IT--WE'LL NEED THOSE TO KEEP THE COPS BUSY UNTIL THE SHUTTLE'S OFF THE GROUND.
GET ME THE HYPER-SHOCK GUN AND A POWER-PACK.
WHA-?! BOSS! YOU KNOW WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF YOU USE THAT INSIDE THE SHIP?!
SHUT UP AND DO IT!
CAUTION GAS
HEAD THEM OFF AT THE PASS!
HEH HEH!

GRNGRNGRN
POLICE
?!
KRAK
HYAAAAH!
PO
CHNK
!
BKOOM
UNGH!
SPAK!
ANNA!!

KRANG
SSSSHHHH
POLICE
WHA-?!
SPZK
ZZKK
FZZK
KZZT
M-MECHANICAL LOVE DOLLS ?!
YOU SAID WHAT ?!!
HOW... HOW DARE YOU INSULT AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLI-GENCE!
I'LL TEAR YOUR HEART OUT FOR THIS !!
THAT'S ENOUGH, ANNA!
JUST COOL IT, OKAY ...?
KCHAK

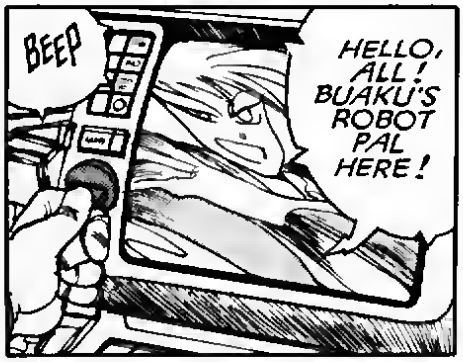
AL! FORGET IT! THAT PIPE JAMMED OUR MAIN GUN!
VREEEE
VREEEE
klik klik klik
MAKE ANY MORE TROUBLE FOR US, AND I'LL KILL YOU AND THE HOSTAGES. IF YOU GET OUT OF HERE LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, I'LL LET 10 OF THEM GO WITH YOU. HOW ABOUT IT, TANK LADY?
BUAKU !!
B-BUT BUAKU... THAT LITTLE BITCH CALLED ME A LOVE DOLL!
⇒Snff⇐
WELL? YES OR NO?
SCREW YOU, FAT BOY!! THE TANK POLICE DON'T NEGOTIATE WITH TERRORISTS!
AW, COME ON... WE'LL FREE ALL THE HOSTAGES EVEN-TUALLY, ANY-WAY.
WE'RE NOT MURDERERS, YOU KNOW.
.....
.....
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME! WE'LL DEAL--
⇒gmph!⇐
OH, NO WE WON'T! BAD GUYS ARE BAD GUYS! SUBMIT TO THE LAW AND REFLECT UPON YOUR EVIL WAYS!!
STUPID MOVE, huh?

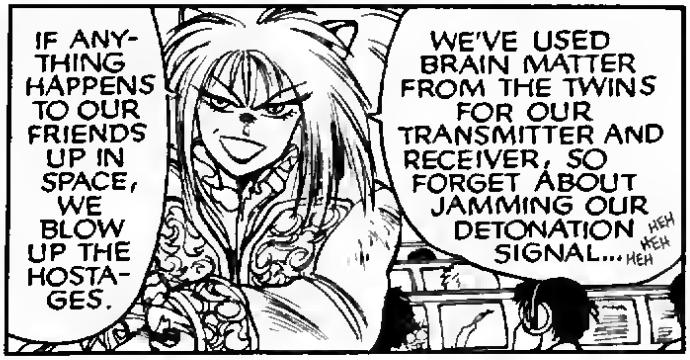
HOW LOW CAN YOU GET, ANYWAY?! KIDNAP-PING BABIES !!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOUR REASONS ARE!! CRIME MUST BE PUNISHED-- NO EXCEP-TIONS!!
THEY SAY A SINGLE LIFE IS WEIGHTIER THAN AN ENTIRE PLANET...
BUT IF THERE'S NO PLANET, THERE'S NO LIFE, eh?
THE EARTH SCREWED UP ON ITS BIOSPHERE MANAGEMENT... COULDN'T COPE WITH THOSE DAMN HUMANS.
WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO JOIN YOU ALL IN MASS SUICIDE, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
WE'RE LEAVIN' THIS CHUNK OF DIRT, AND I DON'T FIGURE WE'RE GONNA BE BACK.
SO GET THE HELL OUT OF OUR WAY!

WHSSSH
DON'T DO IT!
WHA-?!
SKRANG
KCHAK
APFSDS
STRIKE HERE
UH-OH!
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF YOUR BULLSHIT!
THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL!

I GOTTA GIVE YOU CREDIT, GIRL...
I'M MAD
BUT...
SPLAKK
THE DUMB DIE YOUNG.
YOU'LL NEVER GET A PROMOTION NOW..
KEE SEEK
....
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WE'VE GOT TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE REST OF THOSE JERKS, TOO!
HA HA HA HA...

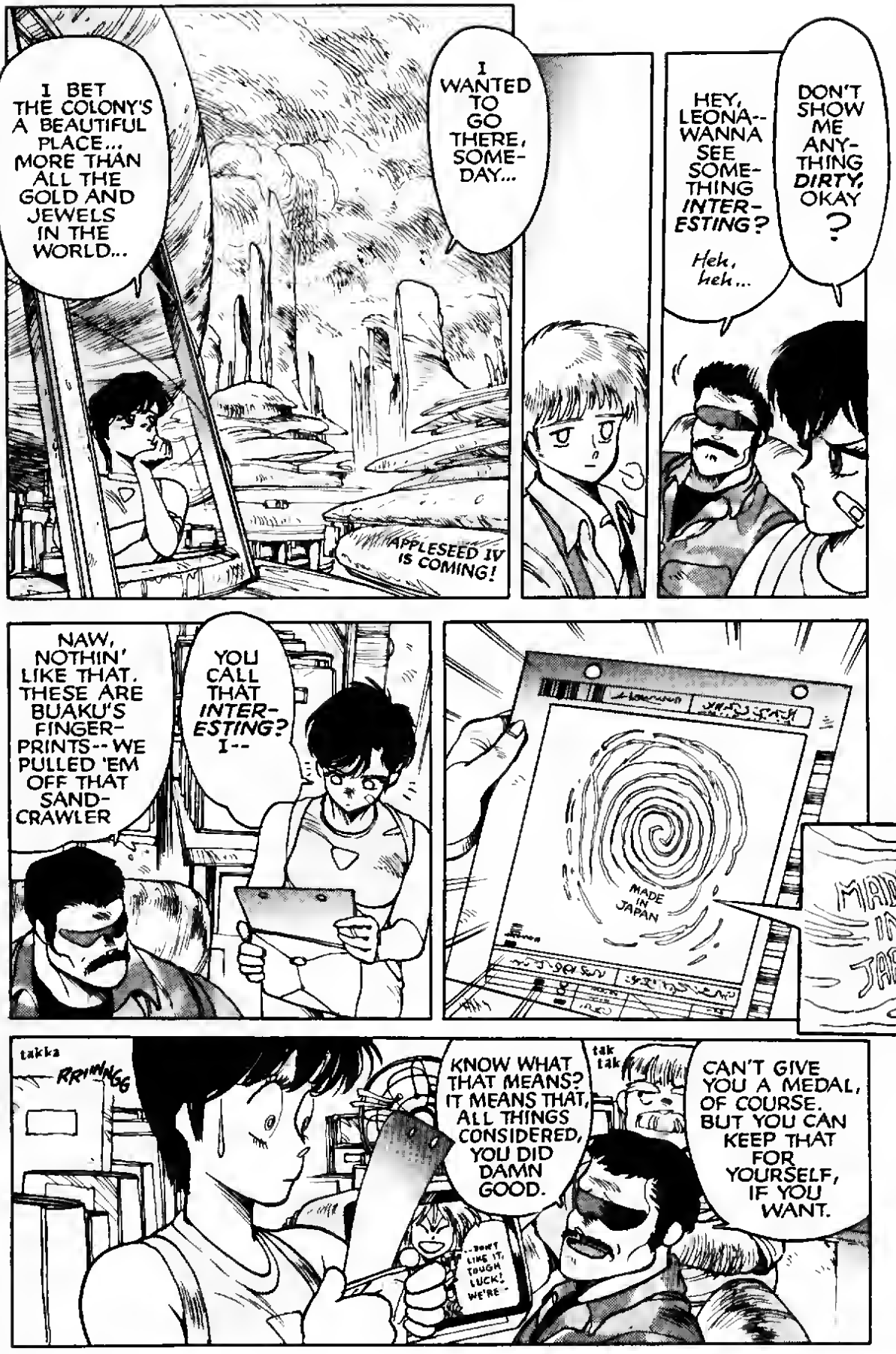
SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN... ACCORDING TO THE LATEST REPORTS, THE SHUTTLE WITH THE BUAKU GANG ON BOARD HAS ESCAPED THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AND IS NOW--
BOOKS
LIEUTENANT! CHECK OUT MONITOR FOUR!
IT'S FROM THE SHUTTLE LAUNCH CENTER!


BEEP
HELLO, ALL! BUAKU'S ROBOT PAL HERE!


IF ANY-THING HAPPENS TO OUR FRIENDS UP IN SPACE, WE BLOW UP THE HOSTA-GES.
WE'VE USED BRAIN MATTER FROM THE TWINS FOR OUR TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER, SO FORGET ABOUT JAMMING OUR DETONATION SIGNAL... HEH HEH HEH

THEY'VE GOT US. ALL RIGHT...
SO OUR HANDS ARE TIED ...?
NO WAY WE CAN FOLLOW THEM... THE BUDGET WON'T STAND IT.
A MYSTERY HE BOUGHT A HOUSE.

takka
BRENTEN... WHAT'S HAPPENING ?
RRIINNGG taktak
YOU SUPPOSED TO BE OUT OF BED...?
RRIINNGG RRIINNGG taktak
I NEVER GOT A CHANCE
I CAN MOVE AROUND A LITTLE.
taktak
THEY JUST PASSED THROUGH THE IONO-SPHERE.
I CAN'T STAND IT!
WE ALMOST HAD THEM, TOO...
RRIINNGG takkatak
THEY STOLE THE "EARTH" WE ALL THREW AWAY.


I BET THE COLONY'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE... MORE THAN ALL THE GOLD AND JEWELS IN THE WORLD...
I WANTED TO GO THERE, SOMEDAY...
APPLESEED IV IS COMING!
HEY, LEONA--WANNA SEE SOMETHING INTERESTING?
Heh, heh...
DON'T SHOW ME ANYTHING DIRTY, OKAY?
NAW, NOTHIN' LIKE THAT. THESE ARE BUAKU'S FINGERPRINTS--WE PULLED 'EM OFF THAT SAND-CRAWLER
YOU CALL THAT INTERESTING? I--
MADE IN JAPAN
takka
RRIIINGG
KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? IT MEANS THAT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, YOU DID DAMN GOOD.
tak tak
CAN'T GIVE YOU A MEDAL, OF COURSE. BUT YOU CAN KEEP THAT FOR YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT.
...DON'T LIKE IT, TOUGH LUCK! WE'RE -

I ASKED YOU NOT TO SHOW ME ANY-THING DIRTY!!
JEEZ ANYWAY! HOW COME US COPS ALWAYS GET THE SHORT END OF THE STICK?!
THEN AGAIN...
MAYBE... MAYBE IT IS BETTER THIS WAY?
MAYBE WORTH THINKIN' ABOUT, eh? HARD TO MAKE A DECISION, THOUGH.
RELIGION, SCIENCE, HAWKS AND DOVES... IT WAS THAT KIND OF CASE.
HEY! YOU BUTT-LAZY TANK JOCKS GONNA SIT AROUND ALL DAY WATCHING TV?!
RRIINNGG
ching!
HEY, IT'S LEA!
AND CINDY, TOO?
Au Revoir, A bientot!
LOOKS LIKE THAT ANTI-APARTHEID MARCH IN SUNRIDGE IS TURNING INTO A RIOT. YOU GUYS WANNA HELP US CLEAR 'EM OUT?
THEY'VE GOT SOME GUESTS FROM THE AMUZOKA...
takka tak
YOU DON'T HAVE TO YELL! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!!
RRIINNG
KLIK
HEY, WE CAUGHT THAT SERIAL ARSONIST! ANYBODY WHO WANTS TO "INTERVIEW" HIM, BRING YOUR KID GLOVES!
BUT NO BRASS KNUCKS, UNDERSTAND? NO MARKS FOR THE CIVIL RIGHTS JERKS TO FIND!
takkatak
YOU TAKE OUR TAX MONEY AND--!
LOOK, ASSHOLE, WE'RE DOING THE BEST WE CAN!
AHA! I KNEW IT! THAT IDIOT GOT HIS MONEY FROM A LOAN SHARK!
RRIINNGG
taktaktak
DEATH TO THE BAD GUYS!!
KLIK
HELLO, POLICE HERE. TELL ME YOUR ADDRESS AND PROBLEM!

P.S.: 132 HOURS LATER, THE BUAKU-OCCUPIED SPACE COLONY EMBRYO DISAPPEARED FROM ITS LAGRANGE POINT (METHOD OF MOVEMENT AND NEW COURSE UNKNOWN). THE HOSTAGE BABIES WERE ALL FOUND SAFE AND SOUND IN BUS STATION LOCKERS. NO INVESTIGATION WAS EVER UNDERTAKEN TO DISCOVER THE PERSONAGES BEHIND THE INCIDENT, WHOEVER THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN. AND IN TIME, THE MEDIA STARTED CHASING OTHER STORIES. OF WHICH THERE WERE NO END...

THE END OF **DOMINION**